

*Frances Mary Richardson  
Currier.*







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# RECOLLECTIONS

ABROAD,

DURING THE YEARS

1785, 1786, 1787.

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BY

SIR RICHARD COLT HOARE, BART.

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*BATH,*

PRINTED BY RICHARD CRUTTWELL.

A. D. 1815.

*The Impression of this Volume is limited to  
Twenty-five Copies.*

*R. Cruttwell.*

*Bath, January 1st, 1815.*

*The Rev.<sup>d</sup> William Cox*  
*gc. gc. gc.*  

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*From the author.*

*No. 12.*

*R. C. H.*  

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## PREFACE.

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JUVAT MEMINISSE.

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**THERE** is a certain period in human life, when the reflecting mind will naturally recur to the past, and anticipate the future: and, perhaps, at no one period will RECOLLECTIONS take place more forcibly, than when, by the blessing of Providence, we have completed our fiftieth year; when the foibles of youth have vanished, and the mind, from experience, is accustomed to reason with candour and impartiality.

At such a period, having been obliged by a tedious confinement to resort to my library for amusement, my eyes were by chance directed to the

manuscript journals of my travels on the Continent, which for more than twenty years had been neglected on the shelves, and almost forgotten.

The remembrance of past times induced me to look them over; my enthusiasm increased with the re-perusal; past scenes and past pleasures floated before my eyes; and I was tempted to revise them, and print a few copies; not to challenge the criticising pen of the public, but for the partial gratification of a few friends and relations, who lamented the melancholy cause of my first departure from England; who accompanied me during my journey with their good wishes; and who anxiously awaited my safe return to England: as well as to renew in my own mind the remembrance of those social hours, and classical situations, from which, during the period of five years, I had derived so much pleasure and information.

Twenty years of war and desolation have now elapsed, and the gates of Imperial Rome are once more opened to the traveller. Those who have



witnessed its former state of magnificence, in works of painting and sculpture, will have too much reason to exclaim, *Quàm lapsa! quàm spoliata!* “Alas, “how fallen! how bespoiled!” But although they may in vain seek to admire the graces of the Pythian Apollo, or shudder at the agonies of a Laocoon, yet much still remains to excite both attention and admiration. The sublime works of Michel Angelo and Raphael still adorn the walls of the Vatican, and Rome stands conspicuous in the architectural vestiges of its ancient greatness. The enchanting scenery of Albano, Nemi, and Tivoli, will still continue to delight the eye; and the classical shores of Parthenope, Baiaë, and Misenum, will still recall to the enlightened mind those scenes which have been so beautifully described by the ancient poets: in short, Italy, however plundered, must still possess charms superior to those of any other country, and must ever continue to attract the attention of the scholar and the artist.





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# ITINERARY

## FROM CALAIS TO NAPLES.

<i>Stages.</i>	<i>Posts.</i>	<i>Inns.</i>
Calais a Ardres - - - -	2	
La Recourse - - - -	1	
St. Omer - - - - -	2	La Poste.
Cassel - - - - -	2½	Ditto.
Bailleul - - - - -	2½	
Armentieres - - - -	1½	
Lisle - - - - -	2	Hotel Bourbon.
Pont a Marque - - - -	1½	
Douay - - - - -	2	Hotel Bourbon.
Bac a bercheux - - - -	1½	
Cambray - - - - -	1½	La Poste.
Bonavis - - - - -	1½	
Fins - - - - -	1½	
Peronne - - - - -	2	Trois Couronnes.
Marchè le Pot - - - -	1½	
Fouches - - - - -	1	
Roye - - - - -	1	Soleil d'Or.
Conchy les Pots - - - -	1½	



<i>Stages.</i>	<i>Posts.</i>	<i>Inns.</i>
	30	
Cuvilly - - - - -	1	
Gourney - - - - -	1	
Bois de l'Hue - - - - -	1½	
St. Maixence - - - - -	1½	
Chantilly - - - - -	2	La Poste.
Luzarche - - - - -	1½	
Ecouen - - - - -	1½	
St. Denis - - - - -	1	
PARIS - - - - -	2	Hotel de l'Empereur.
Villejuif - - - - -	1	
Fromenteau - - - - -	1½	
Essonne - - - - -	1½	
Ponthiery - - - - -	1½	
Chailly - - - - -	1	
Fontainebleau - - - - -	1½	Good inns.
Moret - - - - -	1½	La belle Image.
Faussart - - - - -	1½	Bad inns.
Villeneuve - - - - -	1	L'Etoile Royal.
Pont sur Yonne - - - - -	1½	Bad inn.
Sens - - - - -	1½	Ditto.
Villeneuve - - - - -	1½	Good.
Villevallier - - - - -	1	Bad.
Joigny - - - - -	1	Good.
Basson - - - - -	1½	La Poste.
Auxerre - - - - -	2	Le Dauphin.
St. Brice - - - - -	1	Very bad.

<i>Stages.</i>	<i>Posts.</i>	<i>Inns.</i>
	66	
Vermanton - - - - -	2	Tolerable.
Lucy le Bois - - - - -	2	La Poste.
Cussy les Forges - - - - -	1½	Good.
Rouvray - - - - -	1	Grand Monarque.
Rochè en Breni - - - - -	1	Bad.
Saulieu - - - - -	1½	Hotel Dauphin.
Maupas - - - - -	1½	Bad.
Arnai le Duc - - - - -	2	Grand Jacques.
Yvri - - - - -	2	Bad.
Rocheport - - - - -	1	Bad.
Chagny - - - - -	1½	Good.
Chalons - - - - -	2	Good.
Sennecy - - - - -	2	Good.
Tournius - - - - -	1	Good.
St. Albin - - - - -	2	Bad.
Macon - - - - -	1½	Good.
Maison Blanche - - - - -	2	Bad.
St. George - - - - -	1½	Bad.
Villefranche - - - - -	1	Good.
Aux Echelles - - - - -	1¼	Bad.
Puits d'Or - - - - -	1	Bad.
LYON - - - - -	1	Good.

---

From Calais to Lyon - - 99½

Calculated at 5 English miles

per post make - - - - 497 English miles.

From LYON to TURIN, *par Voiturier.*

<i>Stages.</i>	<i>Posts.</i>	<i>Inns.</i>
Verpilliere - - - - -		Tolerable.
Beauvoisin - - - - -		Ditto.
Echelles - - - - -		Good.
Montmelian - - - - -		Tolerable.
Aiguebelle - - - - -		Good.
Chambre - - - - -		Bad.
St. Michel - - - - -		Good.
Modane - - - - -		Bad.
Lannebourg - - - - -		Tolerable.
Novalese - - - - -		Bad.
Suze - - - - -		Good.
St. Ambroise - - - - -		De la Poste.
TURIN - - - - -		L'Auberge Royal, good.

The distance from Lyon to Turin, according to the Itinerary of Dutens, is  $193\frac{1}{4}$  English miles.

## From TURIN to MILAN.

Settimo - - - - -	1	Tolerable.
Chivasco - - - - -	1	Ditto.
Ziano - - - - -	1	Ditto.
St. Germano - - - - -	$1\frac{1}{2}$	Ditto.
Vercelli - - - - -	$1\frac{1}{2}$	Good.
Orfengo - - - - -	1	Bad.
Novara - - - - -	1	Good.
Buffalora - - - - -	$1\frac{1}{2}$	Good.



	<i>Stages.</i>	<i>Posts.</i>	<i>Inns.</i>
Sidriano	- - - - -	1	Tolerable.
MILANO	- - - - -	1½	Good.

From Turin to Milan the distance, according to Dutens, is 93 English miles.

From MILAN to FLORENCE.

Marignano	- - - - -	1½	St. Marco.
Lodi	- - - - -	1½	La Poste, good.
Casale	- - - - -	1½	La Poste, good.
PIACENZA	- - - - -	2	Good.
Fiorenzuola	- - - - -	2	Good.
Borgo St. Domino	- - -	1	
Castel Guelfo	- - - - -	1	Bad.
PARMA	- - - - -	1	Good.
St. Ilario	- - - - -	1	Bad.
Reggio	- - - - -	1	Good.
Rubiera	- - - - -	1	Bad.
MODENA	- - - - -	1	Good.
Samoggia	- - - - -	1½	
BOLOGNA	- - - - -	1½	Les Pelerins, St. Marco, &c.
Pianora	- - - - -	1½	Bad.
Loiano	- - - - -	1½	Bad.
Feligare	- - - - -	1	Bad.
Covigliajo	- - - - -	1	Bad.
Monte Casello	- - - - -	1	Bad.

<i>Stages.</i>	<i>Posts.</i>	<i>Inns.</i>
Alle Maschere* - - - }	1	Good.
Caffagiolo - - - - }		Bad.
Fontebuona - - - - -	1	Bad.
FLORENCE - - - - -	1	Vannini and Meggit's Hotels.

Distance about 202 English miles.

### From FLORENCE to ROME.

Pian del Fonte - - - - -	2	Bad.
Levane - - - - -	2	Bad.
Arezzo - - - - -	2	La Poste, good.
Camoccia - - - - -	2	Tolerable.
Torricella - - - - -	2	Bad.
Perugia - - - - -	2	La Poste, good.
Madonna degli Angeli - - -	1	Bad.
Foligno - - - - -	1	Good.
Le Vene - - - - -	1	New inn.
Spoletto - - - - -	1	Good, out of the town.
Strettura - - - - -	1	Very bad.
Terni - - - - -	1	Il Mauro, good.
Narni - - - - -	1	La Poste, good.
Otricoli - - - - -	1	Ditto, ditto.
Borghetto - - - - -	$\frac{3}{4}$	Bad.
Civita Castellana - - - -	$\frac{3}{4}$	La Poste, good.
Rignano - - - - -	1	Bad.

\* This being the only good house between Florence and Bologna, and not a post-house, the traveller must pay for keeping the horses at night.

<i>Stages.</i>	<i>Posts.</i>	<i>Inns.</i>
Castel Nuovo - - - - -	1	Ditto.
Valborghetto - - - - -	$\frac{3}{4}$	Bad.
Prima Porta - - - - -	$\frac{3}{4}$	Bad.
ROMA - - - - -	1	

The distance from Florence to Rome is about 197  
English miles.

#### From ROME to NAPLES.

Torre di Mezza Via - - -	1	Bad.
Albano - - - - -	1	Ditto.
Genzano - - - - -	1	La Poste, good.
Velletri - - - - -	1	Ditto.
Cisterna - - - - -	1	Bad.
Torre tre Ponti - - - - -	$1\frac{1}{2}$	Ditto.
Mesa - - - - -	2	Ditto.
Terracina - - - - -	2	Good.
Fondi - - - - -	$1\frac{1}{2}$	Bad.
Itri - - - - -	1	Bad.
Gaeta - - - - -	1	Tolerable
Garigliano - - - - -	1	Bad.
St. Agata - - - - -	1	Ditto.
Francolesi - - - - -	1	Ditto.
Capua - - - - -	1	Tolerable.
Aversa - - - - -	1	Bad.
NAPOLI - - - - -	1	Good.

The distance from Rome to Naples is about  
 $152\frac{1}{2}$  English miles.



DISTANCES.

<i>Stages.</i>	<i>Posts.</i>		
From Calais to Lyon	-	$99\frac{1}{2}$	— $497\frac{1}{2}$ English miles.
Lyon to Turin	-	35	— $193\frac{1}{4}$
Turin to Milan	-	$12\frac{1}{2}$	— 93
Milan to Florence		$27\frac{1}{2}$	— 202
Florence to Rome		26	— 197
Rome to Naples	-	19	— $152\frac{1}{2}$
		<hr/>	<hr/>
Total		$219\frac{1}{2}$	$1335\frac{1}{4}$

# ITINERARY FROM LONDON,

THROUGH

PARIS, LYON, TURIN, MILAN, PARMA, MODENA,  
BOLOGNA, FLORENCE, AND ROME,

TO

NAPLES.

---

**T**UESDAY 19th September, 1785. I sailed from Dover in company with my friend Captain Merrick, on board the packet-boat, Captain Baxter, and arrived at Calais, after a very pleasant and expeditious passage of two hours and three quarters. We immediately proceeded to Dessein's Hotel, while our trunks and carriage were conveyed to the Custom-house, and strictly searched. This inn appears more like a nobleman's residence than an hotel. It consists of two or three quadrangles, in one of which is a garden, surrounded with pleasant apartments; at one end is a theatre, built at the expense of the proprietor, where plays are constantly performed. Before dinner we walked round the ramparts, at the entrance of which the first object that arrested my attention was a large crucifix, with this inscription :

*“ Qui percussus tangeret eum, vivet.”*

The church, which is large, contains many pictures and altars. It is always open, and at all hours frequented by people for prayer.

In the evening a Capucin monk, who had left his convent in Dauphinè for the purpose of begging alms, paid us a visit at the inn. Having never quitted England before, these novelties struck me forcibly; for within the short distance of twenty-one miles, and the brief space of three hours, I found myself amongst a people, differing as much from my own countrymen in appearance, dress, and customs, as perhaps the inhabitants of America. This contrast doubtless arises from our insular situation. Separated from the neighbouring nations by a barrier so distinct, we borrow few of their manners and customs; while they, divided by fainter boundaries or mere political interests, enjoying a freer intercourse, and connected by more frequent alliances, are imperceptibly blended with each other, and appear almost one and the same people.

On entering the gates of Calais, the well-known print engraved by Hogarth recurred to my recollection. Instead, however, of being a representation of nature, it is an extravagant caricature; for most of the soldiers whom I saw are far different from those pictures of famine which he has drawn. They are well made, good-looking men; and many wear whiskers, which give them a manly and military appearance.

Wednesday, 20th September. Leaving Calais, we dined at St. Omer, and slept at Cassel. The mode of travelling in France is novel to an Englishman. The postillion, equipped with immense jack-boots, with his



hair tied in a long queue, and a cocked hat, drives his three horses abreast in a rope harness; and as he speeds away, endeavours to crack a tune with his long whip.

The entrance to St. Omer is through a long avenue of fine trees. Much tobacco is cultivated near this place, which, when mixed with a small quantity of real Virginia, proves very good. During our stay here we visited the Abbey of St. Bertin, a most beautiful Gothic building. The organ is supported by two marble columns. The treasure is valuable and splendid; and among the many relics shewn to travellers, the most remarkable are a piece of our Saviour's cross, and one of the nails with which he was fastened; the mitre of St. Thomas a Becket; a topaz of extraordinary size; &c. This abbey was founded nearly at the same period as that of Canterbury; they maintained an intercourse with each other, and exchanged relics and other valuables. The cloister is fine, and the apartments of the canons are very comfortable.

Cassel is situated on a hill called Mount Cassel, which appears as if it had dropped from the clouds, being lofty, and insulated in the middle of an extensive plain. From the summit above thirty villages can be descried, and in clear weather it commands a view of Dover cliffs and castle, the neighbouring districts of France, Flanders, and the Austrian Netherlands. The Flemish farmers seem very industrious, and neat in their method of husbandry; and their crops appeared to me superior to those of my own country. The roads are paved, and planted on each side with trees; and most of the avenues

are so formed as to terminate with the view of a church or convent. In case of any murder or fatal accident on the road, it is customary to bury the body on the spot, and distinguish it by a cross or inscription.

Thursday 21st September. The road from Cassell to Lisle is uninteresting. Lisle is the capital of French Flanders; was one of the first conquests made by Louis the Fourteenth in his encroachments on the Spanish succession; and is justly ranked among the strongest fortresses in Europe. In 1708, it withstood a memorable siege by the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene. The *Porte des Malades*, built by Louis the Fourteenth, to commemorate his entrance into this town when he took possession of it in person, is a fine piece of architecture. The cathedral is a handsome building. In the church of St. Catherine is an altarpiece painted by Rubens, which deserves notice; and in a convent is another picture by the same master, which we could not see. The theatre now used is bad; but another is building, at the expense of the inhabitants.

Friday 22d September. From Lisle we proceeded to Douay, a fortified place, where there is a foundry for cannon; and from thence to Cambrai, a large town famous for its manufacture of cambrics. We here visited three churches, the cathedral, St. Sepulchre's, and another, newly built: the first is ancient, contains many monuments, and a curious clock: the second belongs to the Dominican Order, and possesses several of the best *chiaro oscuro* paintings I ever beheld, by Jerome of Antwerp, a Flemish artist: the third is of a singular form; and in the dome is a good picture, but I could not

discover by whom it was painted. In the town are many curious pieces of clock-work, particularly at the Hotel de Ville, (a fine old building,) where two figures strike the hours, as at St. Dunstan's in London. Here is a convent for English nuns.

Saturday 23d September. We dined at Peronne, a frontier town of France, where we underwent a very strict search by the custom-house officers. The motive for this vigilance is to prevent the introduction of tobacco; for the Flemings pay no duty upon that commodity, and the French a very considerable one, which presents a great temptation for smuggling. Had snuff or tobacco been found in our carriage, it would have been forfeited, as well as our luggage. Of this my friend once saw an instance: by the imprudence of a servant in secreting some tobacco, a French officer lost both his carriage and baggage. The road to Roy, where we slept, passes through a more uneven country than the preceding part of our journey; but was still very uninteresting. In the landlord of our inn, (the Soleil d'Or,) we found a most excellent cook. The ramparts of this town afford a pleasant and shady walk.

Sunday 24th September. Nothing worthy of notice occurred during this day's journey, till we arrived at Chantilly, where we slept. From Pont St. Maixence, where a new bridge is building over the Seine, we entered the noble forest of Pont, and soon afterwards the park belonging to the Prince of Condé. His palace is a large building, but contains few good pictures. The gardens are principally laid out in parterres, ac-



according to the French taste, and abound with copious fountains. A part of these grounds, however, is shewn as disposed *a l'Angloise* ; though so unlike any thing I ever saw in England, that I should not have discovered the peculiarity, without an explanation. The stables are reckoned the handsomest in Europe.

Monday 25th September. In our way to Paris we visited the Abbey of St. Denis, the burial-place of the kings of France. It is a light Gothic building, decorated with many windows of painted glass. Among several fine marble tombs are those of Marshal Turenne, Francis the First, and Louis the Eleventh. In the fields, on each side of the road from St. Denis to Paris, are many crosses, which were erected on the spots where the bodies of the deceased kings rested on their way to St. Denis; like those which mark the resting-places of our English Queen Eleanor, between Lincoln and Westminster.

As our time did not permit us to make a long stay at Paris, we could take only a superficial view of the many objects worthy of notice in that capital. We visited the Palais Royal ; the Place de Louis XV., de Vendôme, des Victoires ; the churches of Notre Dame, St. Sulpice,† St. Genevieve, which was not finished, of Val de Grace, the Sorbonne, and the Celestins; the

† The altar of St. Sulpice is of a singular and beautiful construction. St. Genevieve is far advanced. It is of the Corinthian order, and promises to be one of the finest buildings in Paris. Val de Grace and the Sorbonne are heavy structures. The latter contains the splendid monument of Cardinal Richelieu, by Girardon. The church of the Celestins also possesses many rich tombs. The dome and well at the Hôtel des Invalides deserve notice.

Boulevards, the new water-works, and the Ecole Militaire; L'Hôtel de Bourbon, and L'Hôtel des Invalides. The last is a most noble establishment for soldiers grown old in the service. We conversed with some of these veterans, one of whom told us he had seen fifty-six years of duty, and that now "*il n'attendoit que l'heureux moment qui l'emporteroit.*" Happy the man who can look back on the actions of his past life, and forward to its close, with the same heartfelt satisfaction as this good old soldier!

I saw the exhibition of pictures at the Louvre, which, without partiality, I cannot think equal in merit to those exhibited at our own Royal Academy.

Saturday 1st October. We quitted Paris, and proceeded on our journey to Lyon. The first object that attracted our attention was Fontainebleau, for some centuries frequented by the kings of France as a hunting seat. The architecture of a great part of the building is of ancient date. The surrounding country is barren and sandy; but the woods and rocks with which the hills are covered, give it a wild appearance. The forest is extensive, and well stocked with game. Between Morat and Auxerre the country becomes more interesting; the hills are clothed with vineyards, and the vallies watered by the river Seine. From Yvry to Rochepot and Chagny, the country is picturesque. On the plains of Yvry, Henry the Fourth of France gained a memorable victory; and at Rochepot is an ancient castle, beautifully situated, which he besieged and took. The road from Châlons to Lyon, particularly the latter

part, presents the view of a very rich country, with mountains at a distance.

Thursday 6th October. Arrived at Lyon, where we remained till Saturday. During this time we visited the Hotel de Ville; the public library; La Chapelle des Confalens, in which is a good picture by Rubens; the silk manufactories; and the cathedral, which contains a curious piece of clock-work. I believe Lyon is considered as the second city of France. The street facing the river Rhône is broad and handsome. On this river are two bridges; the one, constructed with wood, is much admired by architects for its singularity; the other, of stone, is of great length. At the extremity of the long street is an avenue of poplars, leading to the junction of the rivers Rhône and Saone. This conflux has been described by our poet Thomson, in a passage which happily marks the tranquil character of the Saone, and the more furious one of the Rhône.

She meek and modest, with a virgin grace  
Winds round and round, as shunning his embrace.  
He rushes rapid with a bridegroom's air,  
And pours his torrent in the yielding fair.

Lyon is one of the most commercial cities in Europe. The manufactures consist of all kinds of silk, taffetas, velvets, embroidery, &c. &c.

Saturday 8th October. We left Lyon, having hired *voituriers* to conduct us over Mount Cenis to Turin. At Pont Beauvoisin, the last town in the French territory, our trunks were rigorously searched.

Proceeding towards Echelles, the Alps began to present a most romantic aspect. Near this place a passage

has been cut through the rock by Charles Emanuel II. Duke of Savoy, which is commemorated by the following inscription:

*Carolus Emanuel II. Sabaudia Dux, Pedem. Princeps,  
Cypri Rex.*

*Publicâ felicitate partâ, singulorum commodis intentus, breviorẽ securiorẽque viam regiam, naturâ oclusam, Romanis intentatam, cæteris desperatam, dejectis scopulorum pagulis, æquata montium iniquitate, quæ cervicibus imminebat, præcipitia pedibus substernens, æternis populorum commerciis patefecit. Anno MDCLXX.*

The road from thence to the little village of Lannebourg, situated at the foot of Mount Cenis, is tolerably good, and the country very wild and romantic. Here we hired mules, which carried us to a miserable little inn, *La Grande Croix*, at the summit of the mountain. The safety with which these animals travel is almost beyond conception, if the bridle is thrown on their necks, and they are allowed to pick their way; which they do so very dexterously, that even in the worst roads they seldom make a false step. On the summit of the mountain is a plain four miles in length, and a large lake, celebrated for its trout. There is also an *hospitium*, which, by its institution, is obliged to furnish every poor traveller with a bed, a pound of bread, and a bason of soup, and to give him one *sous* at his departure.

Lord Abingdon resided three summers in this Alpine retreat. He amused himself chiefly with sporting, for



which purpose he brought dogs and hounds hither from England.

From the above-mentioned resting-place we were conveyed down the mountain in chairs, which were each carried by two peasants, with wonderful agility and safety. Imagination had painted to me the passage over these snowy mountains as much more difficult, and the views much more romantic, than I found them. The prospects were by no means equal to those which in the preceding part of the journey had delighted my eyes, for here all is wild, barren, and undecked with wood. Our guide, who was an Irishman, named Martin, first introduced potatoes into this country, about twenty-five years ago. Of the great utility of this root, the poor Savoyards are now become fully sensible.

The manifest appearance of poverty among these people must not be ascribed to their want of industry, but to the unfavourable nature of their soil. In many places the mountains are cultivated almost to their summits; and I saw tolerable crops of corn among rocks and precipices, where the tillage of the land must be attended with infinite labour, and perhaps with some danger.

At Susa is the celebrated fort of La Brunette, which is esteemed one of the strongest fortifications in Europe; but we could not be permitted to see it without a special order, which ought to have been previously procured from Turin. Between Novales, the first town beyond the Alps, and Turin, there are many ruins, castles, and convents, scattered over the country; and the towns and villages assumed a much more respectable appear-

ance than on the other side of these mountains. We performed this Alpine *trajet* in seven days.

Saturday 15th October. **TURIN.** We employed the greater part of the morning in seeing the palace, which is elegantly fitted up, and contains many excellent pictures. The theatre is one of the finest in Europe. The churches of St. Lawrence, Corpus Christi, Consolat, that of the Carmelites, and the cathedral, are the most deserving of notice. That of St. Lawrence is the most conspicuous; and was built by the Duc de Philipsbourg, after the battle of St. Quintin, in consequence of a vow which he made to found a church, if he should gain the victory. The churches are mostly built of marble, the produce of the country. They contain no good pictures. In one, however, of those above-mentioned, there is a painting attributed to St. Luke, which was said to have been lost for the space of four hundred years, and according to tradition was found in a place under ground by a blind boy : it is now placed on the altar, and can be seen only at certain times. In the church of Sa. Christina is a statue made at Rome, and said to have cost 60,000 livres; but it did not appear to me to be remarkably well executed. In that of St. Philip, which is a large building, there is a curious piece of workmanship in mother of pearl, the fellow to which was presented to the Pope by the King of Sardinia. The works of the King's sculptor are worth seeing. From the Queen's villa, in the suburbs, and from the convent of the Capuchins, there are fine views of the city, the Alps, &c. Turin, though small, being only three miles in circumference, is one of the prettiest

towns in Europe. The streets and houses are well and regularly built, and kept clean ; and it is better lighted than any place I have yet seen out of England. It is situated in a plain at the foot of the Alps, watered by the river Po. The citadel is celebrated for its strength, mines, &c. In the war of the Spanish succession, 1706, when the possessions of the Duke of Savoy were almost circumscribed within the walls of this capital, it withstood one of the most arduous sieges during that eventful conflict. We had not time to visit the royal palaces out of the town, namely, Montcallier, la Venerie ; or the Mausoleum, called la Superga.

Monday 17th October. Left Turin, and arrived early the next day at Milan. The road between these two cities is perfectly flat and uninteresting. It is intersected by many rivers, over some of which we ferried, and others we crossed on bridges of boats. We found the inns in general better than those of France. At Buffalora, the first town in the Emperor's dominions, our trunks were searched and sealed.

MILAN is the residence of the Grand Duke, and in size is said to be next to Rome. The cathedral, though begun three centuries ago, is not yet completed, and several workmen are still employed about it. The architecture is of the kind usually called Gothic ; but it is massive in the distribution of its parts, and far inferior in beauty to many of the churches in Flanders, France, and England. From its turrets I enjoyed a view of the extensive plain of Lombardy, the Alps, &c. &c. The chapel of St. Charles Borromeo is entirely of carved silver. The pictures in this church are not remarkable ;

but there is a good statue of St. Bartholomew flead alive, in which the skin is so disposed as to resemble drapery. The sculptor, who was not a little vain of this fine work, has placed the following inscription on the pedestal:

*Non me Praxiteles, sed Marcus finxit Agates.*

The Ambrosian Library contains many good pictures, drawings, casts from the antique, &c. &c.; but the greatest curiosity is a folio volume of mechanical designs of military engines, drawn by Leonardo da Vinci. King James the First is said to have offered to purchase this work of Archonati, the owner, for 30,000 pistoles; which he refused, and afterwards made a present of it to this library. It is locked up in a carved box, on which is an inscription, recording the generosity of Archonati in refusing so large an offer, and his liberality in presenting it to the Ambrosian Library.

The ducal palace is a modern building, containing many apartments, handsomely fitted up, particularly a noble and spacious hall. The hospital is a large structure, and appears ancient; its chapel contains an altarpiece by Guercino, which is said to be the only picture by that master in Milan. The new theatre is the finest I ever saw, and appeared to me much more capacious than that at Turin. The stage is separated from the boxes by two handsome Corinthian columns, which support the roof of that part of the building.

The church of *La Madonna delle Grazie* contains two good pictures; one by Gaudenzio di Ferrara, the other by Titian. In the refectory is the celebrated



picture of Our Lord's Supper, in fresco, by Leonardo da Vinci : this admirable performance was nearly lost to the world by the folly of the monks, who whitewashed it over with the rest of the apartment ; but it was fortunately again brought to light, though it still bears marks of the barbarous treatment it underwent. The church of St. Victor is esteemed the prettiest in Milan: the dome, ceilings, chapels, and every part of it, are decorated with fresco paintings. That of St. Ambrose is curious for its great antiquity. It was formerly a heathen temple, and contains many remains of pagan superstition, particularly a brazen serpent, on a pedestal of marble, which I was told was the one recorded in scripture. The church of St. Lawrence is partly built out of the ruins of an antique temple, some pillars of which have been barbarously introduced, with their capitals reversed. Sixteen columns of the Corinthian order, which once decorated a temple of Hercules, erected by the Emperor Maximian, anno 286, are still remaining.

Thursday 20th October. We left Milan, and pursued our journey through Piacenza to Parma. Both of these fine towns are thinly inhabited. The ducal palace at Piacenza is unfurnished, and in bad condition. More of Correggio's paintings are preserved at Parma than in any other town of Italy. The academy contains his celebrated picture of St. Jerome, which is equalled only by his *Notte* at Dresden. Here are also several relics of antiquity ; among which is a patent, granted to the Velleii by the Emperor Trajan, inscribed on a brass plate. The church of San Sepolcro contains two pic-

tures by Correggio; and the dome of that church, as well as of the cathedral, were painted by him in fresco, but the work is nearly defaced by time. The churches of St. John, of the Capucins, &c. may boast of some good paintings. The theatre of Parma is said to be the largest in Europe, though it did not appear to me to be equal to others I had seen. As it has not been used for many years, it is going rapidly into decay. In former times the *parterre* was flooded, and vessels introduced, on particular occasions. Although the utmost length is 300 feet, a person whispering at one end may be distinctly heard at the other.

Saturday 22d October. Departing from Parma, we dined at Modena, and in the evening went to the theatre, which is very bad. Modena is a well-built town. The ducal palace, a handsome structure, contains some good pictures, and a choice collection of drawings by the old masters. Among the paintings I noticed one by Guercino, representing John the Baptist's head in a charger. The library is rich in valuable manuscripts.

Sunday 23d October. We arrived in the evening at Bologna. It is large and populous; and no city in this part of Italy, except Rome, possesses so many fine palaces and pictures. The most remarkable churches are those of St. Salvador, St. Paul, St. Agnes, St. Giovanni in Monte, Giesu Maria, St. Petronius the cathedral, the Dominicans, St. Phillippo Neri, &c. The palaces most deserving notice are those of Zambeccari, Ranuzzi, Buove, Tanaro, Caprara, Sampieri, and the Palazzo Publico. On the high altar in the church of St. Paul are two statues by Algardi. In that of St. Agnes

is a beautiful painting by Domenichino. In St. Giovanni is the celebrated picture of St. Cecilia, by Raphael; and in Giesù Maria a fine Guercino. The church of the Dominicans contains some good specimens of sculpture, by Michel Angelo Buonarotti. In the Palazzo Buove is a painting by Raphael. In the Sampieri palace are the celebrated pictures of St. Paul remonstrating with St. Peter, by Guido; and Abraham putting away Hagar, by Guercino. The Palazzo Publico contains two paintings by Guido Reni, and a repetition of the St. John in the Wilderness, by Raphael; I say a repetition, because there is one similar in design at Paris, and another at Florence; and the merit of originality is claimed by each. The Carthusian convent, situated out of the town, possesses some good pictures. At St. Michele in Bosco is a painting by Guido, and another by his scholar, Canuti. From hence is a comprehensive view of the city.

In Bologna there are two remarkable towers, the Asinello and the Garisenda: the first is of great height, and the latter declines, it is said, eight or nine feet from the perpendicular. The arcades, on which the principal part of the city is built, give it a light and cheerful appearance.

Tuesday 25th October. Left Bologna, and after sleeping *alle Maschere*, the only tolerable inn on the road, arrived early on Wednesday morning at Florence. Between Feligare and Covigliajo is the boundary of the Tuscan and Papal territories. Four miles from Feligare, near the village of Pietra Mala, is a small volcano, which the badness of the weather prevented me from seeing. In many places between Bologna and Florence

the views are very beautiful, particularly among the Appennines. The inn *alle Maschere* is delightfully situated.

Being desirous of settling in our intended winter quarters on the Bay of Naples as early as possible, we made only a short stay at Florence; and therefore took but a cursory view of the many valuable pictures, marbles, &c. with which that city abounds. During this interval we received great civilities from the British minister, Sir Horace Mann, whose general attention to his countrymen is too well known to need any comment. Here I had the pleasure of meeting my brother-in-law, Mr. Lyttelton.

Sunday 30th October. Leaving Florence, we pursued our journey towards Rome by the way of Perugia, which though the longest, is the most interesting road, and the best supplied with the necessary accommodations for travellers. We were detained a whole day at Torricella, a miserable little inn on the banks of the Lake of Thrasymene; but by this delay we were better enabled to contemplate the classic ground, where the Romans, under the consul Flaminius, were defeated by Hannibal the Carthaginian. The badness of the weather, however, prevented us from seeing many interesting objects in this district, namely, Terni, Narni, Spoleto, Civita Castellana, &c. &c.; and we experienced no slight degree of fatigue from the roughness of the roads.

Friday 4th November. In the evening we arrived at Rome. Having long fostered the wish to visit a city, which once gave laws to the world, and the annals of which embrace so vast a portion of the history



of mankind, our approach to it awakened no ordinary recollection. My heart beat with enthusiasm at the first glance which I turned towards the majestic dome of St. Peter's; and my curiosity and impatience increased as I entered the imperial city. But when I saw only the same appearances as in other Italian towns which I had recently visited, the romantic ideas which my mind had long been forming suddenly vanished; the Scipios and Cæsars were transformed into abbés and cardinals, and the marble palaces and triumphal cars into hotels and hackney-coaches.

During a short residence of five days, we drove post, if I may so say, through the most remarkable curiosities, both ancient and modern. It is easy to judge, then, whether after so transient a view, and such an imperfect observation, I can venture to pronounce my opinion, even on the very pavement of the streets. No. For many reasons I shall decline saying a single word on Rome and its antiquities. My mind is by no means in a situation to appreciate its beauties; many of which, seen through a dark medium, appear as defects; and I am unwilling to attach ideas of disgust and disappointment to scenes which have so long been the objects of my most ardent wishes. At my return from Naples I trust they will appear to me in a far different light.

Thursday 10th November. We quitted Rome, and after sleeping at Terracina, arrived on the following day at Naples. The modern road pursues nearly the same track as the ancient *Via Appia*, which led from Rome to Brundisium. In its course from Rome to Terracina it traverses a very extensive space of flat ground, called

the Pomptine marshes, and is one of the best roads in Europe.

The first portion of my residence at Naples was rendered truly melancholy and distressing, by the illness of my friend and companion, Captain Merrick, which terminated in his death. Dr. Cirillo, the physician who attended him, assured me that his illness proceeded from a *mal aria* fever, caught in the journey from Rome to Naples; for such are the pestilential effects of the air exhaled from the Pomptine marshes, that to sleep during the passage through them is deemed certain death, especially in the summer months. At that season of the year the inn at Terracina is shut up. But of all the numerous travellers who entered Italy this autumn, my poor friend was the only unfortunate victim.

There is, I believe, no city in Europe more remarkable than Naples, for the beauty of its situation, or for the interesting remains of antiquity, with which its environs abound. The nature of the soil, also, and the wonderful revolutions it has apparently undergone, would afford matter for a long and curious dissertation. I shall not, however, attempt to penetrate into the bowels of this volcanic region, to account for the wonderful appearances which nature continually displays; but shall confine myself to a simple detail of the manners and customs of the inhabitants, and of those remains of antiquity which principally attracted my attention.

In regard to situation, Constantinople alone is said to rival Naples; to surpass it in beauty, I think almost impossible. It is placed on the margin of a delightful bay, which is bounded on the right by the promontory

of Pausilippo, and on the left by Mount Vesuvius, and the far extended coast of Sorrento, with the little island of Capri in the centre; while above stands the proud castle of St. Elmo, towering over the city at its feet. The union of these different objects forms one of the most singular and varied prospects imaginable. The town is handsome, and, next to Paris and London, is esteemed one of the most populous in Europe. The principal street, named the Toledo, is of great length, and from the concourse of people and carriages presents a very lively scene. The Corso, which is open on one side to the sea, extends along the Strada di Chiaja towards Pausilippo. Close to the shore is a promenade, called la Villa Reale, which commands a most pleasing prospect.

The Royal Palace is a large and handsome building, situated in a small open square. But that of Capo di Monte, at the extremity of the city, is most deserving of the traveller's attention. It is built on a commanding eminence, and contains a valuable collection of pictures, medals, cameos, and other curiosities. Among the paintings is the celebrated Danae, by Titian; with several performances by Raphael, Correggio, Guido, Guercino, Parmeggiano, the Caracci, and Schidoni, an artist little known but by his admirable works in this gallery. The collection of gold, silver, and copper coins is very complete. One of the cameos is supposed to be finest in the world, and is remarkable for its size, and excellent sculpture: it is an onyx, and represents on one side the apotheosis of the Emperor Adrian, and on the other the head of Medusa.



There are four theatres constantly open. That of St. Carlos is reckoned the finest in the world; though I confess I prefer the theatre of Milan, as less heavy in its architecture and decorations; when illuminated on a gala day, and particularly when the *parterre* is boarded over for a masquerade, during the Carnival, the effect is peculiarly striking. Much of its brilliancy is owing to the looking-glass with which it is adorned.

The Carthusian Convent of St. Martino exceeds all others in the richness of its treasure, the beauty of its architecture, and the merit of its paintings: it commands also one of the most pleasing views in the vicinity of Naples. The cathedral contains some good pictures by Domenichino; and the chapel of St. Severino some fine statues. The monument of the Italian poet Sannazaro deserves notice; it is placed in a church, which he himself built on the hill of Pausilippo. It represents two figures, a bust and a bas relief: the figures are said to have been those of Apollo and Minerva; but offence being taken at the introduction of two heathen deities into a christian church, and an order for their removal being apprehended, they were re-baptized by the names of David and Judith. The following distich by Cardinal Bembo, is inscribed on the tomb:

*Da sacro cineri flores; hic ille Maroni  
Sincerus, Musa proximus ut tumulo.*

Thus alluding to the tomb of Virgil, which is on the same hill of Pausilippo. Under the bust is inscribed the title of *Actius Sincerus*, the name by which Sannazaro was known. He was esteemed a good writer, and his



most celebrated production is entitled “Piscatory and “Marine Eclogues;” which were written about the year 1532.

The palaces of the nobility cannot boast of many excellent pictures, for most of them have been sold to defray the incumbrances occasioned by play, and other extravagancies. There is an extensive porcelaine manufactory, under the patronage of the king; but the ware, though of a good colour, is heavy. I saw a beautiful set, nearly finished, which was intended as a present to the King of England: the designs were taken from the paintings of Herculaneum, and so well executed as to rival enamel. In the same building which contains this manufactory, is an Academy of Design, where artists draw from life, or model from the antique.

Having briefly mentioned the principal buildings, &c. which attracted my attention within the city of Naples, I shall proceed to the objects of curiosity in its environs. Among these Vesuvius stands pre-eminent, as daily meeting the eye, and awakening the attention of every foreigner; though long habit has rendered the natives insensible of its beauties, and negligent of the dangers, with which it continually threatens them.

**MOUNT VESUVIUS.**—The journey to the summit of this volcano is never omitted by those who have curiosity to examine so singular a phænomenon, or strength to accomplish so fatiguing an expedition. I went in my carriage as far as Portici, where I found peasants with mules, ready to conduct me to the mountain. In the course of an hour and a quarter, I

ascended as high as the mules could travel in safety. I then began to climb up a very steep path, which was rendered extremely disagreeable by the looseness of the cinders. In about another hour I reached the end of the path; but as there was a considerable stream of lava flowing on the opposite side of the mountain, and as the guides assured me that it might be approached without danger, I again began to climb the precipices, without any other track than that of the man who preceded me. At last I came in sight of the burning lava; but my progress was soon stopped by the suffocating fumes of sulphur, which compelled me to measure back my steps by the same path. The mountain was in a state of ebullition; and the eruption sufficiently great, to give a competent idea of its fury when aggravated in a higher degree. It roared tremendously, and vomited forth thick volumes of smoke mixed with stones, some of which fell at my feet, and others beyond me. In my journey to the mountain I recognized the track of former lavas, which are stupendous instances of the power of the volcano; and in many places the ashes were still warm, and smoked under my feet. I walked over the old crater, out of which the new one rises: it presents a level surface, in which are many fissures, emitting smoke; and in one place a species of cauldron of boiling lava, which makes a loud bubbling and hissing noise. From this cauldron the lava is lost under ground; and it is, perhaps, the source which supplies the stream on the opposite side of the mountain. Though the surface of the lava appears black, yet in the crevices it is as glowing as the fire in a blacksmith's forge. From this

interesting summit, which had cost me so much fatigue in ascending, I descended, or rather slipped down rapidly, and returned to Naples much pleased, though not a little tired, with my excursion.

**MUSEUM AT PORTICI.**—In this royal repository are preserved all the valuable relics of antiquity which have been restored to light from the ruins of Herculaneum, Pompeii, Baia, &c. &c. At Pompeii we may still walk through the streets of a Roman city, and see its houses in their original state and situation. At Portici we may examine utensils of every kind, discovered in those houses, and made use of by the Romans; such as sacrificial instruments, lamps, tripods, implements of agriculture, and chirurgical instruments; also armour, female trinkets, and ornaments in bronze, silver, earthenware, and glass, most exquisitely finished. Besides these, there is a curious collection of articles less durable, but equally well preserved; consisting of fruit and vegetables of various sorts, eggs, still in their original shape, and even two loaves of bread very perfect.

Among the statues and busts I particularly observed a Mercury in a sitting posture, and a drunken faun, both excellent; two wrestlers; another faun; and fine busts of Scipio Africanus, Terence, Plato, Berenice, and Agrippina. These antiquities are preserved with care in separate rooms, the floors of which are decorated with antique Mosaic pavements. Although it is highly satisfactory to the traveller, in 1785, to examine the ornaments and implements, and trace the usages, of the year 79; yet he cannot but regret that they are not removed to a safer asylum, and to a greater distance



from that dreadful engine of nature, which first overwhelmed them, and still threatens them with a similar fate. A person is still employed in unrolling the ancient papyri or manuscripts, which, in colour as well as form, resemble a pig of tobacco. The process is tedious, the labour infinite, and I fear the result will prove less satisfactory than the *literati* of every civilized nation would desire. In one of the rooms at Portici are two fine remnants of Mosaic, representing scenes from a play, and bearing the artist's name, "Διοσκορίδης" "Σαμῶς ἐποίησε." There is a large collection of antique paintings, most ingeniously detached from the walls on which they were originally designed; and if from these examples we are to form a judgment of the perfection which the ancients attained in this branch of the arts, our opinion of their skill will not be very favourable. The general design appears to possess more merit than the execution. But it would be scarcely just to estimate the merit of the ancients from such specimens; for it is not likely that their best artists should be employed in wall painting, nor even that these casual discoveries should be the best in their kind. We ought rather to suppose that a people, of whose exquisite taste and excellence in the arts we have such ample proofs in the noble works of sculpture and architecture, which have been preserved from destruction, would not, without sufficient reason, have chaunted forth the praises of a Zeuxis or an Apelles. Unfortunately for us, the works of those celebrated artists have perished; while those of Phidias and Praxiteles have survived the wreck of time. These shew to what per-



fection sculpture was carried by the ancients; and lead us to conclude that a people so perfectly skilled in the design and symmetry of sculpture, could not be deficient in the sister art of painting.

The Theatre of Herculaneum, now under ground, is very perfect in all its parts. I was informed that the breadth of the stage was eighty-four feet. On each side I observed the pedestals, on which two figures had been placed. From this circumstance we may, perhaps, trace the modern custom of introducing two figures in a similar situation. The entrances, corridors, and some of the paintings are still visible.

**POMPEII.**—Though this city, in the days of its prosperity, did not probably vie with Herculaneum, in regard to riches and splendour; yet it is far more interesting, in their present state of common decay. Each owes its destruction to the impending volcano; but the mode of destruction was varied. Herculaneum was overflowed by a stream of liquid fire, and completely buried in one of the hardest substances existing: the neighbouring town of Pompeii was only covered with a slight layer of pumice-stone. Pompeii is about five miles distant in a straight line from Vesuvius. It was overwhelmed in the celebrated eruption of the year 79 of the Christian æra, under the reign of the Emperor Titus, by a shower of pumice-stones, which covered it to the depth of twelve feet. That part which has been restored to light, consists of one entire street, with the gates at each end, and the foot-way and houses on each side. The various utensils which have been discovered in these houses are depo-

sited in the Museum at Portici; and many of them indicate the professions of their ancient owners. Among these dwellings was a coffee-house, a surgeon's shop, many kitchens, baths, sudatories, &c. and a brothel, distinguished by the representation of a Priapus over the door; a strong proof of coarseness of manners in the age which could suffer so glaring an indication of such receptacles to be obtruded on the public eye. Among the private houses one appears to have belonged to some person of distinction: it is of a superior size, situated at a little distance from the street, surrounded with a garden; and is in so perfect a state of preservation, that every apartment may be satisfactorily traced. In the cellar I observed several *amphoræ* standing upright against the wall, in their original situation. These vessels contained wine, and some are still filled with the same pumice-stones which destroyed the city. The houses are in general of small proportions; and the walls ornamented with various devices in fresco, which are frequently adapted to the use of the respective apartments, or the profession of the owner. In a bath I observed the figures of a river god, sea nymphs, &c. &c. and in a surgeon's supposed residence there were figures in the attitude of study. The floors are generally tessellated in Mosaic patterns. There are the remains of a semicircular theatre, and of barracks for soldiers, in a quadrangular form, very perfect; the interior consisting of an open square, ornamented with a colonnade, and containing the guard-room, apartments, &c. In one of the rooms was a pair of iron stocks for the punishment of offenders. There is also a beautiful little

temple, dedicated to Isis, cased with white stucco, and decorated with bas reliefs, in the same composition. Its durability casts a reflection on the modern artists in stucco; and shews the superior knowledge of the ancients, even in so trifling an article. Various monuments and sepulchral inscriptions have been discovered amidst these ruins. No. 1 records a place of sepulture granted by a decree of the Decurions to Mamia, a priest. No. 2, a sepulchre erected by Diomedes to himself and family.

## NO. 1.

MAMIAE P. F. SACERDOTI LOCUS

SEPULTURAE . DATUS

DECURIONUM . DECRETO.

## NO. 2.

DIOMEDES SIBI ET SUIS.

Scarcely any marble is used in the whole town; the houses are built in general with brick, and covered with stucco, sometimes left white, and sometimes painted of the colour of brick. From the breadth of the streets, and the strong traces of wheels, we are enabled to judge of the size of the ancient carriages, which appear to have been narrow, and probably drawn by a single horse. As no statues of the first class have been discovered, it is natural to infer that Pompeii was a town of secondary note. Yet small as it is, the perfect state in which we see it again restored to light, contributes, more than all the researches of antiquaries, to illustrate the habits,

manners, and circumstances of a people, who must ever be the subject of admiration; and renders it one of the most interesting curiosities, not only in Italy, but in Europe. The little we at present see of this ancient city, awakened our regret that more exertion has not been used towards its perfect discovery, especially when the light texture of the matter under which it is buried, would render but little exertion necessary. Thirty men only are at this time employed; and I believe it is the business of one half of them to overlook the other. The neighbouring town of Stabia was overwhelmed by the same eruption; and as yet no efforts have been made to clear its ruins of their covering.

The dreadful effects of this eruption in 79 are pathetically described in two letters written by Pliny the younger to Tacitus; and the poet Martial has thus depicted the luxuriant state of the country, prior to this dreadful visitation.

*Hic est pampineis viridis modo Vesvius umbris,  
 Presserat hic madidos nobilis uva lacus,  
 Hæc juga quam Nyxæ colles, plus Bacchus amavit;  
 Hoc nuper Satyri monte dedere chaos:  
 Hæc Veneris sedes, Lacedæmone gratior illi,  
 Hic locus Herculeo nomine clarus erat.  
 Cuncta jacent flammis, et tristi mersa favilla:  
 Nec superi vellent hoc licuisse sibi.*

*Epig. lib. iv. 34.*

From Pompeii I was induced to continue my journey along the sea coast to Pæstum, which is about thirty miles distant from Salerno, and twelve from Evoli. I



went to the latter place in my post-chaise, and then hired saddle-horses to complete my journey.

PÆSTUM, or Posidonia, is said to owe its origin to a colony of Phœnicians, who built a large and regular town, and surrounded it with a strong wall, with four gates, standing east, west, north, and south. Of these the first still exists: the arch is circular and small. The town is situated in a level plain, about half a mile from the coast, and sheltered behind by lofty mountains. Close to the walls flows a clear and rapid stream. Like the Campagna di Roma, this plain was anciently both fertile and highly cultivated; like that also, it is now neglected, and equally productive of *mal aria*, during the summer months. Though Pæstum was sacked by the Saracens and Visigoths, yet, fortunately for the arts, three grand and beautiful temples have escaped the ravages of time and the devastation of invading barbarians.\* I entered the city by the northern portal: its form is oblong, and the walls are of great thickness. The temples, which are situated in the middle of an extensive plain, stand east and west; and at the first glance struck me with wonder and almost veneration. They are of the ancient Doric order, and oblong in form. The columns are fluted, without a base, and thicker at bottom than at the top; the architrave, cornice, &c. very little ornamented. The middle temple is the most beautiful, as well as most perfect, not one column being deficient.

\* These fine remains continued for many years either unknown or unnoticed by travellers. In the year 1768, Mr. Thomas Major published an account, in folio, of the Posidonian ruins and medals; and says, that till very lately they had lain desolate and unnoticed.

At first sight, and on a near approach, the proportions seem heavy; but at a proper distance all objections vanish, and every beauty appears in its just light. These edifices are built with materials brought from the neighbouring mountains, which evidently consist of an incrustation or petrification of reeds, &c. The beautiful mellow tint, which the stone has contracted, adds greatly to their picturesque appearance. To travellers of every nation, who cannot extend their journey to Greece or Sicily, the Temples of Pæstum will prove a spectacle highly gratifying. They will afford a complete idea of the early Grecian architecture, with which those countries abound, and of which even the imperial city of Rome affords no example.

I returned to Naples greatly delighted with this short excursion. I know not whether I was most struck with the grandeur of the Posidonian Temples, the novelty of the ancient town of Pompeii, or the bewitching beauty of the scenery, which enlivened the principal part of my journey.

The next object which attracted my attention was the Catacombs, near Capo di Monte: a curious but melancholy spectacle. They are much larger than those near Rome, and perhaps the most extensive in Europe. These catacombs resemble wide caverns cut into the tufa rock, in the walls of which numerous niches or cavities have been formed, of various sizes, to admit the bodies of the dead, which were afterwards closed. There are two stories of these vaults, and a chimney, or funnel, to give vent to the putrid air. Passages lead out into the adjacent country, one of which, I was assured,

extended fourteen miles. Some of the learned have supposed that these vaults were used by the Greeks and Romans; but I think they may be more justly attributed to the early Christians, who are known to have secreted themselves here during their period of persecution; and there are paintings still remaining on the walls, which are evidently not of Roman origin. In the year 1764, during a great famine at Naples, many thousand corpses were brought hither, and burnt. It is impossible to traverse these gloomy and silent mansions of the dead, where thousands of skulls and bones are scattered around, without a deep sentiment of awe and horror; amidst these ruins of mortality the gayest libertine must feel a pang, and reflect that

“To this complexion he must come at last.”

A short distance from the city of Naples, and bordering on the sea shore, are the remains of a palace, inhabited by Queen Joanna, so infamous for her profligacy and cruelties.

Having examined the objects most worthy of notice within the city, and on its eastern boundaries, I next directed my attention to those on the opposite side. My first homage was paid to the shrine of Maro, who is supposed to have been buried on a hill above the grotto of Pausilippo. A tomb still extant in a vineyard is said to have contained the remains of this illustrious poet. In the walls are several niches for sepulchral urns, and on a tablet this inscription is engraven:

*Quæ cineris tumulo hæc vestigia ? Conditur olim  
Ille hoc qui cecinit, pascua, rura, duces.*

The Grotto of Pausilippo is a subterraneous passage cut through the hill, and attributed to Lucullus: its length has been stated at 2316 English feet. This passage, which leads to Puzzuoli, Baiæ, &c. is extremely incommodious, from the want of light, and the suffocating effects of a subtle and thick dust. At a short distance, on the further side, is the Lake of Agnano; and a little beyond, the forest of Astruni. The first, like most of the lakes in this neighbourhood, is formed by the eruption of a volcano; its waters have a strong sulphureous smell; but it abounds with wild fowl, which are preserved for royal amusement. On its shores are some baths, called *Sudatorj di San Germano*, consisting of several rooms. Into these the sulphureous vapours, exhaling from the soil, are introduced, and frequently produce beneficial effects by exciting copious perspiration. Near the sudatories is the celebrated cavern, called the *Grotto del Cane*, from the effects of a vapour rising from the floor, which is speedily fatal to dogs. A man, who resides near the spot, amuses travellers with the experiment; but instead of suffering the animal to remain till deprived of life, he recovers it by plunging it in the adjoining lake. The forest of Astruni, once the crater of a volcano, is now finely wooded, and enclosed as a royal chase for wild boars.

In this neighbourhood are also the Piscerelle and Solfatera. The first is a boiling spring, which bursts from the rock at the foot of a mountain. The last was originally a volcano; and though it has ceased to rage like Vesuvius, it yet emits smoke from various fissures, at which sulphur is collected. It appears to have some



communication with Vesuvius, though ten miles distant ; for during the eruptions of that mountain the smoke, heat, and force of the subterraneous fire at Solfaterra have been observed to diminish considerably. The volcanos have evidently produced great revolutions in the country round Naples, and to them we may attribute the formation of many islands, lakes, and hills. The whole district appears to be charged with subterraneous fire, and sulphureous vapours. At present Vesuvius is the acting machine which gives vent to this terrible element ; and as long as that machine performs its functions, Naples will probably remain in safety ; but when Vesuvius becomes extinct, like many other volcanos in the neighbourhood, whose craters are now clothed with wood, I think there will be great reason to tremble for the fate of Naples.

The road, issuing in a strait line from the Grotto di Pausilippo, leads directly to the sea shore, from whence I enjoyed a delightful view of the little island of Nisida ; the Lazaretto, where ships perform quarantine ; the coast of Puteoli, Baia, the bold promontory of Misenum, &c.

PUZZUOLI, anciently Puteoli, contains many remains of antiquity, of which the Temple of Serapis is the most remarkable. It was of the Corinthian order, and enriched with many fine columns of granite, some of which have been removed to the royal palace at Caserta. This temple represented a circle enclosed within a square, which was ornamented with columns, vases, statues, &c. &c. In the centre of this inner temple two brass rings mark the place where victims were attached, and beneath is a reservoir to receive their

blood. The sacristy and apartments of the priests may still be distinguished; but sufficient researches have not been made near the altar to discover the image of the deity to whom the temple was dedicated. The whole building was faced with marble, and the fragments of capitals, cornices, &c. evince a good taste both in architecture and sculpture. This edifice was destroyed by the Solfaterra, when a volcano.

The amphitheatre of the ancient Puteoli is so completely overgrown with wood, that no satisfactory view of it can be obtained. Part of the corridore remains, which now leads to a modern chapel: it was built of brick, and was destroyed by an earthquake. There are also some trifling remains of a temple dedicated to Neptune, as well as of some baths. Cicero had a villa near this spot. Close to the town are the ruins of a spacious mole, which has been vulgarly termed Caligula's bridge; but it has been clearly proved that the bridge built by that emperor, to the opposite coast of Baiæ, as is mentioned in history, was a bridge of boats; while this piece of antiquity was evidently a mole, constructed with arches like a bridge, the more effectually to weaken the shock of the waves.

The cathedral of Puzzuoli was once a heathen temple; and some of the original columns still remain. Medals, cameos, and other stones, are continually found in the neighbourhood of the town, and in the sea near it. The burial-places of the noble Roman families were situated close to the city; and tombs are found to the distance of some miles, many of which are yet perfect. They differ in form, though in all of them niches were left for

receiving the sepulchral urns; and in general they consist of two stories, the upper of which was appropriated to the family, and the lower to its servants, or dependants. The mausolea attributed to Faustina and Marcus Aurelius, particularly attracted my attention. These were richly decorated with bas reliefs in stucco. The tombs in this neighbourhood are much more numerous, and in higher preservation, than those near Rome.

From Puzzuoli I proceeded to the *Arco Felice*, built with brick, placed between two hills, and supposed to have formed the entrance gate to the ancient city of Cuma. Immediately on the other side I perceived the ruins of houses: and a little further I traced the outline of an amphitheatre of large proportions, though no vestige of the building itself remains. From the top of the *Arco Felice* I enjoyed a delightful and extensive view of the sea coast towards Terracina; and overlooked a large tract of classic ground, the river Cocytus, the Palus Acherontia, the hill on which stood the citadel of Cuma, and the Temple of Apollo, thus recorded by Virgil:

*At pius Æneas arces, quibus altus Apollo  
Præsidet, horrendæque procul secreta Sibyllæ  
Antrum immane petit.*

From hence, also, is descried a square tower, built on the spot where the tomb of Scipio Africanus formerly stood, bearing the following inscription:

*Ingrata patria neque ossa mea habebis,*

It is now called *Torre di Patria*, from *Patria*, the only word legible on the tomb, when Linternum was besieged by the Vandals, in the year 455.

Near the *Arco Felice* is the Lake of Avernus, which from its circular shape seems to have been formed by a volcano. On its bank are the ruins of an antique temple, built of brick, and presenting no very fine specimen of architecture. Much doubt has arisen relative to its original dedication, some ascribing it to Neptune, others to Mercury, and some to *Juno inferna*. From its situation, on the banks of the lake, I suppose it to have been sacred to one of the infernal deities, particularly as Virgil has fixed on this spot for the descent of his hero Æneas into hell.

*Speunca alta fuit, vastoque immanis hiatus  
 Scrupea, tuta lacu nigro nemorumque latebris.  
 Quam super haud ullæ poterant impune volantes  
 Tendere iter pennis: talis sese halitus atris  
 Faucibus effundens supera ad convexa ferebat  
 Unde locum Graii dixerunt nomine Avernum.*

At a short distance from this temple is the Sibyll's cave, described by the same poet.

*Excisum Eubœicæ latus ingens rupis in antrum  
 Quo lati ducunt aditus centum, ostia centum,  
 Unde ruunt totidem voces, responsa Sybillæ.*

This cavern, in its present state, consists of a vaulted passage, long and straight, which is said to have had a communication with the city of Cuma. About the middle of this passage I deviated to the right, and by the light



of a flambeau, and the assistance of a guide, who conveyed me on his shoulders, I penetrated through a dark opening, full of water, into a small cave or apartment, containing a trough, which has been dignified by antiquaries with the name of the Sybill's bath, or bed. The local of this place accords so ill with the poet's description, that we cannot identify it with the ancient cave. The "*aditus centum*," or hundred mouths, are reduced to the single passage just described; which, from its situation between the Lucrine Lake and that of Avernus, may have served as a communication from one to the other. Following this subterraneous passage to its farther end I was led to the Lucrine Lake, so celebrated in ancient times for its fish and oysters.

*Non me Lucrini juverint conchilia,*

says Horace; and Pliny adds, "*Sergius Orata primus*  
"*optimum saporem ostreis Lucrinis adjudicavit.*"

Nearer Baiaë was a palace of Julius Cæsar, and the *Portus Julius*, built by Augustus, which is thus alluded to by Virgil.

*An memorem portus, Lucrinoque addita claustra?*

*Atque indignatum magnis stridoribus æquor?*

*Julia qua ponto longè sonat unda refuso*

*Tyrrhenisque fretis immittitur æstus Avernis?*

In the year 1538, this district underwent a great revolution. By the effects of a violent volcanic eruption, the *Monte Nuovo* was raised in a single night, and the Lucrine Lake reduced in its circumference from three

miles to half a mile. It is at present separated from the sea by a narrow slip of land, not exceeding fifty or sixty yards.

Proceeding along the coast, the next object of attraction is Baia, of which the environs are highly interesting, and rich in antiquities. The *Piscina mirabilis* is a large square vault supported by pillars, which are incrustated with a species of tartar as hard as marble, and capable of bearing a fine polish. It is supposed to have been a reservoir for water to supply the Roman fleet, when anchored in the harbour of Misenum. The *cento camarelle*, now called Nero's prisons, consist of numerous small apartments cut in the rock underground, and without any aperture for the admission of light. It is reported of this cruel tyrant, that he confined his victims here, and having ordered their execution, amused himself with listening to their groans from his palace, which was connected with these dungeons by a secret passage. In this district are the Elysian Fields, the *Mare mortuum*, and the rivers Styx and Phlegethon. The promontory of Misenum is a bold and conspicuous object: it retains the traces of an ancient Pharos, and still preserves the name which it originally derived from a companion of Æneas, who was there buried:

*At pius Æneas ingenti mole sepulchrum  
Imponit, suaque arma viro, remunque, tubamque  
Monte sub ærio, qui nunc Misenus ab illo  
Dicitur, æternunque tenet per sæcula nomen.*

Among other interesting objects of antiquity in this district, we find the tomb of Nero's mother, Agrippina,

ornamented with various devices of figures in bas relief, executed in stucco. Here also was the villa of Hortensius, and here were his fishponds, of which the finny inhabitants were so well tutored as to obey his call.

In consequence of the successive volcanic eruptions, which have taken place since Baia was inhabited by the Romans, the sea has made considerable encroachments; as may be seen by the various fragments of marble, and part of the paved causeway leading to Misenum, which are now under water. The Temple of Hercules is nearly half covered by the sea. The Temple of Venus Genetrix has, however, survived the wreck of time, and presents itself in a very picturesque point of view on the coast: it is built of brick, and its form is octangular, with eight windows; a spacious entrance into the temple for the priests, and a smaller one on each side for the people. Behind the temple is a dark apartment, called *la Stanza di Venere*, or chamber of Venus, of which the roof is ornamented with many elegant bas reliefs in stucco. Of all the antique edifices on this coast, the Temple of Mercury is the most perfect: its form is circular, like the Pantheon in miniature, with an aperture at the top. As in buildings of a similar construction, two persons on opposite sides whispering close to the wall may converse without being heard by any one in the middle. Here are also the remains of a circular building, dedicated to Diana, only one half of which is standing.

Adjoining to the shore are the ruins of Nero's palace, which contains some curious baths. They are of so hot a nature, that a man descending into them with raw

eggs, brought them up fit to eat in the short space of two minutes; and was himself as wet with perspiration as if he had been plunged into the sea. The very sand on the coast is so hot, that it cannot be held long in the hand. In one of the passages leading to the baths there is a singular vapour: to a person standing upright it is almost suffocating, while one who is stooping feels an intense cold. During the summer months two or three hundred invalids seek relief in these sudatories, which are esteemed highly efficacious in rheumatic and venereal complaints.

BAIÆ, from the beauty of its situation, was deservedly chosen by many of the Roman emperors and distinguished families as a retreat from the business and bustle of the capital. It was most frequented at a period when the luxuries of the east were transplanted to Rome, and began to gain a powerful ascendancy over the minds and manners of its inhabitants; when the spirit of liberty and contempt of danger, which distinguished the Roman in the bright æra of the republic, was become extinct; when the very people who pointed the dagger against the breast of an usurper, were taught to fawn before the deep policy, or specious hypocrisy, of an Augustus, or to tremble at the cruelties and vengeance of a Tiberius or a Nero. At that disgraceful period Baiæ was the scene of every enormity. Here was the seat of unexampled profligacy and licentiousness; these were the shores from which no virgin ever returned:

*Littora quæ castis fuerant inimica puellis.*

*Venit Penelope.....abiit Helena.*

The gold wrung from an oppressed and suffering



people was here lavished to decorate a palace, or to gratify the perverted appetites of a beastly epicure. Here the celebrated orator Hortensius shed tears on the death of a *muræna*, and here Agrippina fell by the hand of an unnatural son.

But amidst these humiliating reflections, when I figure to myself the beauties of this delightful coast in the days of its splendour, adorned with the palaces of a Cæsar, a Marius, a Lucullus, and a Cicero; and illustrated with the temples of Venus, Mercury, Hercules, and Diana, besides innumerable edifices, now mouldered into dust; when I turn my eyes on the opposite shore of Puteoli, a rival in grandeur, magnificence, and population, I find it difficult to suppress the wish that I had been born a Roman. This noble country is great even in ruin: however degraded in modern days, it is still the *BALÆ* celebrated by Horace and Martial:

*Nullus in orbe sinus Baiis præluceat amœnis.*

*Ut mille laudem, Flacce, versibus Baias*

*Laudabo dignè non satis tamen Baias.*

After so short a residence in Italy it would be presumption in me to attempt to delineate the character of the Neapolitans. I may, however, venture to notice a few of their peculiarities which appeared most novel and striking to me, as a stranger, and as an Englishman. Every traveller at first sees and judges with partial eyes, and naturally carries with him prejudices in favour of his own country. On a better acquaintance with foreign countries these gradually wear away, and the faults,

imperfections, and virtues of other nations appear in a proper light.

It is easy to perceive that the Neapolitans consult rather the glitter of external splendour than the substantial advantages of internal comfort. They keep numbers of servants, are very expensive in their equipages, which are shewy; and their horses, though small, are handsome, and being caparisoned with rich trappings, exhibit a gay appearance on gala days in the Corso. They use but little exercise either on foot or horseback, and prefer the ease of a coach or phaeton. A passion for play pervades every class of people; even the *lazzaroni* are seen playing at cards in the very streets. Here, as at Rome, the women have a particular aversion to every species of perfume, especially musk. Some even have been so strongly affected as to faint at the appearance of a powdered head: I naturally attributed this singular antipathy to affectation; but I was assured by a foreigner, who had resided long in this country, that he himself felt considerable inconvenience from the smell of perfume in a room.

The nobility inhabit the upper stories of their houses. Their visitors are consequently exposed to some fatigue in ascending so many stairs, and frequently experience no less disgust at the filthy condition of the staircases. The pot doth not boil, neither doth the spit labour, as in England, in the cause of hospitality. Though great dinners are occasionally given, the friendly intercourse of the small but social board is scarcely known. In books published for the information of distant countries, the dangers of robbery and assassination have been

frequently painted in alarming terms. Certainly the police is careless, and its regulations loose, and the natural temper of the people fiery and vindictive; yet foreigners are seldom molested or robbed; though there are forty thousand *lazzaroni* in Naples, who have not the nightly shelter of a house to guard them against the inclemencies of the weather. It is, however, true, that many subjects, both of the Pope and the King of Naples, suffer from the stiletto, especially during the hottest months, when the blood is in the highest state of irritation.

The Court being at Caserta during my residence at Naples, the city was naturally dull; but I was told that this dullness would cease at the commencement of the Carnival. To me, as a stranger, the difference did not appear great; but the natives consider this season as their holidays, when all restraint is laid aside, and full scope given to every species of intrigue and licentiousness. Masquerades are given at the Theatre of St. Carlos, which on this occasion is magnificently illuminated, and presents a most brilliant spectacle. I cannot, however, pay the same compliment to the masks, for forty-nine in fifty are dressed in black dominos. A party of punchinellos once attempted to inspire their companions with a little mirth; but their jokes were not relished, and they had the mortification to be hissed out of the theatre.

On Sunday and Thursday, during the Carnival, there is a grand Corso in the *Strada di Toledo*, and in other parts of the city. The nobility attend chiefly in open carriages, which, as well as their horses, are most gaily

decorated with silver, &c. &c. On such days the common people are rather spectators than actors. Many are masked, and some well-dressed characters are occasionally seen. The principal amusement consists in a sugar-plumb fight, which is thus conducted. Each carriage is provided with a plentiful store of these articles, of the size of an acorn; as they drive up and down the street, in two rows, when one meets an antagonist, whom he deems worthy of an attack, the horses are stopped, and the battle begins by a volley of these missiles. The compliment is returned by the opposite party with the same spirit, and the engagement is frequently maintained till all the ammunition is expended. Many of the females are even provided with light shields of tin or silver, to protect them against these balls, which from their size strike with considerable force. The King sometimes attends and plays a very active part, and with such encouragement it is not surprising that his subjects should take a deep interest in this scene of folly and absurdity.

*Quicquid delirant Reges plectuntur Achivi,  
Quid populi facient audent cum talia Reges?*

Another singular custom, which prevails at Naples during Christmas, is the construction of the *præsepia*, in honour of our Saviour's nativity. Many of the inhabitants expend considerable sums in this species of decoration; and one which I saw, at the house of a merchant, cost 12,000 crowns. The word *præsepia* signifies the manger in which our Saviour was born. The spectacle itself consists of a great variety of figures of all nations,



collected and grouped together, and occupied in suitable employments. In the most conspicuous situation is the representation of the birth of CHRIST: close by is, perhaps, a group of drunken labourers, or a party of beggars, different animals, Turks, negros, &c. In one exhibition I observed a naked statue introduced, I believe that of the Venus di Medici. Notwithstanding the grotesque taste displayed in the disposition of this whimsical medley, the various figures are well executed. They are about a foot high, in the fore-ground, carved in wood moulded in clay, and form an exact representation of Lilliputian nature. The *præsepia* to which I have above alluded, was erected on the summit of an house. It was of rock-work, covered with moss, interspersed with gravel walks, ruins, cottages, lakes, fountains, trees, and mountains, and enlivened with an astonishing variety of figures; the whole so well grouped and so natural, that I confess myself boy enough to have been highly diverted with this puppet-shew.

During my stay at Naples I was presented to the King at Caserta, and had the honour of seeing their Majesties dine in public, as is the custom on gala days. The King is a tall handsome man, with a fair complexion; the Queen of the middle size, and has very little pretensions to beauty. I was also present at a royal hunt, given to the foreigners then at Naples. About ten o'clock in the morning we met in a forest, about fifteen miles distant, where tents were pitched in an open field, and breakfast provided. At the conclusion of the repast, we proceeded to the scene of action, which was another open field, enclosed on three sides with canvas, to prevent

the game from escaping. The fourth side was open to the forest to admit the game, which were driven from all quarters to this point, by a multitude of peasants, who beat the woods.

In the middle of this field were placed the carriages and spectators. As many of the gentlemen as chose to engage in the sport were provided with horses and spears, and were stationed at the corners of the wood, at one of which the king took his post. Here also the different kinds of dogs, adapted to each species of game, were kept in readiness. The game consisted of deer, foxes, hares, and wild boars; the three first were hunted with greyhounds; the last with mastiffs and bull-dogs, which seize the animal, and pin it to the ground, till a hunter comes to despatch it. The novelty of the scene alone could furnish entertainment, for it was a complete butchery. At the conclusion of the hunt we retired again to our tents, where an elegant dinner was provided, and the good-humour and high spirits of the king proved an irresistible temptation to conviviality. The day's sport was deemed bad, because only twenty-eight boars were sacrificed; whereas on a former occasion the number amounted to one hundred and sixty. The passion which his Neapolitan Majesty displays for this species of diversion, can only be surpassed by that of his father the King of Spain, who, notwithstanding his advanced age, takes the field every day.

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## ITINERARY

### FROM NAPLES TO GENEVA.

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<i>Stages.</i>	<i>Posts.</i>	<i>Inns.</i>
NAPLES to ROME - - -	20	See page 7.
ROME to Foligno - - -	12	See page 6.
Casa Nuova - - - - -	1	
Serravalle - - - - -	1	Tolerable.
Ponte le Trave - - - - -	1	Bad.
Valcimara - - - - -	1	Ditto.
Tolentino - - - - -	1	Post, good.
Macerata - - - - -	1½	Ditto.
Sambuchetto - - - - -	1	Bad.
LORETO - - - - -	1	Post, good.
Camerano - - - - -	1	Bad.
Ancona - - - - -	1	Post, good.
Case Brugiate - - - - -	1	Bad.
Sinigaglia - - - - -	1	Good.



	<i>Stages.</i>	<i>Posts.</i>	<i>Inns.</i>
Marotta	- - - - -	1	Bad.
Fano	- - - - -	1	Good.
Pesaro	- - - - -	1	Ditto.
Catolica	- - - - -	1	Bad.
Rimini	- - - - -	1½	Good.
Savignano	- - - - -	1	Bad.
Cesena	- - - - -	1	Ditto.
Forli	- - - - -	1½	Good.
Faenza	- - - - -	1	Ditto.
Imola	- - - - -	1	Ditto.
St. Nicolo	- - - - -	1¼	Bad.
BOLOGNA	- - - - -	1¼	Good.
La Samoggia	- - - - -	1½	Bad.
MODENA	- - - - -	1½	Good.
Rubiera	- - - - -	1	Bad.
Reggio	- - - - -	1	Good.
St. Ilario	- - - - -	1	Bad.
PARMA	- - - - -	1	Good.
Castel Guelfo	- - - - -	1	Bad.
Borgo St. Domino	- - - - -	1	Ditto.
Fiorenzuola	- - - - -	2	Good.
PIACENZA	- - - - -	2	Ditto.
Castel Giovanni	- - - - -	2	Tolerable.
Broni	- - - - -	1	Il Falcone, good.
Voghera	- - - - -	2	Good.
Tortona	- - - - -	1	Croce Bianca.
Novi	- - - - -	2	Good.
Voltaggio	- - - - -	2	Bad.
Campo Marone	- - - - -	2	Ditto.
GENOA	- - - - -	1½	Post, Cerf blanc.

## To MARSEILLES by sea 300 English miles.

<i>Stages.</i>	<i>Posts.</i>	<i>Inns.</i>
MARSEILLES to Pin - - -	2½	Bad.
Aix - - - - -	2	St. Jacques.
St. Canat - - - - -	2	Bad.
Pont Royal - - - - -	2	La Poste, good.
Orgon - - - - -	2	Bad.
St. Andiol - - - - -	1	Ditto.
AVIGNON - - - - -	2	Palais Royal.
Remoulins - - - - -	3	Bad.
St. Gernasy - - - - -	1	Ditto.
NISMES - - - - -	1	Louvre.
Arles and back - - - - -	10	Tolerable.
St. Gervasy - - - - -	1	Bad.
Remoulins - - - - -	1	Ditto.
Valiguieres - - - - -	1½	Ditto.
Connault - - - - -	1½	Ditto.
Bagnols - - - - -	1	Ditto.
Pont St. Esprit - - - - -	1½	La Poste, good.
La Palu - - - - -	1	Ditto, ditto.
Pierre latte - - - - -	1	Louvre.
Donzere - - - - -	1	Bad.
Montelimart - - - - -	2	La Poste.
Larne - - - - -	1½	Bad.
L'Oriol - - - - -	1½	Ditto.
La Paillasse - - - - -	1½	Ditto.
VALENCE - - - - -	1½	La Poste, good.
Romans - - - - -	2	Coupe d'or.
Les Fories - - - - -	1½	Bad.
St. Marcellin - - - - -	1½	Tolerable.

	<i>Stages.</i>	<i>Posts.</i>	<i>Inns.</i>
La Legrerie	- - - - -	1½	Bad.
Tullins	- - - - -	1½	Tolerable.
Voreppe	- - - - -	1½	Bad.
<b>GRENOBLE</b>	- - - - -	2	Hôtel des Princes.
Voreppe	- - - - -	2	Bad.
Rives	- - - - -	1½	Tolerable.
La Frette	- - - - -	1½	Bad.
Ecloses	- - - - -	2	Bad.
Bourgoin	- - - - -	1½	Ditto.
Verpilliere	- - - - -	1½	Tolerable.
St. Lawrent	- - - - -	1½	Bad.
Bron	- - - - -	1	Ditto.
<b>LYON</b>	- - - - -	1	Good.
Miribel	- - - - -	1½	Bad.
Montluel	- - - - -	1	Ditto.
Meximieux	- - - - -	1½	Tolerable.
St. Denys	- - - - -	1½	Bad.
St. Jean	- - - - -	1	Ditto.
Cerdon	- - - - -	1½	Tolerable.
St. Martin	- - - - -	1½	Bad
Nantua	- - - - -	1	L'Ecu de France.
St. Germain	- - - - -	1½	Bad.
Chatillon	- - - - -	1	Ditto.
Avanchy	- - - - -	1½	Ditto.
Coulonges	- - - - -	1½	Ditto.
St. Genis	- - - - -	2	Ditto.
<b>GENEVE</b>	- - - - -	1	Dejean a Secheron,

DISTANCES.

<i>Stages.</i>	<i>Posts.</i>	<i>E. Miles.</i>
Naples to Bologna - -	58 - -	458 $\frac{3}{4}$
Bologna to Genoa - -	26 $\frac{1}{2}$ - -	195 $\frac{1}{4}$
Genoa to Marseilles, by sea - -	- -	300
Marseilles to Lyon - -	71 $\frac{1}{2}$ - -	357 $\frac{1}{2}$
Lyon to Geneva - -	19 - -	98
<hr/> Total		<hr/> 1409 $\frac{1}{2}$



## ITINERARY FROM NAPLES,

THROUGH

ROME, LORETO, ANCONA, RIMINI, BOLOGNA,

PARMA, GENOA, MARSEILLES, NISMES,

ARLES, AND LYON,

TO

GENEVA.

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A. D. 1786. On Friday the 17th February I quitted Naples, in company with my friend Dr. John Warner. Our first attentions were paid to the Royal Palace at Caserta, which is one of the most magnificent buildings in Europe, and reflects great credit on its architect Vanvitelli. It consists of four quadrangles, only one of which is finished. The staircase is beautiful, both in form and structure. The grounds surrounding the palace are not yet formed; but a part of the garden is now laying out in the English taste, and by an English gardener. From Caserta we made an excursion to a celebrated aqueduct, about four miles distant. It is built on a triple row of arches, and conveys the water across a valley between two opposite hills. This fine specimen of modern architecture has been finished between twenty and thirty years.

From Caserta we proceeded to Capua; and in our way visited the ruins of the ancient city. These are thickly scattered over a plain, which from its luxuriant fertility has acquired the title of *Campania Felice*. Of the various fragments of antiquity existing, the remains of the amphitheatre are the most worthy of notice.

We continued our journey from Capua to Mola di Gaeta, where we arrived at two o'clock, and employed the remainder of the afternoon in rowing across the bay to the town of Gaeta. This being a garrison town, we could not enter without obtaining permission from the governor. We first went to the Trinità di Monte, to see the rock, which is said to have been rent asunder by an earthquake, at the death of our Saviour. The fissure is narrow, and as the opposite sides correspond, it was probably occasioned by some violent convulsion of nature. The rock is of a very hard nature, and the rent extends to a great height. From the middle of it we descended by a very narrow passage to a small chapel, built in the rock. Near it is seen the exact impression of a human hand in the stone, which according to tradition was occasioned by the doubt of an infidel respecting the cause of this fissure; for on putting his hand against the rock, it immediately softened, and received the impression. We afterwards visited the Cathedral church, a very ancient building. It however contains no curiosity except an antique vase of exquisite Grecian sculpture, which is rendered more interesting by the inscription upon it, commemorating the name of its Athenian sculptor.

ΣΑΛΠΙΩΝ ΑΘΗΝΑΙΟΣ ΕΠΟΙΗΣΕ.

It is ornamented with figures in bas relief, representing fauns and satyrs dancing, and Mercury delivering the infant Bacchus to Ino, to be nursed.† It is supported by four lions in marble, and was brought from the ruins of Formiæ. It now serves the purpose of a font, but has suffered much from the barbarity of those times, when the finest sculpture and the unwrought block were held in equal estimation. On an eminence near Trinità di Monte is an ancient building, called Rolando's Tower, which is supposed to have been the Mausoleum of Munatius Plancus, as the following inscription appears on a tablet in the wall:

L. MUNATIVS : L. F. L. N. L. PRON. PLANCVS . COS.  
CENS. IMP. ITER. VII. VIR. EPVL. TRIVMPH. EX .  
ROETIS . AEDEM . SATVRNI . FECIT . DE . MANIBVS .  
AGROS . DIVISIT . IN . ITALIA . BENEVENTI . IN .  
GALLIA . COLONIAS . DEDVXIT . LVGDVNVM . ET .  
RAVRICAM.

A curious species of shell fish is found on this coast. It resembles a small muscle, and is discovered in the very middle of a stone, or piece of rock.

We returned to Mola, but were prevented from proceeding by the want of post-horses, all of which were put in requisition by the couriers who were despatched from Naples to announce the safe delivery of the Queen. The delay of a day in so delightful a spot could not be considered as a loss of time. We were

† I was so much pleased with the subject and execution of this piece of sculpture, that I caused a copy to be made for a chimney-piece, in my picture-gallery, at Stourhead.

thus enabled to examine at our leisure many of the interesting antiquities in this neighbourhood, among which are the ruins of Cicero's *Formianum*, or Formian Villa. Mola is supposed to be built on the ruins of the ancient Formiæ; which is said to have been the residence of the Læstrigones, mentioned in fabulous history. On the sea side are the remains of many old buildings, which commence at Mola, and extend a considerable way on the edge of the coast. The ruins nearest to Mola are generally pointed out to strangers as forming a part of Cicero's villa. But the Abbé de Chaupy, in his work, entitled, "*Decouverte de la Maison de Campagne d'Horace*," which treats of various antiquities in Italy, refutes this vulgar opinion relative to the situation of Cicero's villa; and I think on good grounds. He places its site at the Villa Marsana; where many grottos, baths, and reservoirs, still remain, some of which are very perfect, and of elegant structure. On a stone in the gardens I observed the following inscription: *BACCHUS ET POMONA VITAE RESTAURATORES*. The situation of this villa is truly delightful; and it is more rich in antiquities than any other.

On quitting Mola, I noticed on the right side of the road an ancient turret, supposed by the Abbé Chaupy to be a monument erected to the memory of Cicero, who was killed in this neighbourhood by Popilius Læna. A little beyond, on the opposite side, is a round tower of larger dimensions, which is considered either as a sepulchral monument, or a temple dedicated to Apollo. Cicero informs us in his writings that he erected a temple to that deity.



A pleasant drive of four miles brought us to Terracina, a little town on the sea coast. It is built on the site of the ancient Anxur, a city of the Volsci; and still preserves many interesting relics of former grandeur.

Before dinner we ascended a lofty hill, the summit of which was crowned with a considerable ruin. It consists of a portico with arcades; and is supposed by some antiquaries to have been a theatre, and by others, a palace of Theodoric, king of the Ostrogoths, in 489. The former supposition is corroborated by the discovery of the fragment of an Ionic column, ornamented with a mask, which, I was informed by Mr. Byres, the Roman antiquary, was found here some years ago. So many remains of ancient buildings are scattered over this mountain, that it would be difficult to ascertain their original uses. Classic authors speak of a temple on this height, sacred to Jupiter Anxur, which may perhaps have been supplanted by the portico above mentioned. Besides the gratification derived from these antiquities, we were highly delighted with the fine and extensive view which this summit commands.

The cathedral church of Terracina was erected on the site of a temple dedicated to Apollo, of which many fragments remain, namely, columns, an elegant Mosaic pavement, and a beautiful sarcophagus of Egyptian granite. On the side of the road some pillars and capitals, once belonging to a temple of Janus, are also to be seen. Ancient reservoirs are found on the mountain called Campo Santo; and a little beyond is a convent, which is built on the ruins of a palace belonging to the Emperor Galba. The number of dilapidated buildings

scattered over this neighbourhood sufficiently proves the former opulence and extent of Anxur. The road near the sea coast has been made practicable, by cutting through a lofty rock, which, from this operation, has been rendered a very picturesque object. In this cut the spaces are numbered with decimal figures, but for what purpose I could not discover.

During our halt at Terracina, we rode to Monte Circello. This was the Circæan Promontory, which, according to ancient fable, was the abode of the celebrated enchantress Circe, where she practised her charms and sorceries on the companions of Ulysses. Our ride was delightful, partly on the *solidum madentis arenæ littus*, and partly through a grove of cork trees, and other evergreens, which for a time banished the idea of winter. The extreme clearness of the atmosphere deceived us with regard to distances, by rendering objects much nearer in appearance than they were in reality. There is great reason to believe that this spot was once an island, which has been changed into a promontory by the retreat of the sea. On it are two small villages; one of which, supposed to have been built on the ruins of the ancient Circæum, we visited. Here Circe was worshipped as a goddess; and on the mountains above the village are shewn some caverns, which she once inhabited, according to the belief of the modern Circæans.

While I stopped without the town to take a drawing, my friend Dr. Warner went forward to collect information concerning this celebrated spot. When I had finished my sketch, and was entering the town, the first

object which met my eye was my companion, with a huge quarto volume in his hand, haranguing a crowd of people, by whom he was surrounded. My curiosity soon induced me to make one of the circle, when I found that he was reading to his audience an account of their own town, from a book which he had borrowed of the priest of the place. They listened with the greatest attention, and appeared to regard him as a being of superior order come to enlighten them. At all events they certainly considered us as no common objects of curiosity, for wherever we moved we were followed by the whole village; and the priest himself told us that we were the first foreigners he had seen during his residence at St. Felice. Over a fountain in the town I observed a fragment of most beautiful antique sculpture, representing a Roman eagle resting with one foot on a globe. The head was unfortunately wanting; but even with so capital a defect, I could easily judge of the spirit and excellence which originally distinguished this figure. We returned to Terracina highly gratified with our morning's excursion to a town and people so little known.

We spent three days very satisfactorily at Terracina, in a good inn, surrounded by a classical district; and like the Romans, feasting most deliciously on the *mullus*, *rhombus*, and *muræna*. We then proceeded towards Rome on

Thursday 23d February, and arrived there in nine hours and a half. Horace, describing his journey on the Via Appia to Brundisium, mentions a fountain on the road, which is still to be recognized, at the distance

he places it from Terracina. Some adjoining ruins may possibly have formed part of the Temple of Juno Feronia.

*Ora manusque tuâ lavimus, Feronia, lymp̃ha.*

*Millia tum pransi tria repimus : atque subimus*

*Impositum saxis latè candentibus Anxur.*

*Sat. 5, v. 24.*

The Temples of Feronia and Jupiter Anxur are also commemorated by Virgil :

*Queis Jupiter Anxurus arvis*

*Præsidet, et viridi gaudens Feronia sylvâ.*

*Æn. 7, 799.*

We again traversed the Pomptine marshes, which the Pope is now endeavouring to drain. The first part of the road is no otherwise interesting than from the reflection that it was part of the Via Appia, which led from Rome to Brundusium, and so often mentioned by the classic writers.

ROME. The expectation and curiosity of every foreigner who visits Italy, and especially of him who has enjoyed the advantages of a classical education, must be strongly excited on approaching this capital. Those passions are still more highly raised on entering its venerable walls, and cannot be satisfied till both the exterior and interior of this noble city have been examined at leisure, and with the minutest attention. At first, bewildered in the immense labyrinth of antiquities and rarities, he knows not what course to pursue. He flies to St. Peter's, to the Vatican, to the Capitol, to the



Pantheon, and returns to his abode, “*lassatus, sed non satiat.*” He finds at length that some system must be adopted to prevent that confusion of thought which arises from the daily view of such an immense variety of interesting objects. Happily for travellers, their difficulties are obviated by the establishment of *Ciceroni*, or guides, who give their aid of local knowledge in visiting the principal antiquities and curiosities of Rome and its environs.

Mr. Byres and Mr. Morrison, two Scottish gentlemen, now residing at Rome, are well qualified, by abilities and experience, for assisting the traveller in this antiquarian journey. Mr. Byres being already engaged with a party, I put myself under the tutelage of Mr. Morrison; and had every reason to be satisfied with his remarks as a scholar and an antiquary, and his attentions to me as a traveller. I began my circuit on the 2d of March, and did not complete it in less than five weeks; although I devoted four hours every morning to this most interesting and edifying pursuit. The antiquities are of so solid a structure, and stand on so firm a basis, that they may possibly subsist for centuries; but as the paintings are of a more perishable nature, and more capable of removal, I shall briefly specify the present situation of those, which are most distinguished for excellence.\*

The CAPITOL contains a large collection, among which the following appeared the most worthy of remark.

\* Little did I imagine, when I wrote these notes, that within a few succeeding years the greater part of the valuable paintings now at Rome would be removed to the banks of the Seine and the Thames.

In the first room.—Abraham and Agar, by Mola.—Ulysses and Circe, by Eliz. Serrani.—Adoration of the Magi, by Scarsalini.—A Woman, with a dove, by Romanelli.—Triumph of Bacchus, by Nicolo Poussin.—A Marriage, by Pietro di Cortona.—St. John, by Guercino.—Romulus and Remus, by Rubens.—Rape of the Sabines, by Pietro di Cortona.—Communion of St. Jerome, by Agostino Caracci.—Portrait of Agostino Caracci, by himself.—A Mother and Child, by Annibale Caracci.—Holy Family, by Benvenuto Garoffali.—Bacchus and Ariadne, by Guido Reni.—Sibylla Persica, by Guercino.—A Magdalen, by Albano.—St. Helena, by Paolo Veronese.—Portrait of Guido Reni, by himself.—A Blessed Angel, and other unfinished pictures, by the same artist.

In the second room.—Fortune, &c. by Guido Reni.—A Landscape, by Pietro di Cortona.—A Soldier and Sorceress, by Salvator Rosa.—Portrait of Michel Angelo, unknown.—The Pool of Bethesda, by Domenichino.—A Landscape, by the same.—A Sibyll, by the same.—Battle of Alexander and Darius, by Pietro di Cortona.—The good Samaritan, by Palma Vecchio.—A Zingara, or fortune-teller, by Caravaggio.—St. Sebastian, by Guido Reni.—Sketch of two boys, by the same.—Several other pictures, by Scarsalini di Ferrara, Benvenuto Garoffali, Guercino, Guido, &c.

BARBERINI PALACE.—Card-Players, by Caravaggio.—A Magdalen, by Guido.—A group of heads, by Parmeggiano.—Queen Henrietta, by Vandyke.—Shepherds in Arcadia, by Nicholas Poussin.—St. Andrea Corsini, by Guido.—A Magdalen, by the same.—The

Four Evangelists, by Guercino.—Modesty and Vanity, by Leonardo da Vinci.—Raphael's Mistress, by Raphael.

In the apartment above stairs are several landscapes by Claude Lorraine, but in bad condition.

COLONNA PALACE.—The apartments of Cardinal Colonna contain,—Three paintings in fresco, by Gaspar Poussin.—Four paintings, in the Venetian manner, by Luca Giordano.—Two fine sea-pieces, with the initials L. B.—Two landscapes, damaged, by Claude Lorraine, in his early manner.—A Pastor Bonus, by Murillo.—A Portrait of Cardinal Orsini, by Rosalba.—Together with several other pictures.

In the apartment above stairs.—A Magdalen, by Guido Reni.—Sketch of a large picture, at Venice, by Titian.—The Daughter of Guercino, with a pallet in her hand, by Guercino.—A large collection of landscapes, by Lucatelli, Horizonte, Gasparo di Occhiali, &c. &c.—A Thunder-Storm, in water colours.

First apartment, below.—Three pictures, by Raphael.—Venus and Adonis,\* by Titian.—Ganymede,\* by the same.—Two heads, by Guido.—A Dead Christ, by Giacomo Bassan.—A Man eating, by Annibale Caracci.—Tobit and the Angel, by Guercino.—With several fine portraits.

In the next room are six landscapes, painted by Claude Lorraine; but as they were executed in his old age, they cannot be ranked among his best performances. There are also two pictures by Salvator Rosa, and several in oil and water colours by Gaspar Poussin.

\* These two are now in the collection of Mr. Angerstein.

One of these, which is placed opposite the door, is esteemed the finest landscape, by that master, in Rome.†

In the gallery are the following paintings.—Venus and Cupid, by Paolo Veronese.—Herodias's Daughter, &c. &c. by Guido.—The Prodigal Son, by Guercino.—A Supper, by Leandro Bassan.—Marriage of St. Catherine, by Parmeggiano.—A Drunken Scene, by Rubens.—Christ at the Sepulchre, by Guercino.—St. John in the Wilderness, by Salvator Rosa.—Flight into Egypt, by Guido.—St. Francis, by the same.—St. Francis, by Muziano.

In the furthest room are the following.—A Dead Christ, by Guercino.—Death of Regulus, by Salvator Rosa.—St. Margaret, by Guido.—Plague of the Jews, by Nicholas Poussin.—Ecce Homo, by Albano.—The same subject, by Correggio.—Madonna and Child, by Andrea del Sarto.

**DORIA PALACE.**—The first room contains many landscapes, in fresco, by Gaspar Poussin, the designs of which are beautiful.—In the second are some landscapes by Bassan, and a large one by Gaspar Poussin, much damaged.—In the third is a small but beautiful landscape, the joint performance of both. Also a Dead Christ, by Annibale Caracci; St. Jerome kneeling, perhaps by the same; portrait of a female, by Rubens; Cain and Abel, by Salvator Rosa; several fine portraits by Vandyke, by the Venetian school, &c. &c.—In the fourth room are two curious oil paintings, by Andrea Mantegna.

† This picture, like the two historical subjects by Titian, forms a part of Mr. Angerstein's Gallery, and is justly esteemed as one of the finest performances of that able artist.



In the long gallery.—The Visitation, by Benvenuto Garofali.—Six Ovals, landscape with figures, by Annibale Caracci.—St. Roc, by Caravaggio.—A Magdalen, by Annibale Caracci.—Two landscapes, by Domenichino.—Susannah and the Elders, by Annibale Caracci.—Two Sketches, by Parmeggiano.—A Satyr, &c. by Annibale Caracci.—Pope Innocent X. by Velasquez.—St. John and St. Agnes, by Guercino.—The Predigal Son, by the same.—Five landscapes,\* by Claude Lorraine.—Madonna and Child, by Guido.

ROSPIGLIOSI PALACE.—In a building, situated in the gardens attached to this palace, is the celebrated painting of Aurora, by Guido; and the fine bust of Scipio Africanus in basalt.

In one of the apartments is a good copy of the Temple at Ephesus, from an original in the Barberini Palace, by Pietro di Cortona.—Portrait of Nicholas Poussin, by himself.—A Landscape, by the two Poussins.—A Sea View, by Claude Lorraine.—Two large pictures, by Luca Giordano.—Andromeda,§ by Guido.—The Twelve Apostles, &c. by Rubens.—A landscape and figures, by Bassan.—A Young Bacchus leaning on a cornucopia, by Nicholas Poussin.—A Cieling, by Giovanni di St. Giovanni.

Another apartment in this palace contains a beautiful landscape, by Claude Lorraine; the Vanity of Human Life, and its companion, by Nicholas Poussin; a Holy

\* There are copies of two of these landscapes, by Luccatelli, in my collection at Stourhead.

§ This picture appears either unfinished or faded. There is a fine copy of it in my collection at Stourhead.

Family, by the same painter; several pictures, by Guercino; some sea pieces, by Manglar, the master of Vernet; some cattle, by Standardo, brother of Horizonte, &c. &c.

In the lower apartment are some antique paintings, found in the baths of Constantine.

**CORSINI PALACE.**—A Madonna and Child, by Murillo.—A large landscape, by Gaspar Poussin.—Christ among the Doctors, by Luca Giordano.—Two subjects of Ruins, by Paolo Pannini.—Two Holy Families, by Schidoni.—A small picture, by Bassan.—Noah sacrificing, by Nicholas Poussin.—Herodias, &c. by Guido.—Choir of Angels, by Benvenuto Garoffali.—A Dead Christ, by Ludovico Caracci.—Philip the Second, of Spain, by Titian.—Venus and the Graces, by Albano.—A Holy Family, by Fra. Bartolomeo.—Portrait of Rembrandt, by himself.—Ecce Homo, by Guercino.—With other good pictures, and a room full of portraits.

**BOLOGNETI PALACE.**—Cattle, dead game, &c. by Rosa di Tivoli.—Charity and her Children, by Albano.—Portrait of a Priest holding a skull, by Ludovico Caracci.—Portrait of a Painter, by Romanelli.—A Magdalen, by Guido.—Christ in the Manger, by Baroccio.—St. Peter weeping, by Ludovico Caracci.

**GIUSTINIANI PALACE.**—Christ before Pilate, by Gerrardo delle Notte.—Two Saints, by Guido.—With many other paintings, by Albano, Caravaggio, Domenichino, and Nicholas Poussin.

This palace also contains a large collection of statues; among which is one of Minerva, found near the Temple of Minerva Medica, in the neighbourhood of Rome;

a very curious specimen of early Greek sculpture, done before statues were formed with feet; the head of a goat; a good modern bas relief, on the staircase; and many other marbles.

**PALACE ON MONTE CAVALLO.**—In the chapel, which is painted by Guido, is a fine altar-piece by that artist, representing the Annunciation.—St. John, a repeated picture, by Raphael.—St. Sebastian, by Titian.—St. George and the Dragon, by Pordenone.—Madonna and Child, by Guido.—Crucifixion of St. Peter, by the same.—Two whole figures, by Fra. Bartolomeo.—Five pictures, by Andrea Sacchi.—Death of St. Cosmo and Damiano, by Valentine.—A Holy Family, by Rubens.—David and Saul, by Guercino.—Death of St. Erasmus, by Nicholas Poussin.—St. Petronilla, by Guercino.

**ALTIERI PALACE.**—The Prince's private apartment, above stairs, contains some good pictures; but the principal attraction arises from two large landscapes, by Claude Lorraine: one representing Numa sacrificing to the Muses; the other, the Landing of Æneas on the Tiber. The first is reckoned the best picture by that master in Rome.

**CHIGI PALACE.**—Two Battle-Pieces, by Salvator Rosa.—A landscape, by the same.—Three landscapes, damaged, by Claude Lorraine.—Three Cupids, by Barroccio.—Some other pictures by Guido, Guercino, &c. and a room full of drawings, by the old masters.

In another palace, not dignified with any family title, I saw some good pictures, which were entailed, and then belonged to the Duchess of Celimara.—A picture

of Fortune, repeated by Guido.—Portrait of a General, attributed to Velasquez —A Boy with a Gun, by the same.—A Boy with a sword, by the same.—St. John, by Guido.—A Holy Family, small life, by Guercino.—Æneas and Venus, by Nicholas Poussin.—A small picture, damaged, by Schidoni.—A Madonna, and a Group of boys, by Parmeggiano.

Here are many other good pictures, portraits, &c. but they are in such bad preservation, and placed in such unfavourable lights, that it is impossible to judge of their respective merit.

**FARNESE PALACE.**—This palace contains the finest specimens of Annibale Caracci's pencil, in a ceiling, representing the Triumph of Bacchus, after his return from Egypt; also the story of Polyphemus; and many other subjects taken from the heathen mythology, enriched with academy figures, &c. His scholars Guido and Domenichino are said to have assisted in this noble work; for which he was so slightly rewarded, that he is supposed to have died of chagrin. In a large room of this palace is a group cut out of one of the columns formerly belonging to the Temple of Peace; by which we may judge of the large proportions assigned to that ancient edifice.

In a casino adjoining are three paintings, in fresco, by Domenichino, representing Apollo and Narcissus, Venus and Adonis, and Narcissus. In another room, connected with the gallery, is a curious piece of antiquity, namely, an ancient Roman calendar. The fine statues, busts, and other marbles, among which are the celebrated Hercules and Flora, are now removing to



Naples. The architecture of this place is admirable; and in front of it are two beautiful marble basons, which were brought from the baths of Caracalla.

The FARNESINA, or little Farnese palace, contains many excellent fresco paintings by Raphael. On the ceiling of one of the rooms, the Council of the Gods is represented in one compartment, and the Marriage of Cupid and Psyche in another. This beautiful performance has been much injured by modern reparations, particularly the sky, said to have been the work of Carlo Maratti, which is harsh, and too blue. The figures are finely grouped, and the characters of the several deities admirably marked. In an adjoining room is another fresco painting, representing Galatea on the sea, which Raphael is said to have regarded as his master-piece.

Among the statuary which formerly adorned this little palace, and which has been lately transferred to Naples, were the Venus Callipyge,\* and an excellent bust of Homer. A colossal bust of Julius Cæsar still maintains its ground.

\* Of the Venus Callipyge, which has excited such general admiration, we find a curious account in the Greek writer Athenæus; which has been thus translated into Latin :

*Ita magnoperè deliti fuerunt voluptatibus ejus tempestatis viri, ut ex hujusmodi causâ Veneris Callipygæ statuam erexerint. Duae elegantes formosæque filias, viro cuidam rustico esse contigit, quæ contententes inter se, in viam publicam accesserunt, ut quæ pulchriores nates haberet, dijudicaretur. Accedenti verò adlescenti, qui patrem habebat senem, seipsas ostenderunt, qui eas admiratus, seniores judicavit, in cujus amorem cum incidisset, venit in civitatem, ac fit ægrotus; tum fratri suo, qui erat grandiori ætati, rem totam declaravit. Hic etiam in agros accedens, puellasque intuens, in alterius amorem incidit. Hos, cum pater nuptias honorificentiores hortaretur expetere, neque*

**BORGHESE PALACE.**—Portrait of Titian and his wife, by Titian.—A fine Picture, by Bassan.—A Picture, by Peregrino Tibaldi, master of the Caracci.—Diana and Nymphs, by Domenichino.—A Portrait, by Moroni. [Titian observed that he himself was the best colourist, but Moroni the truest copier of nature.]—A good Portrait attributed to Calvin or Luther.—A Picture containing two portraits, by Sebastiano del Piombo.—St. Cecilia, by Domenichino.—A Group of Boys, by Annibale Caracci.—St. Catherine, by Raphael.—Christ carried to the sepulchre, by the same.—A Magdalen, by Annibale Caracci.—Two good pictures, by Bassan.—St. Cecilia, by Guido.—Christ, with two disciples, in the house of Emaus, by Caravaggio.—Madonna, Child, and Mary Magdalen, by Titian.—Three Graces, very small, by Raphael.—Divine and profane Love, by Titian.—The Graces disarming Cupid, by the same.—Venus and Adonis, by Paul Veronese.

In the Prince of Aldobrandini's apartment are the following paintings :

The Visitation, by Alessandro Bomvicino, commonly called Moretti.—A sacred subject, by Annibale Caracci.—Christ among the Doctors, by Leonardo da Vinci.—A Repose in Egypt, by Baroccio.—St. Peter, by Guido.—A Holy Family, by Raphael.—*Domine, quo vadis!* by Annibale Caracci.—A Holy Family, by

*tamen quidpiam persuadere posset, filias, ex agro, patre earum non invito, duxit, filiisque in matrimonium dedit. Illæ igitur a civibus Callipygæ postea sunt vocatæ, illæ, cum amplas divitias essent consecutæ, Veneris sacellum erexerunt, quam appellarunt Deam Callipygam. Athenæus, lib. 12, cap. 23.*

Benvenuto Garoffali.—A dead Christ, in fresco, by Annibale Caracci.—A landscape, by Domenichino.—Portrait of Luther, by Pietro Perugino.

In the Princess's apartments is a room painted by the celebrated French artist Vernet.

The VILLA BORGHESE, in the suburbs, contains a good picture by Nicholas Poussin; a room full of *Horizonte's* performances; with many modern paintings, by Hamilton, Hackert, &c. But its chief riches consist in statuary of the first class. Here we find the Fighting Gladiator, which was discovered among the ruins of Antium, and bears this inscription:

ΑΓΑΣΙΑΣ ΔΙΟΣΙΘΕΟΥ ΕΦΗΣΙΟΣ ΕΠΟΙΕΙ.

The figure is looking upwards, in the attitude of defence, and originally bore a shield on the left arm.—The Hermaphrodite.—A Fawn holding an infant Bacchus.—A Centaur.—A Genius, or Cupid.—A beautiful bust of Sabina, wife of the Emperor Adrian.—Others of Lucius Verus and Aurelian, &c. &c.—A most elegant vase, richly decorated with bas reliefs.

VILLA LUDOVISI is ornamented with two beautiful ceilings, painted by Guercino, representing Aurora and Night. It contains, also, three excellent pieces of ancient sculpture: Mars, in repose; Papirius and his Mother; Arria and Pætus; together with a fine Bacchus and a Fawn.

CHIHI PALACE in the Corso. Here are two Battle-Pieces, and an admired landscape, by Salvator Rosa; with two smaller paintings by the same artist. Also

three landscapes by Claude Lorraine; three Cupids, by Guercino; and various pictures by that artist, Guido, and others.

**BOCCAPODULI PALACE** is celebrated for the Sacraments, by Nicholas Poussin; of which there are duplicates at Paris, but less esteemed. The subject of Extreme Unction pleased me the most.

In the **ALBANI PALACE** are a good copy of the Transfiguration, by Raphael, which some have considered as the original sketch; a landscape by Salvator Rosa; two studies by Andrea Sacchi; several pictures by Carlo Maratti; and two admirable drawings, by Julio Romano.

**SANTA CROCE PALACE.**—A picture of Job, &c. by Salvator Rosa.—St. Jerome sealing a letter, by Guercino.—The Assumption, by Guido.—A young Christ, by Guercino.—Four pictures, by Albano.—And a Battle-Piece, by Salvator Rosa.

**SPADA PALACE.**—Cain and Abel, by Salvator Rosa.—Two Figures, half length, by Caravaggio.—Judith and Holofernes, by Guido.—A landscape, by Gaspar Poussin.—The Madonna, and her Mother, by Caravaggio.—Judas betraying Christ, by Gerardo della notte.—Portrait of a Cardinal, by Guido.—Portrait of Paul III. by Titian.—Two laughing Boys,\* school of Correggio.—The Death of Dido,† by Guercino.—The Rape of Helen,† by Guido.—Also, a colossal statue of Pompey; some beautiful bas reliefs; and an exquisite figure of Aristides, or Aristotle.

\* Copied in bistre, in the Stourhead collection of drawings.

† Copied the full size, in the Stourhead collection of pictures.



The **COSTAGUTI PALACE** contains a few valuable tures, and some ceilings, painted by **Domenichino**, **Guercino**, and others.

In the **MATTEI PALACE** are the following specimens of the ancient masters.—The *Woman caught in adultery*, by **Pietro di Cortona**.—A *Holy Family*, by **Parmeggiano**.—*St. Peter*, by **Guido**.—*St. Jerome*, by the same.—The *laughing and crying Philosophers*, school of **Caracci**.—*Rachel at the well*.—A ceiling in fresco, by **Domenichino**.—A head of **Cicero**, and the *Anatomy of a Horse*, by **Daniel di Volterra**.

The **FALCONIERI PALACE** contains a curious small picture, representing **GOD the Father**, surrounded by three **Angels**, two **Beasts**, and an **Eagle**; said to have been copied by **Julio Romano** from an original by **Raphael**, in the **Palais Royal**, **Paris**.—*Rebecca at the well* by **Carlo Maratti**.—A *Holy Family*, and *St. Francis*, by **Rubens**.—A *Madonna and Child*, by **Guido**.—A fine copy from an original picture in **Spain**, by **Correggio**.

**ACADEMY OF ST. LUKE.** Three landscapes, by **Gaspar Poussin**.—*Cupid with a bow*, by **Guido**.—Some good pictures, by **Carlo Maratti**.—Two by **Berghem**.—One by **Vernet**.—*St. Luke painting the Madonna*, by **Raphael**.—A *Woman spinning*, by **Mola**.—Two good pictures of ruins, by **Pannini**, and a good drawing in bistre, by **Salvator Rosa**.

The **VILLA ALBANI** contains a vast number of marbles, but no good pictures.

In the **VILLA ALDOBRANDINI** is the curious antique painting, representing the ceremonies of a marriage. Also, a good picture by **Titian**; and one by **Caravaggio**.

Having thus noticed those paintings, which appeared to me most deserving of attention, in the different palaces of Rome and its suburbs, I shall follow the same plan with regard to those in the churches.

The church of **ST. ROMOALDO** contains the masterpiece of **Andrea Sacchi**. In this picture the artist has ingeniously obviated the great difficulty of giving effect to the uniform white tint of a number of figures in the monastic habit, by introducing a tree, which throws its shade over several of them, and thus corrects monotony, and produces harmony in the general composition.

The church of **St. SILVESTRO** at **Monte Cavallo** contains four beautiful paintings, by **Domenichino**. Two of the subjects are, **Esther and Ahasuerus**; the third, **King David dancing before the Ark**; and the fourth, **Judith and Holofernes**.

**ST. ANDREA DELLA VALLE.** The dome is decorated with representations of the four Evangelists, by **Domenichino**, which may be classed among his best performances. In consequence of a pique fostered against him, when this chapel was fitted up, other painters, **Calabrese**, &c. were employed to execute the altar-piece, and decorate the lower parts of the church, while the higher and more difficult were left to **Domenichino**. But the inferiority of his competitors soon became manifest, and is still evident. The labour employed by this artist, to attain that correctness of design, which is so conspicuous in all his works, procured for him the nick-name of the toiling ox. But his master **Caracci** was accustomed to observe, that this ox would produce

a richer harvest than any of his contemporary scholars, Guido, Guercino, &c. &c.

The church of **St. GIROLAMO** is, however, enriched with the *capo d'opera* of **Domenichino**, in a large altarpiece, representing the communion of **St. Jerome**. He painted this exquisite picture, on his return from **Bologna** to **Rome**. But so great was the animosity and jealousy fostered against him by his fellow scholars; and so successful were they in decrying it, that they prevented its exhibition; and the discovery of its merits is ascribed to **Nicholas Poussin**. The principal figure displays every excellence of design and expression; and every limb and muscle of the dying saint marks the languor of advanced age, and the struggle of expiring nature.

**St. PIETRO MONTORIO** contains the celebrated picture of the **Transfiguration**, by **Raphael**; which is justly considered as the master-piece of art, and the most perfect work of this great painter, who, instead of shunning difficulties, seemed to seek them. Few subjects, more arduous, could have been selected; yet the success of the artist has been more admirable than in most of his other works. It was the last effort of his pencil; and when his corpse was transported to the **Pantheon** for interment, this picture was suspended over his coffin during the ceremonies of the funeral. Many of **Raphael's** works, like treatises on philosophy, appear to me to be too deep to be understood at first sight; but to a steady and persevering attention his beauties unfold themselves, and the painter appears in all his splendour. What dignity and variety does he display

in his characters ; what grace in the disposition of his drapery ; what harmony in his colouring ! In his works man is not merely dignified, but almost deified !

Living, great nature fear'd he might outvie  
Her works ; and dying, fears herself may die !

When we examine his early performances, and those of his master Pietro Perugino, we cannot but wonder at the rapid progress he made within a few years towards that perfection in the art of painting, which in him may almost be said to have had its beginning and its end.

ST. CARLO ALLE CATENARI contains one of the finest church pictures in Rome ; the Death of St. Anne, by Andrea Sacchi. From this painting Nicholas Poussin appears to have drawn some ideas in his Death of Germanicus. In the same church are some angular paintings, by Domenichino, representing the four cardinal virtues ; but by no means equal to his other works in St. Andrea.

In ST. GIACOMO DEI SPAGNUOLI is a chapel, painted by Annibale Caracci ; and an excellent bust of a Spaniard, by Bernini.

In the church of L'ANIMA are a picture by Julio Romano ; and an elegant little monument, with the figures of boys, by Fiamingo : this artist was both famous and infamous for his partiality to boys : his designs and groupes of them have been justly admired. Here are also two pictures, by Carlo Sarracina, which have a claim to merit ; but the expression of his characters, like those of Caravaggio, is vulgar.



The church of **SANTA MARIA DELLA CROCE** boasts of a fresco painting of Sibylls, &c. by Raphael, in his best manner.—In the **CHIESA NUOVA** are three large paintings, by Rubens; and a Dead Christ, which is classed among the best performances of Caravaggio.

The church of **ST. LUIGI**. The altar-piece is by Bassan. There is also a copy of Raphael's St. Cecilia, at Bologna, by Guido. In the sacristy is a painting by Procaccino, which has often been dignified with the name of Correggio. A chapel in this church is painted by Domenichino, in his best manner.

**ST. BARTOLOMEO**, *nell' Isola*.\* A chapel painted by Antonio Caracci, a nephew of Annibale Caracci. The genius here manifested by this young artist proves that he would have done honour to the name and abilities of his family, had not death arrested him in his early career.

The church of **SAN FRANCESCO RIPA** contains a Dead Christ, by Annibale Caracci, in his best manner; a good picture, by Baciccio; and under it a fine statue of Louisa Albertoni, by Bernini.

\* There is much fabulous matter attached to the history of the *Isola Tiburtina*, on which this church is built. Its original formation has been attributed to a large quantity of corn thrown into the river Tyber after the expulsion of Tarquinius Superbus from Rome. The following circumstance caused its dedication to Æsculapius. At a certain period when the city of Rome was infested with a plague, ambassadors were sent to consult the oracle at Epidaurus, where they were presented with a serpent. On approaching this island, the reptile escaped from the vessel, and swam to the island, which was afterward dedicated to Æsculapius, and embanked on all sides so as to represent the similitude of a ship. Part of these walls, with the bas relief of a serpent, together with some ancient inscriptions, are still remaining.

The church of ST. CHRYSOGONO is built in the form of the ancient Basilica, and supported by handsome columns. Here is a ceiling, painted by Guercino, which by the style of colouring appears to have been finished about the same period as his celebrated picture of St. Petronilla, at Monte Cavallo.

STA. MARIA *trans Tyberim* is, perhaps, one of the oldest churches of Rome, and a singular instance of the vicissitudes produced by the lapse of time. It was formerly the *taberna meritoria*, or *militum*, the hospital for invalid soldiers. It possesses a beautiful picture by Domenichino, and a tablet of ancient Mosaic, representing water-fowl; which is equal, if not superior, to the celebrated Mosaic of the doves drinking from a vase. The church is ornamented with various antique columns, of different orders in architecture.

LA MADONNA DELLA SCALA contains a masterpiece of Gerardo della notte, representing the Decollation of St. John.

ST. ONOFRIO, on the *Janiculum*, has some fine fresco paintings by Domenichino; an altar-piece, by Bassan; and a picture by Annibale Caracci, though not in his best style. Tasso the poet was buried in this convent. The gardens command one of the most beautiful views in Rome.

STA. MARIA MAGGIORE, on the Esquiline Hill, occupies the site of a temple dedicated to Juno Lucina; and in form resembles the ancient Basilica, being supported on each side by antique Ionic columns, of Cypoline marble.

The church of ST. PRAXEDE owes its fame to the curious relics of which it is the depository, namely, the reed to which the sponge was affixed, at the period of Christ's crucifixion; the teeth of St. Peter and St. Paul; a remnant of the Virgin Mary's *chemise*; a piece of the girdle of Christ; the rod of Moses; a part of Christ's swaddling clothes; three of the thorns of the crown worn by our Saviour; the column to which he was bound, when scourged; with many others equally *wonderful*. In the sacristy is a painting by Julio Romano, representing the flagellation of Christ.

LA TRINITA DEL MONTE contains the celebrated picture of the Descent from the Cross, by Daniel di Volterra, which is painted in fresco, on a wall.

The CHIESA DEI CAPUCCINI boasts of Guido's finest performance, St. Michael triumphing over the fallen angel; and St. Paul recovering his sight, by Pietro di Cortona.\*

STA. MARIA DEGLI ANGELI, or the Chartreuse, contains the tombs of Salvator Rosa and Carlo Maratti. It is ornamented with several pictures by the latter, by Domenichino, and other more modern artists. This noble edifice is built out of the ruins of Dioclesian's Baths, and as we enter its precincts presents a striking *coup d'œil*. The roof is supported by sixteen columns of Egyptian granite, eight of which are antique, consisting each of a single block.

ST. MARTINO IN MONTE contains some landscapes, and fresco paintings, by Gaspar Poussin; many of which have been retouched. Also two fine views, in

\* A copy of the head in bistre, at Stourhead.

fresco, representing the ancient Basilica of St. Peter's, and St. John Lateran.—In **ST. PIETRO IN VINCOLE** is the celebrated figure of Moses, by Michael Angelo; which was intended to ornament the tomb of Pope Julius the Second. Also two fine pictures; one representing St. Peter in prison, by Domenichino; the other, St. Margaret, by Guercino. The roof of this church is supported by beautiful fluted columns, of the Doric order, which probably once belonged to the adjoining baths of Titus.

The church of **ST. ANTONIO ABBATE** is supposed to occupy the site of a temple dedicated to Diana; and even in modern times seems to preserve some of the ceremonies attached to Pagan worship. It contains some antique pieces of Mosaic, representing beasts, &c. On the 17th of January I was present at a curious ceremony,—the blessing of horses and other animals, which are sprinkled by a priest with holy water. About thirty years ago, St. Anthony's reputation was considerably heightened by the following circumstance, which was related to me as an *undoubted* fact. A nobleman residing in the Medici palace would not adopt the usual custom of sending his horses to receive the benediction. They accordingly ran away with him the next day, dragged his carriage over the precipice at Trinità del Monte, and although he himself escaped unhurt, they were both killed in the fall.

In **ST. GREGORIO**, on the Cælian hill, is an admired work of Domenichino, representing the flagellation of St. Andrew; in which the figure of the man who is scourging the saint is remarkably good. Opposite is



a fresco painting, by Guido ; at the right hand of which is a striking group, consisting of a woman, child, &c. In one of the chapels is an altar-piece, by Annibale Caracci, in his latest and best manner;\* and in another is a beautiful representation of a Choir of Angels, by Guido Reni.

In the church of **ST. EUSEBIO** is a dome exquisitely painted by Raphael Mengs. In that of **ST. BIBIENA** is a fine statue by Bernini, which is said to be his best performance.

**ST. GIOVANNI LATERANO**, anciently called **AUREA**, or the Basilica of Constantine, is styled the mother of all the churches. The façade was built by Clement the Twelfth, after a design of Galileo; as was also the beautiful chapel of the Corsini family, which is ornamented with an elegant sarcophagus of porphyry, formerly placed under the portico of the Pantheon. In the sacristy is a picture ascribed to Michael Angelo. Four antique fluted columns of bronze, which are newly gilt, decorate one of the altars. A noble antique obelisk has been erected before the entrance, and another lies prostrate near it. The adjoining *Scala Santa*, and Baptistery of Constantine, deserve notice.

About half a mile without the *Porta di St. Lorenzo*, anciently called *Tiburtina*, because it led to Tibur or Tivoli, is the church of **ST. LORENZO**, one of the oldest Basilicæ, and still ornamented with several granite columns of the Ionic order, of which the following anecdote is related. These columns were made for the portico of Octavia ; and the sculptors of them, **SAUROS**

\* This picture now graces the Stafford collection in London.

and BARRACHUS, wished to have their performance honoured with a suitable inscription. The request being refused, they contrived to commemorate their names by the introduction of a *lizard* and a *frog*, in the volute of the columns, which are still visible. By this ingenious device they recorded the name of SAUROS, which in Greek signifies a *lizard*, and of BARRACHUS, which nearly resembles *Batrakos*, the Greek name of a *frog*.†

An inscription on the altar ascribes its erection to an Englishman in 1148.

Without the Porta di St. Paolo, formerly the *Porta Trigemina* or *Ostiensis*, is the BASILICA OF ST. PAUL, built by Constantine. From the number of columns which support the roof, it presents a grand and venerable appearance. They are said to amount to one hundred and forty, many of which were brought hither from the Mausoleum of Adrian; and the number of antique columns which decorate this edifice within and without is calculated at two hundred. On entering I was much struck with the grand and impressive effect produced by this noble colonnade.

My last and principal homage is due to the magnificent church of ST. PETER, and the adjoining pontifical palace of the Vatican. It would be both a tedious and

† The anecdote is thus related by Pliny, lib. 36. *Nec Sauron atque Barrachum oblitterari convenit, qui fecere templa Oclaviæ, portibus inclusa, qui clam et epibus præpotentes fuisse eos putant, ac suâ impensâ construxisse, inscriptionem sperantes. Quâ negatâ, hoc tamen alio loco et modo usurpasse. Sunt certé etiamnum in columnarum spiris, insculpta nominum eorum argumenta: lacerta atque rana.*

idle task to endeavour to particularize the rich materials, the costly sculpture, the exquisite Mosaics, and the elegant and harmonious, though costly, proportions of this stately temple. With regard to the exterior façade, it has encountered a powerful rival in our own St. Paul's; but the interior finds no parallel.

As the repository of the most perfect specimens of painting, the Vatican must ever be the *focus* of attraction. Here we find the most exquisite performances of the two celebrated artists, Raphael and Michael Angelo; which, being painted in fresco on the walls, are likely to continue as heir-looms to this palace till the period of their natural decay takes place. In these apartments we see the two great masters in all their glory; for each was allowed to give full scope to his transcendent genius, by selecting subjects worthy of his pencil. Who but Raphael could have ventured to delineate the School of Athens? Who but Michael Angelo could have dared to depict the grandeur, magnificence, and terrors of the Day of Judgment? Raphael, to an unrivalled correctness of design, and exquisite taste in the choice of his subjects, added equal grace in his figures, and beauty in his colouring. The rapid progress which he made in his art is almost incredible; and can only be estimated by those who have traced his three different manners, from their commencement. At an early period of life he carried painting\* to the

\* Annibale Caracci, on his return from Rome to Bologna, being asked by his scholars, whom he thought the finest painter, replied, *Che poi sempre era stato Raffaello quel pittore, che nell'opere sue havea dimostrato minori mancamenti ed errori, d'ogni altro della medesima professione.*

highest degree of perfection it had ever attained; and seems almost to have been lent by Heaven to shew what it could achieve; and then snatched away in his prime, lest his genius should have soared to too sublime a height.

In the rival artist, Michael Angelo, we see equal, or as some think, superior abilities, but directed in a different way. He seems to have examined nature rather as a sculptor than a painter. By a constant study of anatomy, he gained that perfect knowledge of the human frame, which is manifested in all his works. He scorned or rather courted difficulties, by placing his figures in attitudes, which called forth all the resources of art. Could the colouring of Titian have been united to the drawing of Michael Angelo, the world would have seen a perfect painter.

The various notes which I made, during my circuit, on the sculpture and antiquities of Rome, and its immediate vicinity, are so unconnected, that I shall not interrupt the narrative of my journal by a recapitulation of them. They were briefly minuted down, after each day's examination, from the verbal suggestions of my intelligent *cicerone*, and shall be given in an appendix.

To those young travellers, who may hereafter visit this classic ground, let me, from past experience, recommend to them a methodical arrangement in their researches. They should, in the first place, procure a map of ancient Rome, as built on the seven hills; which may be copied from any of the numerous authors who have described it. When perfectly acquainted with its topography, let them divide this map into a certain



number of portions or districts, each of which may employ one or more morning's excursion. Thus a regular, distinct, and satisfactory journal may be kept, of all the objects, both of ancient and modern date, which are found worthy of commemoration; and that confusion of ideas avoided, which is naturally produced by repeated and unconnected examinations of so many curiosities.

Having reviewed the department of antiquities; it will be necessary to advert to the modern ceremonies, which, perhaps, have the most admirers. These are principally confined to the Carnival, and Holy Week. During the first period, which is the season of gaiety, the amusement most likely to gratify a stranger is the Horse Race, which is conducted in a manner very different from our own. The horses start from the Piazza del Popolo, and the course extends to the end of the street, called the Corso. They are trained to run without riders, having plates of brass or tin fastened to their backs, and armed with small points, which spur them in their course. From these incitements, and their natural spirit, each horse exerts itself with as much vigour as if mounted by the most experienced New-market jockey. The prize is a mere trifle. The Corso presents a gay scene, being lined with a row of carriages, and the interval of the street filled with masks in various characters. From the carriages the same sugar-plum war is maintained as at Naples. The windows are richly decorated with hangings of different colours, and the balconies crowded with spectators. After the conclusion of the races, the masks, both in and out of

carriages, parade the Corso with candles and torches, making a most abominable noise, and every one is obliged to take lights in self-defence. I could gain no satisfactory information concerning this whimsical custom, which, from its funereal effect, seems to be in commemoration of the dying Carnival.

A long and regular routine of ceremonies, of a different kind, takes place in the Holy Week, in which the Pope himself acts a principal part. On Thursday he washes the feet of twelve poor pilgrims, who are always foreigners, and generally from the most distant countries. After the ceremony he kisses their feet, and presents them each with a bunch of flowers. A Cardinal then delivers to them severally a piece of gold and silver coin; and they are finally served at table by the Pontiff in person.

The *Miserere* performed in the Sistine Chapel is an exquisite piece of music, and unique in its effect, from the resemblance of the voices to musical instruments, which is attributed to the peculiar construction of the building. The illumination of the Cross of St. Peter's fell short of my expectations, because it is too confined in proportion to the vast extent of the edifice itself, but the effect of light and shade produced by the illumination on detached parts was truly striking.

But of all the spectacles which attract the attention of the stranger during the Holy Week, that of the Benediction claims the preeminence, both for splendour and effect. The first view of the theatre destined for this exhibition is highly impressive. Let the reader picture to himself the grandest modern building in

Europe, flanked on each side by a magnificent colonnade, a spacious area, ornamented with Egyptian obelisks, &c. crowded with thousands of spectators, waiting impatiently for the appearance of their *divinity* to shower down his blessings upon them. Let him suppose he sees the Pontiff move gradually towards the balcony of his palace, seated on a golden throne, adorned with superb plumes of white feathers, habited in his costly robes, the tiara glittering on his head, and preceded by a long procession of officers and attendants bearing crosses and other symbols of religion. Behold him rise from his throne, and, with all the dignity of the most graceful actor, move majestically forwards. See him spreading his hands, and extending his arms, as if drawing down blessings from heaven to dispense them on the multitude beneath; while the effect is heightened by the sounds of martial music, and the thunder of artillery. The momentary impulse produced by this sublime and affecting exhibition extorts the exclamation, “almost thou persuadest me to be a Catholic.”

In former times, after the ceremony of Benediction, the Pope was accustomed to wave a lighted torch, and denounce a curse against heretics; but this ceremony was prudently omitted by Pope Ganganelli, and has never since been revived.

The exhibition concludes with a display of fireworks from the Castle of St. Angelo, the design of which is said to have been planned by Michael Angelo. The first and last explosions are grand, resembling the eruption of a volcano, but the intermediate parts shew little variety or effect.



The termination of the Holy Week seems to be the signal of departure for those whom idleness or curiosity had drawn to Rome, and who then proceed to Venice to witness the brilliant spectacles, with which the Feast of the Ascension is accompanied in that city. The return of spring, however, induced me to make some excursions in the neighbourhood of Rome. After spending some weeks in the society and amusements of the metropolis, I began to wish for the retirement and tranquillity of the country. These I found at Tivoli, whither I first directed my steps. This delightful retreat, situated about eighteen miles from Rome, comprehends within the circuit of a moderate walk all the beauties, and all the interest, which the artist or the scholar can desire. The former will enrich the portfolio with an extensive collection of the most picturesque subjects; the latter will be raised to the highest pitch by a view of the stately ruins, which mark the site of Mæcenas's villa, the Sibyll's Temple, &c.; and by the recollection, that in this delightful spot a Brutus, Cassius, Sallust, Horace, Propertius, Plancus, and many others, sought the pleasures of retirement and repose. Cold must be the bosom, which does not feel a degree of enthusiasm, on breathing the same air, and treading the same soil, as these once celebrated characters! Yet in these times Tivoli is unnoticed and unfrequented, except by artists in search of improvement, or foreigners in search of novelty. The ruins of Adrian's villa, near Tivoli, gave me a higher idea of Roman magnificence, than any thing I had before seen in the capital itself. On that emperor's return from his



travels through Greece, Egypt, and other parts of his extensive empire, he began this splendid edifice. The circumference extended to seven miles; and within this space were comprised models of the most celebrated temples, porticos, &c. which he had seen in the course of his journey, as well as a collection of the choicest specimens of sculpture, Mosaic, &c. The number of statues already drawn from these ruins is very great, and new discoveries are still occasionally made.

#### EXCURSION TO THE SABINE FARM OF HORACE.

From Tivoli I made an excursion into the district which anciently formed the territory of the Sabines, to examine the situation of Horace's Sabine Farm, commemorated with such rapture in many parts of his writings. Its distance from Tivoli is about eighteen miles. I slept at Vicovaro, (*Vicus Varii*), and found ample employment for my pencil, in the many picturesque views which the village and its environs, with the Convent of St. Cosimato, afforded. The next morning I pursued my journey to the spot where the poet's villa is supposed to have been situated. This point has been amply discussed, and I think ascertained, by the Abbé Capmartin de Chaupy, in a work entitled, "*Decouverte de la Maison de Campagne d'Horace*."† Indeed the poet himself has recorded and described many local features of the country, which contribute to identify the site of his retirement. He mentions the

† Mr. P. Hackert, an artist of high repute at Naples, has published a series of eleven engravings, illustrating the site and scenery of this villa.

river Digentia, the Mons Lucretilis, the village of Mandela, the villa of Varia, the temple of Vacuna, and several other peculiarities relating to the *latebræ dulces*, the sweet retreat, whither he resorted with such real and rational delight.

By numerous allusions to this villa, and its pleasures, we are enabled to trace the character, habits, and inclinations of this celebrated poet. By the words, *satis beatus unicus Sabinis*, we have reason to conclude that this was his *only* country seat, although he seems to have occasionally visited Tibur, Baiæ, &c. during the season allotted to a country residence. Patronized by the great, and associated with the fortunate, the affluent, and the powerful, he never lost the native moderation of his taste and character: an humble farm, a garden watered by the limpid stream, and the friendly shelter of the grove, formed the limits of his humble wish.

*Hoc erat in votis: modus agri non ita magnus,  
Hortus ubi, et tecto vicinus jugis aquæ fons,  
Et paulum sylvæ super his foret. &c.*

Thither he repaired from the turmoil of the capital, and sought health and pleasure in the rational occupations of a country life, unmoved by the derision of his more dissipated neighbours.

*Rident vicini, glebas, et saxa moventem.*

In the following lines how admirably does he pourtray a contented and grateful mind!

*Me quoties reficit gelidus Digentia rivus  
Quem Mandela bibit, rugosus frigore pagus;*

*Quid sentire putas? quid credis, amice, precari?  
 Sic mihi, quod nunc est; etiam minus; et mihi vivam  
 Quod superest ævi, si quid superesse volunt Dî:  
 Sit bona librorum, et provisæ frugis in annum  
 Copia; neu fluitem dubiæ spe pendulus horæ.  
 Hæc satis est orare Jovem, qui donat et aufert;  
 Det vitam, det opes; æquum mî animum ipse parabo.*

With what ardour does he pant for a return to his country retirement!

*O Rus! quando ego te aspiciam? quandoque licebit,  
 Nunc veterum libris, nunc somno, et inertibus horis,  
 Ducere sollicitæ jucunda oblivio vitæ?*

And with what regret does he exchange the occupations of the country for the busy capital!

*Me constare mihi scis, et discedere tristem,  
 Quandocunque trahunt invisæ negotia Romam.*

Yet with all this marked partiality to the pleasures of retirement, we must not regard our poet as a sulky, selfish, and solitary being. On the contrary few men evince more fondness for enlightened and rational, nay even lively, society.

*O noctes cœnæque Deûm! quibus ipse meique  
 Ante Larem proprium vescor, vernasque procaces  
 Pasco libatis dapibus. Prout cuique libido est,  
 Siccat inæquales calices conviva, solutus  
 Legibus insanis: seu quis capit acria fortis  
 Pocula, seu modicis uvescit lætius. Ergo  
 Sermo oritur, non de villis, domibusve alienis;*

*Nec male necne Lepos sallet; sed quod magis ad nos  
Pertinet, et nescire malum est, agitamus. Utrumne  
Divitiis homines, an sint virtute beati?  
Quidve ad amicitias, usus, rectumne, trahat nos;  
Et quæ sit natura boni, summumque quid ejus?*

In my younger days I always felt peculiar partiality to this poet, at a time when I little thought I should tread the same soil, and drink of the same spring. His character ever struck me as natural, unaffected, and interesting. Patronised and even courted by the great, he never caught the spirit of ambition. Blessed by Providence with a contented mind, the primary source of real happiness, and with those means of enjoyment which his *ingenii benigna vena* continually afforded, he shunned, when possible, the luxuries and dissipations of the capital. With a few chosen friends he retired to his beloved Sabine farm, far from the corruption of a court, to enjoy the sweets of friendship, and the pleasures of literature and independence. From his social board restraint was banished, servility and dissimulation were left behind at that court where they were so acceptable and so necessary. Each guest freely uttered the genuine dictates of the heart; and by an unshackled intercourse of thoughts and sentiments, by a rational, moral, and edifying conversation, the happy society filled the precious moments of tranquil retirement, with the highest enjoyments which life can furnish.

I have already observed that the identity of this spot is marked by many local names and peculiarities. Thus in Vicovaro we may trace the ancient *Varia*;



*Mandela*, in Bardela, which from its exalted situation still answers the description of *rugosus frigore pagus*; and the river *Digentia* is re-echoed in the modern Licenza. Monte Gennaro was the ancient *Mons Lucretilis*; and the *fanum Vacunæ*, behind which Horace dictated his epistle to Aristius, *Hæc tibi dictabam post fanum putre Vacunæ*, is supposed to have been situated upon an eminence near Rocca Giovine.\* The *tecto vicinus jugis aquæ fons* was the Fonte de Ratini; and the *fons etiam rivo dare nomen idoneus*, is a fine spring, rising at the foot of the mountains, under the appropriate name of Fonte Bello, and forming one of the sources of the river Digentia or Licenza. The exact site of the poet's farm is laid down by the Abbé Chaupy and Mr. Hackert, on the south bank of the river Licenza, between the villages of Cantelupo and Rocca Giovine; and some fragments of ancient masonry and mosaic, which are still visible on this spot, corroborate their opinion.

From Tivoli I returned for a few days to Rome, and then made another excursion into the country. Fixing

† A stone bearing the following inscription commemorates the reparation of a Temple of Victory on this spot. IMP. CESAR VESPASIANVS AVG. PONTIFEX MAXIMVS . TRIB. POTESTATIS . CENSOR AEDEM VICTORIAE VETVSTATE DILAPSAM SUA IMPENSA RESTITVIT. Some authors have observed that the goddess Vacuna was considered in the same light as the goddess of victory. *Vacuna apud Sabinos plurimum colitur: quidam Minervam, alii Dianam, nonnulli Cererem et Bellonam, esse dixerunt. Sed M. Varro Victoriæ ait, et eâ maximè hi gaudent, qui sapientiâ videntur.* Chaupy v. 3. p. 175.

my head-quarters at Albano, I successively visited Frascati, Grotta Ferrata, Marino, Nemi, Larici, Gensano, Rocca del Papa, &c. places which charm the eye with their natural beauties, and interest the mind by the recollection of their past grandeur. Amidst these varied scenes the artist may trace the soft and serene landscapes so admirably depicted by Claude Lorraine; the bolder, but equally descriptive, views of Gaspar Poussin; and the wild and impressive scenery, which marks the romantic compositions of Salvator Rosa.

The VILLA BARBERINI is built on the ruins of Domitian's palace. Near the lake some of the grottos, or *nymphææ*, are still visible, as well as a curious remnant of antiquity called the Emissary. Livy mentions a singular overflowing of the waters of this lake during the siege of Veii by the Romans; on which incident a soothsayer foretold that they would not succeed in their military operations, unless the waters were drained. The facing of this emissary bears an antique appearance. I was informed by Mr. Byres that he once entered this subterraneous passage with lights, and after proceeding about two hundred yards, found it so contracted that he could penetrate no farther, even though creeping on his hands and knees. He stated that he could observe no marks of tools on the sides or top of the cavern. This, therefore, was a natural, not an artificial, outlet; with a façade of stone, raised against the rock, at its mouth, which may probably have been built during the reign of the emperor Domitian. From between the interstices of the stones springs one of the largest ilexes I ever remember to have seen.

From the vicinity of this place the Alban Mount forms a very bold and conspicuous object. At its foot was situated the ancient town of Alba-longa. I rode up to the summit of the mountain, which has evidently been formed by a volcanic eruption, as well as the lake beneath. Here stood the celebrated Temple of Jupiter, the ruins of which are still visible. Here were the ancient offerings of Latium performed; and those warriors to whom the honours of an ovation were decreed, sacrificed on this summit, before they entered the imperial city. The consular way remains in a very perfect state, for the distance of half a mile. Some of the scenery, particularly at a place called Rocca del Papa, is highly picturesque.

In another direction from Albano is the *supposed* tomb of the HORATII, whose combat with the CURIATII forms so memorable an event in the early history of Rome.\* Beyond is the picturesque village of Larici, *olim Aricia*. It contains no remnant of antiquity; but the small church built by Bernini deserves notice; and a park belonging to the Prince Ghigi affords some good subjects for the pencil.

\* This sepulchre is very erroneously attributed to the family of the Horatii, and Curiatii, whose memorable conflict in the early history of Rome is well known. Livy has thus recorded the place of their interment. *Sepulchra extant quo quisque loco cecidit : duo Romana uno loco propius Albam, tria Albana Romam versus; sed distantia locis, et ut pugnatum est.* Their tombs remain in the place where each of them fell. The two Romans (Horatii) are buried in one nearer Alba, and the three Albans towards Rome, but as distant from each other as the places in which they fought. This tomb near Albano has been originally assigned to the memory of the five combatants, from the circumstance of its being surmounted by five circular pillars or obelisks.



FRASCATI was much frequented by the Romans. The celebrated villa of Lucullus flourished on the site now occupied by the villa Conti. The gardens and palaces of the Aldobrandini, Falconieri, and Borghese families, are the most worthy of notice. At the latter of these is preserved the admired colossal bust of Antinöus.

GROTTA FERRATA is supposed to have been the ancient Tusculum, where the villas of Sylla and Cicero were situated. In the convent is a chapel painted by Domenichino. The surrounding scenery furnishes excellent studies for landscape painting; and in many points of view the convent itself forms a very picturesque object.

In the dome of the church at Marino is a good picture by Guercino. The scenery surrounding the place also affords employment for the pencil.

The ride from Albano to Nemi is beautiful. In my journey towards Nemi I descended to the lake, of which the banks are agreeably wooded. From thence I ascended on the opposite side to the town of Gensano, crossing in my way part of an old Roman causeway. On the border of the lake was formerly a temple dedicated to Diana, to whom the adjoining groves were sacred. Here also I found ample occupation for my pencil; and quitted these classical scenes with regret, to return to Rome; from whence I departed

Wednesday 17th May. I travelled on the track of the ancient Via Flaminia, continually discovering new objects to arrest my attention. Among these were the sepulchre of Ovid's family; the river Cremera, rendered



famous by the defeat of the Fabii; and the Mons Soracte, still, as Horace describes it, *stans nive candida*. The classic writers inform us that the Hirpii made a yearly offering to Apollo on this mountain; and it is yet marked by a religious foundation; for there is a hermitage on its summit.

The situation of Civita Castellana is highly picturesque, and presents many attractions to the artist. It crowns the summit of a perpendicular rock, at the foot of which run several streams. The opposite rocks are united by a beautiful bridge, consisting of two rows of arches, and bearing this inscription:

CLEMENS XI. P. M.

*Oppositam agrorum partem ponte raræ magnitudinis excitato civitati conjunxit, viâque Flaminia intra muros perductâ, ac longioris itineris incommodo sublato, civium non minus quàm exterorum utilitati consuluit.*

*Anno sal. MDCCXII. Pont. XII.*

CIVITA CASTELLANA is supposed to occupy the site of the ancient Fescennium, which for so long a period withstood the attacks of Furius Camillus. Livy gives a fine description of an event which occurred during the progress of this siege. A schoolmaster of the town offered to deliver up to the Romans the sons of the principal inhabitants, who were entrusted to his care. But Camillus nobly refused to sanction his treachery, and ordered the boys to flog the pedagogue back into the town. Some authors have, however, considered Civita Castellana as the site of the ancient Veii.

After a delightful ramble of a few days, among the romantic scenery of Fescennium, I continued my journey.

Friday 19th May. I dined at Otricoli, which sprung from the ancient town of Oericulum. Among the ruins which remain, many valuable antiquities have been discovered, especially a beautiful mosaic pavement, which now ornaments the Rotundo of the Vatican. Traversing from hence a rough and stoney road, I arrived at Narni. This town is built on the summit of a steep hill, on the southern bank of the river Nera. The environs abound with delightful scenery, the beauties of which are much heightened by the ruins of a magnificent bridge, built over the Nera by Augustus, to form a communication with the ancient town. The structure is recorded by Martial:

*Sed jam parce mihi, nec abutere Narnia Quinto  
Perpetuo liceat sic tibi ponte frui.*

It consisted of four noble arches, only one of which remains entire, and that stands on dry land. The piers are of unequal dimensions; the largest is stated to have been 150 feet high, and 200 broad. Martinelli, in his account of the different bridges on the rivers Nera and Tiber, says that this bridge was 850 palmi in length. The first arch was 100 palmi wide, and 150 high; the second 108 wide, the third 150, and the fourth 190. This bridge, with its rich sylvan accompaniments, forms one of the grandest ruins I have yet seen. Hackert has made it the subject of two prints; and in my collection is a beautiful and correct drawing of it by Du Cros.

Saturday 20th May, I proceeded to Terni, (*olim Interamna*,) a town situated on the northern bank of the Nera, and the birth-place of the historian Tacitus. The following day I mounted my horse, with much impatience, to visit the celebrated cascade formed by the river Velino, which, at the distance of five miles from Terni, precipitates itself into the Nera. The Velino rises in the Appennines near Civita Reale, about fifteen miles from Terni; and after forming a pretty lake at Pie di Luco, is contracted within a narrow channel, through which it rushes with great velocity, till its waters find a vent in the most beautiful cascade in Europe. The lake of Pie di Luco in former times bore the name of *Lacus Velinus*, and became the subject of controversy between the inhabitants of Rieti and Terni, which employed the eloquence of Cicero. The channel between the lake and the cascade was excavated by order of *Curius Dentatus*, in the year of Rome 671. The cause of complaint was this: the river Velino had been diverted from its original course by the *Interamnates*, or inhabitants of Terni, on which the *Reatini*, or people of the neighbouring town of Rieti, applied to Cicero, to obtain a remedy for the injury which in consequence accrued to their town. *Reatini*, he says, *me ad sua τεμπη (prata) duxerunt, ut agerem causam contra Interamnates apud Cos: et decem legatos, quod Lacus Velinus a M. Curio emissus interciso monte in Nar defluxit, ex quo est villa siccata et humida tamen modicè rosea.*

This cascade, in size and picturesque accompaniments, far surpasses any I have yet seen; it is, however,

by no means displayed in the most advantageous point of view, and loses much of its grandeur, as well as of its apparent height, by being seen from the eminence above, instead of from the opposite bank of the river below. A bird's eye or down-hill view may please, from its extent and variety; but it is deficient in grouping and effect; and consequently defies the powers of the pencil. Having satisfied my curiosity with this celebrated cascade, which however disadvantageously seen, is still a grand and striking object; I continued my ride to the lake of *Pie di Luco*, and the village of the same name on its bank. This body of water is irregular in its outline; and, as I was informed, is twenty miles in circuit. It abounds with fish, namely, pike, tench, eels, and trout, which grow to a considerable size, and afford the principal means of subsistence to the neighbouring inhabitants. It is surrounded with mountains, and presents a very picturesque view. I observed many effects of the earthquake which was felt here last October, both near the cascade and in the village; several houses were thrown down, and the ground is cracked in many places.

The ancient *Interamna* derived its name from its situation between two rivers. The modern *Terni* cannot literally receive the same appellation, though it is very contiguous to the junction of the *Velino* with the *Nera*.

The road to *Spoletto*, where I arrived on Saturday, is carried over a high ridge of the *Appennines*, but is very uninteresting. *Spoletto*, formerly *Spoletum*, is a considerable town, built on a rising ground. It contains several remains of ancient grandeur. Of these the most



remarkable are, a noble aqueduct, which still serves as a bridge; and a Temple, once dedicated to the goddess Diana, but now transformed into a christian church. Various antique columns, friezes, and cornices, attest the sculpture of the Roman æra. One of the city gates bears the name of *Porta Fuga*, and the following inscription:

*Hannibal cæsis ad Thrasymenum Romanis, urbem Romam, infenso agmine petens Spoletum, magnâ suorum clade, repulsus, insigni fugâ portæ nomen dedit.*

Monday 22d of May. Leaving Spoletum, I continued my journey to Foligno, formerly Fulginium, through one of the richest districts of Italy, the *dives et fertilis Umbria*. Not far from the post-house of Le Vene, the river Clitumnus bursts from a rock, and immediately forms a considerable stream. The extraordinary clearness of its waters may have suggested the idea entertained by the ancients, that the cattle which drank of it became white. Pliny says, *rigor aquæ certaverit invibus, nec color cedit*. Propertius, himself a native of Umbria, does not omit to commemorate this quality:

*Qua formosa suo Clitumnus flumina luco  
Integit, et niveos abluit unda boves.*

Claudian, also, speaking of the journey of Honorius to Rome,

*Quin et Clitumni sacras victoribus undas  
Candida quæ Latiis præbent armenta triumphis  
Visere cura fuit.*

The quality attributed to these waters was not overlooked by Virgil, and his imitator Silius Italicus. Virgil thus alludes to them:

*Hinc albi, Clitumne, greges et maxima taurus  
Victima, sæpe tuo perfusi flumine sacro,  
Romanos ad templa Deûm duxere triumphos.*

Silius Italicus adds,

*Et lavet ingentem perfusum flumine sacro  
Clitumnus taurum, Narque albescentibus undis  
In Tibrim properans, Tiniæque inglorius humor.*

The oxen of the present breed are peculiarly fine in this district, and the white colour is general throughout this part of Italy. At a short distance beyond the post-house is an elegant little temple composed of fragments, probably collected from a more ancient structure, dedicated to the river Clitumnus. It is now used as a chapel, and is said to have received its present form from a queen of the Goths, who resided at Spoleto.

In a church belonging to a convent at Foligno I saw a good painting by Raphael. Here I quitted the road which leads to Florence; and turning to the right, pursued my journey over a mountainous country to the miserable little village of Serravalle, where I slept.

Tuesday 23d May. I followed the course of the river Chienti among the mountains to Valcimara, leaving the town of Camerino on the left. Here the valley begins to expand; and the roads, though steep, are good. My next stage was Tolentino, a neat town, situated on the bank of the Chienti. From thence to Macerata

the roads are flat. I entered this place through a handsome gate built in the form of a triumphal arch, and from the post-house, on the top of a hill, enjoyed a pleasing view of the Adriatic sea. Descending from thence, I crossed the river Potenza over a wooden bridge; and a little beyond observed the ruins of an amphitheatre, which belonged to the ancient town of **HELVIA RECINA**. I again ascended to Recanati, a very neat town; and at length, after alternately traversing heights and vallies, reached the celebrated sanctuary of Loreto. The country between Foligno and Loreto is thinly stocked with inhabitants; most of whom are poor, from the encouragement given to begging by the multitude of pilgrims who frequent this route. Of these devotees I met a great number.

Wednesday 24th May. The morning was devoted to our Lady of Loreto. Tradition informs us that the Santa Casa, or Holy House, was the identical habitation of the Virgin Mary in Nazareth. It was translated by angels into Sclavonia, on the opposite shore of the Adriatic; but not being received with due reverence, it was again removed to a wood near Recanati, belonging to a lady named Laureta, from whom it derives the appellation of Loreto. This solitary and retired situation, favouring many thefts, quarrels, and murders among the devout visitors of the holy place, the angels a third time transferred it to a hill belonging to two brothers. These, however, quarrelling in their turn, relative to the profits arising from the concourse of pilgrims, fell a mutual sacrifice to their avidity. In consequence the angels removed it a fourth time, into its present situation.



Such is the legendary account of the Santa Casa. At present it is enclosed in a case of white marble, ornamented with bas reliefs, in good taste, and placed under the dome of the church, which itself resembles a castle, and is strengthened with artillery. The treasure, which consists of jewels, and other ornaments of gold and silver, is esteemed the richest in the world. Here are also a few good pictures, among which is one by Raphael. In the Apothecary's shop, belonging to the establishment, are three hundred jars of porcelaine, painted by the same artist and his scholars. These were presented to our Lady of Loreto by one of the Dukes of Urbino. Louis the Fourteenth of France is said to have offered four vessels of gold of the same size, in exchange for as many of these; and a French painter to have tendered three thousand crowns for five, on which are represented the four Evangelists, with St. Paul. But a more liberal proposal was made by a grand duke of Florence, to replace the whole collection with vessels of silver.\*

\* *Risplendono in essa tra grandi mezzani e piccoli 320 vasi, che furono donati dal Duca di Urbino, così maravigliosamente delineati e figurati dal famoso Raffaello, suo suddito e vassallo, che pare l'istesse imagini esser quasi animate, rappresentanti nel primo ordine il Vecchio Testamento, e le azzioni degli antichi Romani; nel secondo, le Metamorfosi di Ovidio, e nel terzo, gli scherzi de fanciulli, che in numero di ottanta quattro, l'uno fa un gioco ed atto differente dall'altro. Sono talmente apprezzati questi vasi, che il Gran Duca di Fiorenza, essendo avido di comprarli, fece gittar progetto che prezzo eguale l'avrebbe contrapesato con altrettanti vasi di argento. Ed un pittore Francese de soli cinque che sono grandi e figurati delli quattro Evangelisti, e dell Apostolo San Paolo, offerse tre mila scudi. Ma sì l'una, come l'altra proposta, fu rigettata. — Martorelli Teatro-Istorico della Santa Casa. tom. 3, p. 138.*



The doors of the church are of bronze, and enriched with bas reliefs well executed. The situation is beautiful, commanding on one side a view of the Adriatic, and on the other a fertile valley, bounded with mountains. In a clear day, the heights in Dalmatia on the opposite coast are visible, though eighty miles distant. The town appears much crowded with inhabitants, owing to the vast concourse of pilgrims, who flock hither, particularly at this season of the year. The chief trade consists in beads, medals, and other religious ornaments, which find a ready sale among the strangers who come to pay their devotions to the Lady of Loreto.

Thursday 25th May. I quitted Loreto after dinner, and early in the evening arrived at Ancona, a large handsome town, built, like many in this district, of whitish brick. The population is estimated at thirty thousand souls; six thousand of whom are Jews, and confined to a particular quarter. The harbour is good, and covered by a mole, in which improvements are now making by order of the Pope. About the middle of the mole stands a fine triumphal arch, erected, as appears from inscriptions which have been found, in honour of the Emperor Trajan, his wife Plotina, and his sister Marciana, because he repaired the port at his own expense. These are the only remains which are left to attest the antiquity of Ancona. On the top of the promontory was a temple dedicated to Venus, which is thus commemorated by Juvenal:

*Ante domum Veneris, quam Dorica sustinet Ancon.*

Friday 26th May. I quitted Ancona, and continued my journey over a good and level road, chiefly along the sea coast, to Sinigaglia, (*Sena*,) Pesaro, (*Pisaurum*,) Fano, (*Fanum Fortunæ*,) to Rimini, (*Ariminum*,) where I slept. Fano is supposed to have derived its name from a celebrated Temple of Fortune, built there by the Romans, in commemoration of a great victory gained over the Carthaginian general Asdrubal; but at present no vestiges of such a structure remain. Here are, however, the ruins of a triumphal arch, said to have been erected in honour of the Emperor Augustus. It consisted of a large arch, flanked by two of smaller dimensions; but the large arch alone is still entire. A plan of this building in its original state is traced on the walls of an adjoining church. Here is also a grand theatre, bearing the name of *Theatrum Fortunæ*. The river Metaurus, near which Asdrubal was defeated, flows at no great distance from Fano.

*Testis Metaurum flumen, et Asdrubal  
Devictus.*

HORACE.

I entered Rimini under a handsome triumphal arch, built in honour of Augustus. It is supported on each side by two pillars of the Corinthian order, and is ornamented with two busts placed in niches.\* The bridge leading

\* This arch was rent asunder by the convulsion of an earthquake, which happened December 25th, 1786, and which I myself felt slightly at Florence. The shock, however, was not sufficiently violent to throw it down.

From Clementini, the historian of Rimini, we learn that this arch was raised in honour of Augustus, for having repaired the most cele-

towards Bologna, which is of white marble, was begun by Augustus,† and finished by Tiberius. This town had also its amphitheatre, of which some vestiges still remain. On a pedestal in the market-place I observed the following inscription, which, if genuine, is very interesting :

C. CAESAR DICT. RUBICONE SUPERATO CIVIL.

BELL. COMMILIT. SUOS HIC IN

FORO AR ADLOCUT.

*Caius Cæsar Dictator, Rubicone superato, civili bello, commilites suos, hic in Foro Ariminensi, adlocutus est.*

On the other side of this pedestal is the following inscription:

brated roads throughout Italy. This fact was recorded in an inscription, which has been partly obliterated.

- - - - - COS  
SEPT . DESIGNAT . OCTAVO . CELEBERRIMEIS  
ITALIAE . VIEIS . - - - SENATVS . POP.

The busts of the heathen deities which originally decorated this structure have been replaced with modern saints.

† Clementini states the length of this elegant bridge to be one hundred and twenty feet, and the width fourteen. It was built with the fine stone of Istria, which is little inferior to marble, and consisted of five noble arches. The following inscription commemorates its august founder :

IMP . CAESAR . DIVI . F . AVGSTVS . PONTIFEX . MAXIM . COS . XIII . IMP .  
XX . TRIBVNIC . POTEST . XXXVII . P . P . TIBERIVS . CAESAR . DIVI .  
AVGVSTI . F . DIVI . IVLII N . AVGVST . PONTIF . MAX . COS . IIII . IMP .  
VIII . TRIB . POTEST . XXII . DEDERE.

*Suggestum hunc vetustate collapsum, Consules Ariminenses  
mensium Novembris et Decembris MDLV.  
restituerunt.*

The first of these inscriptions is not, however, considered by antiquaries as genuine. A similar inscription at Rome, ordering all armed persons to lay down their arms and standards on the banks of this river, is equally rejected as spurious, and is styled by the intelligent geographer Cluverius, *marmor adulterinum*.

Saturday 27th May. I continued my journey through Savignano, Cesena, Forli, Faenza, and Imola, to Bologna, where I arrived in the evening. The goodness of the roads makes amends for the uninteresting aspect of the country they traverse. The *Via Æmilia* took this direction from Bologna to Rimini, where the *Via Flaminia* commenced. Between Cesena and Savignano I crossed the celebrated Rubicon, now an inconsiderable rivulet. In ancient times no Roman general was allowed to pass this stream without the permission of the senate; but Cæsar boldly transgressed against this law, when he placed his own fortunes in competition with the liberties of his country. The incident itself, as well as its cause and effects, are admirably described by Lucan :

*Jam gelidas cursu Cæsar superaverat Alpes  
Ingentesque animo motus, bellumque futurum  
Ceperat; ut ventum est parvi Rubiconis ad undas,  
Ingens visa duci patriæ trepidantis imago,*



*Clara per obscuram vultu mæstissima noctem,  
 Turrigero canos effundens vertice crines,  
 Cæsarie lacerâ nudisque adstare lacertis  
 Et gemitu permista loqui. Quo tenditis ultra?  
 Quo fertis mea signa viri? Si jure venitis,  
 Si cives, huc usque licet.*

After this bold but appropriate fiction, the poet rapidly presents the incidents of the passage :

*Cæsar ut adversam, superato gurgite, ripam  
 Attigit, Hesperix vetitis et constitit arvis.  
 “ Hic,” ait, “ hic pacem, temerataque jura relinquo,  
 “ Te, Fortuna, sequor ! Procul hinc jam fœdera sunt,  
 “ Credidimus fatis, utendum est judice bello.”*

At Arcangelo, between Rimini and Savignano, is a handsome triumphal arch, of modern architecture; and at Cesena is a fine bridge over the Savio.

My second visit to Bologna was short, for I quitted it on Sunday to proceed to Modena; in my way passing by Fort Urbino, and ferrying over the Panaro, which divides the ecclesiastical state from the duchy of Modena.

Monday 29th May. I continued my journey, dined at Parma, and slept at Fiorenzuola. Between Modena and Rubiera I ferried over the Secchia; and between St. Ilario and Parma I crossed a bridge, which divides Modena from the Parmesan. The roads are good, and the country is flat and well cultivated.

Tuesday 30th May. From Fiorenzuola I proceeded through Piacenza, Brøni, and Voghera, and slept at

**Tortona.** I entered the territories of the King of Sardinia about two miles from Piacenza, where the Trebia forms the boundary. The roads continue good, and the country well cultivated.

**Wednesday 31st May.** Leaving Tortona, I crossed the Staffora; and at a village about two miles before I reached Novi, entered the territory of Genoa. From Novi the roads are paved, the country becomes more mountainous, and the soil is less fertile. From the summit of a hill crowned with a grove of chesnut trees, through which the road leads, I caught a pleasing view on the right, over an extensive valley, bounded with snowy mountains. Soon afterwards I passed by the fortress of Gavi, which is built in a very strong position. I dined at Ostaggio, and mounted by a tedious ascent to the celebrated pass of the Bocchetta, where the eddies of wind are sometimes sufficiently violent to overturn a carriage. From thence a no less tedious descent leads to Campo Marone. Continuing to descend, I reached the plain of Genoa, which is rendered peculiarly cheerful by numerous villas scattered over the sides of the mountain, amidst rich woods and cultivated grounds. The first view of Genoa and its bay is extremely beautiful and striking.

**GENOA.** This republic has experienced many vicissitudes of fortune, having been successively possessed by the French, the Emperor, and the Dukes of Milan. The memorable naval engagement, in which Andrea Doria signalised himself, and rescued his country from ruin, is a striking proof of the power formerly possessed by this republic; but its naval force, which was once so

formidable, is reduced to a few gallies. The study and practice of commerce now prevails over tactics; and even the nobility do not think themselves degraded by trade. The form of government, established by their deliverer Doria, still subsists. The chief officer is the Doge, who is assisted by a council of twelve senators, and whose power continues for two years.

The splendid appearance of this city has entitled it to the distinguished appellation of *GENOVA LA SUPERBA*. The houses are lofty, built of durable materials, plastered over, and painted with various architectural devices, which produce a singular but gay effect. It is one of the cleanest places I ever saw; partly from the inequality of the ground, and partly from the small number of carriages used, which, in consequence of the narrowness of the streets, are replaced by sedan chairs. The *Strada Nuova* and Balbi contain many handsome palaces; of which the most worthy of notice are those of the Balbi, Brignole, Durazzo, and Gentili families.

These palaces are rich in paintings of the different Italian schools. The palace of Signor Francesco Balbi contains an Adoration of the Magi, by Titian.—A St. Francis, by Annibale Caracci.—A Venus and two Cupids, by the same.—A group of Boys, by Sarzana.—The Conversion of St. Paul, by Caravaggio.—Two pictures of St. John, and St. Jerome, by Guido.—A Magdalen, by Agostino Caracci.—Une Vierge Martyre, by the same.—A St. Catherine, by Annibale Caracci.—Portrait of a General, by Vandyke, very spirited.—The Marriage of St. Catherine, by Correggio, somewhat varying from that at Capo di Monte, near

Naples.—A Portrait of Calvin, by Holbein, and one of Vandyke, by himself.—Two Boys playing with a ram, in a landscape by Rubens.—A Magdalen, transported to Heaven by Angels, small size, by Guido.—The Marriage of St. Catherine, by Parmeggiano, in bad condition.

In the DURAZZO palace are three large pictures, by Luca Giordano.—A Holy Family, by Vandyke.—Portrait of a Prelate, by Cappucino.—Mary Magdalen washing our Saviour's feet, by Paolo Veronese.\*—Anna Bolein, by Holbein.—St. Catherine, by Carlo Dolce.—A whole length portrait by Vandyke.—The Martyrdom of St. Peter, by Guido.—Juno and Argus, by Rubens.†—A fine Head, by Rembrandt.—A Holy Family, by Vandyke; and two very highly finished Flemish pictures.—In a small chapel is a painting by Titian, representing Christ bearing the Cross.

In the BRIGNOLE PALACE are—Four Sibylls, by Guido.—A Shepherd, by Cappucino.—Two portraits, whole length, by Vandyke.—The Merchants driven from the Temple, by Guercino.—Cato, in the act of putting himself to death, by the same.—A St. Sebastian, fine, by Guido.—The Annunciation, by Annibale Caracci.—Our Saviour and the Cross, by Lanfranco.—A Holy Family, with two Apostles, by Guercino, fine.—A Holy Family, by Andrea del Sarto.—St. Francis

\* There is a beautifully high-finished sketch of this picture by Paolo Veronese in my collection at Stourhead, which appears to have been the model from which he executed the larger work.

† This fine picture by Rubens has found its way into England, and was a short time ago upon sale.



with the Cross, by Cappucino.—Dædalus and Icarus, by Andrea del Sarto.—A large picture, by Procaccino.—Flight into Egypt, by Carlo Maratti.—St. Catherine Martyr, by Baroccio.—A Head of St. John, by Leonardo da Vinci.—The Assumption, by Correggio.—Our Saviour and St. Veronica, by Antonio Caracci.—Two large paintings, by Vandyke.—Portraits of Rubens and his Wife.—Cleopatra, by Guercino.—And a very natural representation of rabbits, in a landscape, by some painter of the Flemish school.

The Palace of Signore GIACOMO BALBI contains, in the first room, several excellent portraits, by Vandyke.—An Old Man, with a bell near him, by Caracci.—A Cardinal, with three other figures, two of which are called Calvin and Luther, by Sebastian del Piombo.—Cocks fighting, by Snyders.—Two very fine large landscapes, full of figures, by Rubens.—The Resurrection, by Tintoretto.—A fine and spirited sketch of a Triumph, by Rubens.—St. Sebastian, &c. by Vandyke.—Portrait of a Nun, by Cappucino.—A Magdalen, by Guido.—Three large subjects, by Luca Giordano.—A laughing figure, by Espagnoletto.—A Holy Family, with Christ in the cradle, very fine, and highly finished,\* by Rubens.—St. John the Baptist, by Guercino.—And the portrait of a Senator, by Du Bois.

In the Ducal Palace the grand hall deserves notice, for its size, and the elegance of its decorations.

The churches of St. Stefano, Sta. Maria di Carignano, St. Lorenzo, St. Ambrogio, L'Annonciada, and

\* This seems to be a picture repeated, but with variations, of the same subject, in the Palazzo Pitti at Florence.

the cathedral, are the most remarkable for productions of art.

The Arsenal contains arms for thirty thousand men. Over the door is a curious piece of antiquity, namely, the *rostrum* of a Roman galley, representing the head of a swine. It was found in the harbour. Here is also a piece of artillery, made of leather, said to have been one of the first ever used. It was brought from Venice.

The neighbourhood of the city is rendered truly delightful by a number of villas and gardens scattered along the coast. Those of the Doria and Lomellini families possess the greatest attractions. The former have the most natural character, and advantageous situation, being beautified with a grove of pines, mixed with myrtles and aromatic plants, growing on the declivity of a mountain; and commanding a beautiful view of the sea, light-house, &c.

In the latter, the owner has attempted to imitate the English style of gardening, and in some parts of the grounds he has succeeded tolerably well; though he has not had the courage to banish his fountains, grottos, and artificial cascades. In a small field, prettily bedecked with chesnut trees, he has built a dairy, and furnished it with earthen-ware. Close to it is a water-closet, fitted up also *à l'Angloise*. In my walk through the demesne, I met the owner, who seemed highly gratified with my commendation of this child of his creation.

Saturday 3d June. Quitting Genoa I changed my mode of travelling, and hired a felucca,† to convey me

† I gave ten louis d'or for the hire of the vessel, two more to the captain, and one to the sailors.

to Marseille. From the mouth of the harbour this beautiful city appears to great advantage, presenting an amphitheatre of buildings rising gradually above each other, round the whole bay. We coasted along the shore, which is very picturesque, and enlivened with numerous country houses, to the first halting place, Porto Maurizio, where I found a very good inn. In the morning we sailed again, and passing by Nice and Antibes, were obliged by contrary winds to seek shelter in the harbour of Frejus. We were not, however, detained; for after a few hours' rest, we stretched along the coast to the little village of Lovandoni, where we staid eleven hours. The wind proving again favourable wafted us to Marseille on Wednesday evening. The coast to Marseille is extremely uninteresting, compared with that of Genoa: it is a barren rocky shore, neither ornamented with buildings, nor enriched with wood and verdure.

MARSEILLE. Thursday 8th June. This city appears very populous, and carries on an advantageous trade, for which its situation is highly favourable. The number of new buildings evince its flourishing state. Subsequent to the late war, the King of France sold to the inhabitants an extensive piece of ground, near the port, on which a handsome theatre and hotel are now building. The government of this city is in a manner independent of the crown. It maintains its own troops; while those of the king are kept on board guard-ships, and not allowed to exercise any authority by land, without orders from the magistrates. The inhabitants pay an annual sum in lieu of taxes.

The town-house is a handsome building, and contains two curious pictures, representing the dreadful plague which raged here in 1720. The Corso is a noble street, of great length and breadth, with rows of trees planted down the centre. At one end is the gate leading to Toulon; at the other, that to Aix and Avignon.

I proceeded on Thursday evening to AIX, over a road, which in the environs of Marseille was very rough and stony. Aix is one of the prettiest towns I have seen in France; and is indebted for its beauty to an avenue of very fine trees which decorates the principal street. The street itself consists of many handsome buildings. The churches of St. Severe and the Oratoire are the two most remarkable. Aix is the capital of Provence, and the place where the parliament is held. The square where this assembly meets is ornamented with a handsome fountain, and planted with trees.

From Aix I continued my route to Pont Royal, where I dined, and in the evening arrived at Avignon. Though situated within the territory of France, this city still belongs to the Roman see. My impatience to enjoy the refreshing breezes of a cooler climate did not permit me to examine the place with the attention it merited, nor even to pay my homage at the shrines of Petrarch and Laura.

Saturday 10th June. I continued my journey, and after twice ferrying over the river Rhone, arrived at Nismes.

NISMES, formerly *Nemausus*. The descriptions I had read of the fine antiquities preserved in this town had raised my expectations to a high pitch; and these



expectations were not disappointed. The *Maison quarrée* claims the first notice. This temple has been justly considered as a perfect model of architectural proportions. It was dedicated to the memory of Caius and Lucius Cæsar, the sons of Marcus Agrippa, by Julia, daughter of the Emperor Octavianus Augustus. The original dedication is recorded in an antique inscription, and its consecration to the christian worship in one of modern date.

C. CAESARI . AVGVSTI . F . COS . L . CAESARI  
 AVGVSTI . F . COS . DESIGNATO .  
 PRINCIPIBUS IUVENTUTIS.

Both these young princes, the adopted sons of Augustus, met an untimely death.

The modern inscription over the portal commemorates the reparation and consecration of this temple, under the reign of Louis the Fourteenth.

LUDOVICUS MAGNUS

*Hanc ædem, arte ac vetustate conspicuam, labentem restituit. Profanum sacris adduxit, curia et studio Nicolai de Lamoignon, per Occitaniam præfecto.*

*Anno Domini MDCLXXXIX.*

The sides of this edifice present an unbroken range of eleven fluted columns, of the Corinthian order, of which three belong to the portico. The façade is composed of a pediment, supported by six columns, corresponding with those of the sides. An elegant frieze of rich foliage ornaments the sides, but the front has none, because the space is occupied with the ancient inscription.

The amphitheatre is neither large nor lofty, but in a good state of preservation; and will soon be seen to great advantage, as the government has purchased the houses which encumber the *arena*, and orders are daily expected for their demolition. When the walls of the town are likewise taken down, the *Maison carrée* will be exhibited in a much superior point of view. There are also remains of a temple dedicated to Diana, which, from the style of architecture, appears to have been erected about the same time as the former building. The *Tour Magne*, from its elevated situation, is supposed to have been a Pharos, or perhaps a mausoleum. Some baths and a mosaic pavement have been lately discovered in the governor's garden; and many inscriptions, bas reliefs, &c. scattered through the town, attest the former splendour of NEMAUSUS. The present population is estimated at thirty-two thousand souls, half of whom are protestants. They carry on an extensive trade in silk stuffs and stockings, the latter of which are remarkable for fineness.

Sunday 11th June. Early in the morning I proceeded to Arles, formerly *Arelate*. This digression I was induced to make, by the report that some fine antiquities had been discovered within its walls, but they did not answer my expectation. The amphitheatre, which is crowded with houses, is less perfect than that of Nismes; but it appears larger, and about the same height. It is composed of the Doric and Corinthian orders; and two entrances still remain open, of which the largest is very noble. The ruins of the theatre are inconsiderable; though two beautiful columns of the

Corinthian order are still left as proofs of its former grandeur. An obelisk, a milliary, and several fragments of statues and inscriptions, are dispersed through various parts of the town. In the vicinity is a place called the Elysian fields, which is supposed to have been originally a Roman-burial place, and afterwards to have been used by the early christians for the same purpose. A considerable space of ground is strewed with stone coffins, and sarcophagi; and many bas reliefs and inscriptions are preserved against the walls of the church. Arles is thinly peopled, and carries on little trade; but the country round is fertile in corn and wine. Before I reached the town, I twice crossed the Rhone; once over a bridge of boats, and once by a ferry.

Monday 12th June. Quitted Nismes, dined at a small inn at Connault, and slept at Pierre Latte. At the distance of two posts from Nismes, my road led me to one of the grandest remains of Roman architecture I had yet seen, formerly an aqueduct built by Agrippa, and now converted into a bridge, by the name of Pont du Garde. The more modern bridge over the Rhone, called Pont St. Esprit, is of an extraordinary length: it was begun in 1265, and finished in 1309.

Tuesday 13th June. Dined at L'Oriol, and slept at Romans. The roads are good, but the country is uninteresting.

Wednesday 14th June. Dined at Tullins, and in the evening reached Grenoble. The approach to this town is rendered picturesque by the height of the neighbouring mountains, at the bases of which runs the river Isere. Grenoble is seated on the Isere, in a rich and

beautiful valley, bounded by these heights, some of which are still crowned with snow.

Thursday 15th June. I mounted my horse to make an excursion to a place, long an object of my curiosity, and the chief inducement that led me to visit this part of France. After a fatiguing ride of five hours, through bad roads and over steep mountains, I arrived at the entrance of the *Grande Chartreuse*. A rock of an immense height seems to have been rent asunder for a passage to this solitary retreat. Through the chasm rolls a rapid torrent, over which a bridge is thrown. At the further extremity is a lodge, which when shut, cuts off all communication with the convent from without. About a mile beyond is the *Grande Chartreuse*; a building spacious but not picturesque, situated in a beautiful and verdant plain, enclosed with cloud-capt mountains, some of which are feathered to their very summits with firs and beeches, and others presenting huge masses of barren rock, broken into the most fantastic shapes. Our poet Gray, who visited this spot in 1741, has painted its beauties and horrors in the most glowing colours. For myself I do not remember to have proceeded ten paces without an involuntary exclamation. Not a precipice, not a torrent, not a cliff, which does not inspire the enthusiasm of religion and poetry. Here are scenes which would awe even an atheist into belief. How deeply Gray's mind was moved by the solemn character of this secluded spot, may be seen from this beautiful ode, inscribed in the *album*† of the monastery.

† This was a book in which strangers left their names, with expressions of gratitude or compliment to the Reverend Fathers.



*Oh Tu, severi Religio loci*  
*Quocunque gaudes nomine (non leve*  
*Nativa nam certè fluenta*  
*Numen habet, veteresque sylvas ;*  
*Præsentiozem et conspiciamus Deum*  
*Per invias rupes, fera per juga*  
*Clivosque præruptos, sonantes*  
*Inter aquas, nemorumque noctem ;*  
*Quàm si repostus sub trabe citreâ*  
*Fulgeret auro, et Phidiacâ manu)*  
*Salve vocanti ritè, fesso et*  
*Da placidam juveni quietem,*  
*Quod si invidendis sedibus, et frui*  
*Fortuna sacrâ lege silentii*  
*Vetat volentem, me resorbens*  
*In medios violenta fluctus,*  
*Saltem remoto des, Pater, angulo*  
*Horas senectæ ducere liberas ;*  
*Tutumque vulgari tumultu*  
*Surripias, hominumque curis.†*

Much as I admired the wild and beautiful scenery with which I was surrounded, the manners and life of the venerable Carthusians attracted a considerable share

† In letters 8 and 11 of Mr. Gray, we may see how much he was struck with the awful scenery which surrounds the *Chartreuse*, at a time when his mind must have been in a far more tranquil state than when he wrote this excellent ode. It is marked I think with all the finest touches of his melancholy muse ; and flows with such an originality of expression, that one can hardly lament he did not honour his own language by making it the vehicle of this noble imagery and pathetic sentiment.—*Mason's Notes on Gray.*

of my attention. That struck the eyes; these touched the heart. Here I beheld a society of men renouncing the enjoyments and allurements of the world, subduing nature by fasting and penance, and, by a voluntary and perpetual silence, devoting their lives to prayer and contemplation. It was natural to expect that the dispositions of men thus circumstanced would partake of the gloom which surrounds them. On the contrary, I found no austerity, but the utmost simplicity of manners, united with true politeness: every action evinced an unaffected desire to please; every countenance displayed the expression of tranquillity and content. The hospitality of these worthy fathers is marked by no preference or distinction. Their friendly portal is open at all hours, to the beggar as well as to the monarch; and to their charity four hundred mouths are indebted for daily food. The civility with which I was received and entertained, for four days, suggested the following tribute of gratitude, which I inscribed in the *album* of the monastery. *J'ai passé deux jours dans cette retraite délicieuse; et je l'ai quittée avec regret, mais plein de reconnoissance pour les bontés et les politesses que j'y ai reçues. Je ne sçais que d'admirer le plus; les beautés de la nature, qui y regnent; ou l'humanité et les mœurs des Reverends Pères qui y habitent. Heureux mortels! vous avez renoncé à la vanité et aux plaisirs du monde; mais non pas à la vertu. Vous vous êtes retirés du monde, pour en éviter les vices; et pour cultiver la charité et la bienveillance. Jouissez donc, toujours, du fruit de la vertu, et de l'estime du genre humain, dont vous êtes si*

*dignes; et si les philosophes veulent savoir où demeure la vertu, qu'ils viennent la trouver à la Grande Chartreuse.*

Friday 16th June. A violent storm of thunder and lightning accompanied me on my return to Grenoble. On the following day I again departed, and in the evening arrived at Lyons. The roads were good; the country at first was rather hilly, but not uninteresting.

I remained at Lyons till Friday 7th July, when I proceeded on my journey to Geneva. I dined at Cerdon, and slept at Nantua, near each of which places the views are romantic; the mountains are studded with ruins of ancient castles, and their declivities enlivened by numerous cascades. Between Chatillon and Avenches the river loses itself under ground, and bursts forth again at some distance. On approaching the frontier, I again experienced the effects of that jealousy which marks the intercourse of bordering nations. A late order of the custom-house denounces the penalty of seizure against any traveller who may take with him a greater supply of gold than the sum of fifty louis.

Saturday 8th July, I arrived at GENEVA.

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## ITINERARY

THROUGH

## SWITZERLAND.

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<i>Stages.</i>	<i>Leagues.</i>	<i>Inns.</i>
From GENEVA to		
Chamouny - - -	18	Chez la Veuve Coutrier.
Martinach, on mules -	8	Tolerable inn.
Bex, in chaise - - -	4	Bear Inn, good.
Sion, ditto - - - -	10	Bad inn.
Visp, ditto - - -	10	Ditto.
Lax, on mules - - -	7	Ditto.
Ober Gestlen, ditto -	5	Ditto.
L'Hôpital, ditto - -	8	Lion d' Or, better inn.
Altorff, ditto - - -	9	Good inn.
Lucerne, by water -	8	L'Aigle d'Or, good.
ZURICH, in chaise -	10	L'Epée, good.
Schaffhausen, ditto -	8	La Couronne.
Stein, ditto - - - -	4	The Swan, neat.
Constance, ditto - -	5	L'Aigle d'Or.
St. Gallen, ditto - -	9	Bull, &c.



Appenzel, on mules	-	5	White Cross, bad.
Werderberg, ditto	-	8	Indifferent inn.
Ragatz, ditto	- - -	5	Better inn.
Pfeffers, and back on foot		3	Tolerable inn.
Wallenstadt, chaise	-	4	L'Epée, tolerable.
Wesen, by water	- -	4	Indifferent inn.
Lachen, ditto	- - -	5	Good inn.
Einsidlin, } Schweitz, }	on mules -	8	Good inn.
LUCERNE, by water	-	6	Good inn.
BERNE, in chaise	-	22	Le Faucon.
Thun, ditto	- - -	6	Good and new inn.
Interlaken, by water	-	5	Tolerable inn.
Lauterbrunnen, on mules		3	Chez le Curé.
Grindelwald, ditto	-	4	No good inn.
Back to Thun	- - -	10	
BERNE, in chaise	- -	6	
Bienne, ditto	- - -	6	La Couronne.
Isle de St. Pierre, and back by water	- -	4	
SOLEURE, in chaise	-	5	La Couronne.
Lanbrug, ditto	- - -	6	Bear, good inn.
BASLE, ditto	- - -	6	Les Trois Rois.
Lauffen, ditto	- - -	4	Le Soleil.
Tavanne, in chaise	-	10	La Croix Blanche.
Locle, ditto	- - -	8	Fleur de Lys, good.
NEUFCHATEL, ditto	-	5	Le Faucon, tolerable.
Boudry, ditto	- - -	2	Lion d'Or, tolerable.
Yverdun, ditto	- - -	6	L'Hôtel de Ville.
Orbe, ditto	- - -	2	Ditto, good.

Lac de Joux, Vallorbe,		
and back on mules	- 8	
Yverdon and Avenches,		
in chaise	- - - - 9	Peacock.
Morat and Fribourg, ditto	5	Good inn.
Bulle, ditto	- - - 6	Les trois Couronnes.
Gruyeres and Lausanne,		
ditto	- - - - - 12	Good inn.
Vevay, Villeneuve, Meil-		
lorie, and back again	15	
GENEVA	- - - - - 12	

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Leagues	358
	3

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English miles	1074
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JOURNAL  
OF A  
TOUR THROUGH SWITZERLAND.

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Tuesday 25th July, 1786. I quitted Geneva, in company with some friends, on an excursion to the Glaciers of Savoy. We dined at Bonneville, a little town on the banks of the Arve. Here the country began to assume a romantic appearance, which it continued to wear as far as Salenches. We passed through Cluse, a pretty village; and on the left of the road near Salenches, observed a fine cascade, falling from a very considerable height. In this neighbourhood are some gold mines, which we had not time to examine. At Salenches, quitting our carriage, we hired mules to carry us to Chamouny. As we advanced, the general features of the country became bolder; some of the surrounding mountains assumed a dark purple tint, while others partly covered with snow, and particularly Mont Blanc, at a distance, formed a striking contrast with the rich verdure of the valley beneath. After travelling about half a league the good road ceased, and we began our ascent. The rapid stream of the Arve was sometimes on our right, some-

times on our left; the mountains became more lofty, some clothed with snow, some barren and rocky, and others finely wooded. In five hours we reached Chamouny, and found comfortable accommodations, at the house of *la Veuve Coutrier*. From the number of our party we could not procure lodging at Salenches, otherwise we should have preferred passing the night there; as by extending our journey, we lost many agreeable prospects, from the advanced period of the day.

Wednesday 26th July. The morning proving rainy, we could not execute our intended plan of visiting the Montanvert; we therefore went to view the source of the Arveron, about a league from Chamouny. The road led us through a grove of lofty pine trees, interspersed with large fragments of rock, preparing the mind for the scenery which soon bursts upon the view.

Here waving woods a chequered scene display,  
And part admit, and part exclude, the day;  
As some coy nymph her lover's warm address  
Not quite indulges, nor can quite repress.

POPE.

The sources of many rivers are interesting, but none surpasses that of the Arveron, which is one of the most curious works of nature. Neither the pen nor the pencil can convey an adequate idea of so singular, yet so beautiful a spectacle. It has the air of a supernatural creation, of a retreat raised by the power of the nymphs and naiads: indeed poetry itself has never assigned them a more romantic and appropriate abode. It is a beautiful grotto of sea-green ice, broken into the most fantastic forms. The river rushes from its deep recesses; above is the glacier which descends from



Montanvert; and beyond, rocky mountains and groves of pines. From this glacier the Arveron bursts forth periodically during the summer, and forms the grotto, which in winter is closed. In the month of August, it is seen in the greatest perfection.

Our intelligent guide, Michael Packard, informed me, that when the Duke of Gloucester visited this grotto two years ago, a vast mass of ice, as large as an ordinary house, detached itself from the cavity, and after barring the current for a moment, was carried down by the stream. If the day had proved more favourable, and my own stock of patience greater, I might have witnessed a similar incident; for a fragment of great magnitude was at this moment on the point of detaching itself. The ice has been found floating in the river as far down as Salenches. The surrounding rocks resemble a greyish granite. During the last seven years the glaciers appeared to decrease; but this season they have visibly extended themselves on this side; the whole mass seems to move on together, and in its advance overthrows every impediment in its way. After satisfying our curiosity at the source of the Arveron, we proceeded to a spot called the *Chapeau*, which commands a view of part of the valley of ice, and of the vale of Chamouny. The Arveron, which rises in the Col de Balme, soon unites with the Arve; and the river, after forming the boundary between the Valais and Savoy, falls into the Rhone near Geneva.

Thursday 27th July. The fineness of the morning enabled us to undertake our mountain expedition to the Montanvert, and the *Mer de Glace*. After an hour's

ride, the steepness of the road obliged us to dismount, and proceed on foot. We continued to climb a rough ascent, amidst groves of pine trees, &c. and in a hour and a half arrived at Blair's hospital, a small hut built by Mr. Blair, of Dorsetshire, for the shelter and accommodation of strangers. It is advantageously placed on a verdant plain, so as to command a full view of the glacier beneath, which is deemed the largest in Switzerland. This mass of ice is almost surrounded with stupendous and barren mountains, among which the *Aiguille de Druz* is the most conspicuous, from its conical shape and great height. At the extremity of the *Mer de Glace*, the glacier turns to the right, and branches off into other vallies.

*Omne ignotum pro magnifico est.* Having often heard the grandeur and beauty of the glaciers described in the most glowing terms, my expectations were highly raised, and from that cause proportionably disappointed. The first sight by no means excites the same astonishment as the source of the Arveron. In the drawings made of these glaciers, the ice is represented in the most brilliant and transparent colours; whereas the soil washed down from the neighbouring mountains gives it a dirty and dingy hue; and when seen from the heights on which I stood, these glaciers resemble an immense chalk pit. The cause, however, of this stupendous collection of ice must ever appear wonderful; and this singular phænomenon will always be ranked among the most extraordinary productions of nature.

We availed ourselves of Mr. Blair's hospitable care, by making a good fire in his hut, and eating very heartily of our cold provisions. After an hour's rest, we descended by a much steeper path than that we had mounted in our ascent to the source of the Arveron. Every day produces some change in the aspect of this glassy scenery; for we found the grotto much larger than yesterday. In our progress we heard and saw several *avalanches*, or falls of snow; being large fragments, which detach themselves from the general mass, and roll down the declivities with the noise of thunder. This peculiarity was not unnoticed by the Romans, and is thus fancifully described by the poet Claudian.

*Multos hausere profundæ*

*Vastâ mole nives, cumque ipsis sæpe juvenis*

*Naufraga candenti merguntur plaustra barathro*

*Interdum subitam glacie labente ruinam*

*Mons dedit.*

Our English poet, Thomson, also, in painting the horrors of winter, has introduced the *avalanche* with superior effect.

Oft, rushing sudden from the loaded cliffs,  
Mountains of snow their gathering terrors roll;  
From steep to steep, loud thund'ring, down they come,  
A wintry waste, in dire commotion all:  
And herds, and flocks, and travellers, and swains,  
And sometimes whole brigades of marching troops,  
Or hamlets sleeping in the dead of night,  
Are deep beneath the smoth'ring ruin whelm'd.†

† A most striking representation of this tremendous convulsion of nature has been painted by Louterbourg, a native of Switzerland; and is preserved in the collection of Sir John Fleming Leicester, bart.



Friday 28th July. Some of my friends returned to Geneva; but myself and others pursued our journey towards the Valais. The day being fine, our guide, Michael Packard, advised us to cross the *Col de Balme*, instead of the *Tête noire*, as we at first intended. In our way thither we met two Albino boys, who have been mentioned by most recent travellers. They make a singular appearance, having white hair and red eyes; which, from some peculiarity of conformation, cannot bear the light of the sun. Their parents, as well as three sisters, have a brown complexion, and strong sight. One of these youths is twenty, and the other twenty-five years old; and their shape has something peculiar.

We continued a league and a half along the vale of Chamouny, when we came to the spot where the road divides; one part leading to the *Tête Noire*, and the other to the *Col de Balme*. Taking the road to the left, we reached the glacier of *Argentiere*, which communicates with that of *Montanvert*. We then passed the village and glacier of *Tours*, beyond which the country becomes more barren, and the mountains less clothed with wood. I was surprised to hear that the peasants of *Tours* are considered as the richest in the valley of Chamouny; their village scarcely consisting of more than twenty-five houses, and wearing a miserable appearance. This vale contains about six hundred families, amounting to three thousand five hundred souls, who contribute yearly 650,000 livres of Piedmont to the King of Sardinia.

The ascent to the *Col de Balme* now grew more steep; the woods and corn fields disappeared; but the pastures



continued till we reached the summit. Though abrupt, the ascent was by no means dangerous. We passed near the sources of the Arve, the course of which we had followed from Chamouny. Few prospects in Europe, I believe, can surpass that which presented itself to us on the summit of the *Col de Balme*. The day was clear, and a brilliant sun heightened the beauties of the scenery which surrounded us. We were placed on the summit of a high mountain, encompassed by others still more lofty. On one side the eye glanced over the vale of Chamouny, and after tracing the winding course of the Arve and Arveron, rested on Mont Blanc, the grand repository of ice, from which the glaciers derive their support, majestically towering above the surrounding Alps. In a similar region our poet Thomson has placed the abode of winter.

Thron'd in his palace of cærulean ice,  
 Here Winter holds his unrejoicing court,  
 And through his airy hall the loud misrule  
 Of driving tempest is for ever heard.  
 Here the grim tyrant meditates his wrath,  
 Here arms his winds with all-subduing frost,  
 Moulds his fierce hail, and treasures up his snows,  
 With which he now oppresses half the globe.

\* \* \* \* \*

Here undissolving from the first of time,  
 Snows swell on snows, amazing, to the sky;  
 And icy mountains high on mountains piled,  
 Shapeless and white, an atmosphere of clouds.

On the opposite side of the vale the prospect was equally grand and interesting. The Valais disclosed

itself, watered by the Rhone, bounded on each hand by lofty mountains, and terminated by the St. Gothard. I know not to which of these views I ought to give the preference: both are truly grand and magnificent; and both can boast of features seldom to be paralleled: a Rhone, an Arve, and an Arveron; a St. Gothard, and a Mont Blanc. As if to exhibit the effect of contrast, and soften the rugged aspect of the distant view, the nearer scenery appeared to combine all the attractions of pastoral beauty. The turf beneath our feet exhibited the most beautiful verdure; the air was perfumed with a variety of odoriferous herbs; and the eye was delighted with the bloom of the scarlet rhododendron, which was profusely scattered around. A flock of goats were assembling at the whistle of an Alpine shepherd; a herd of cows were grazing on the hill; and the scene was varied by the picturesque accoutrements of our baggage mules, which the guide was driving down the descent. In the midst of this elevated plain was the goatherd's *châlet*, or summer hut, where we were regaled with delicious curds and cream. A stone is placed on this height to mark the boundary between the Valais and Savoy.

We descended through the *Bois de Manien*, which is stocked with the largest spruce and larch firs I ever saw. These appeared on each side of the road, till we reached the vale watered by the Trient; which rises in the *Col de Balme*, and empties itself into the Rhone, near the celebrated cascade of the Pissevache. We now found ourselves in a picturesque and well cultivated valley, enlivened with cottages thickly scattered, and

surrounded with wooded and lofty mountains, which are terminated by the glacier of Trient.

After dining at a little cottage in the valley, we crossed the Mont Troucle, and in two hours and a half arrived at Martigny, situated in the Lower Valais, and supposed to be the *Octodurum* of the Romans. The river Drance, which rises in the mountain of Grand St. Bernard, runs very near it; and the environs are rendered picturesque by the ruins of an ancient castle, belonging to the princes of Savoy, which crown a neighbouring eminence.

Saturday 29th July. In our road to Bex we passed near the cascade of the Pissevache, which is reckoned one of the most remarkable in Switzerland. Although it cannot be compared with those of Tivoli and Terni, it is certainly an interesting object. The column of water is large, the fall of a considerable height; the surrounding scenery is wild, and the mountains lofty and rugged. At this place the Rhone expands into a kind of lake; and its banks are well wooded, and enlivened with villages. Here the river Trient appears to force its way between two rocks, and precipitates itself into the Rhone. A little beyond is St. Maurice, the *Aganum* of the Romans; where the channel of the Rhone is again contracted, and crossed by a picturesque bridge, probably of Roman workmanship. St. Maurice forms a boundary between the Valais and the canton of Berne; and from its local position must have always been a strong place, for a small body of men placed at the bridge might repel a very considerable force. The

views on each side of the road from hence to Bex are very rich, and the country is well wooded.

After dinner we visited the *Salines*, or salt mines, distant about a league and a half from Bex. Having clothed ourselves in the miners' dresses, which are adapted for beings living only under ground, we began our subterraneous journey, and proceeded by a passage of a mile in length, cut on a level with the entrance. These mines are more curious than pleasing to those who, like me, are not versed in mineralogy; and therefore I shall abstain from giving a particular description of them. At the extremity of the passage is a wheel, thirty-six feet in diameter, to raise the water, from which the salt is extracted; and a species of chimney excavated in the rock to the surface above, near four hundred feet high, through which the stars are visible at noon-day. Here is also a spacious room, with a flat roof, of a triangular form, one hundred feet long and nine high, which was intended as a reservoir, but did not answer the purpose. We observed a vein of pure salt, which glittered like the ore of tin or lead. These *salines* belong to the canton of Berne. In the same rock are many springs of a sulphureous quality. It was quite dark when we emerged; and to add to the general gloom, which the obscurity of the night and the fall of cataracts inspired, we were accompanied during the rest of our journey by a violent storm of rain, thunder, and lightning.

Sunday 30th July. We quitted Bex, and returned by the same road to Martigny, where we dined. In our journey up the Valais, we found the Pissevache



much improved in appearance by a heavy fall of rain the preceding evening. In five hours we reached Sion, the capital of the Valais. The situation of this town is truly singular and picturesque: part of it is built on a rock of conical shape, which rises from the plain; near it is a similar eminence, crowned by the castle, and beyond a succession of rugged mountains. I had often heard the Valaisans censured for neglect of cleanliness; and to my cost I found report was not exaggerated; for at Martigny we were almost devoured by gnats, and at Sion by other vermin. These inconveniences, however, may not entirely proceed from the indolence of the inhabitants; but may be partly attributed to the confined situation of the district itself, flanked on each side by a wall of steep mountains, which prevent a free circulation of air, and rendered damp and unhealthy by the extensive marshes formed by the overflowing of the Rhone. Goitres, or great tumours in the throat, are very common in the Lower Valais. These excrescences have much exercised the ingenuity of the learned; and perhaps their origin is not yet fully ascertained. My friend and countryman, Mr. Coxe, to whom every traveller through Switzerland is indebted, imagines that these goitres arise from the use of water impregnated with tufa, some particles of which lodging in the glands of the throat occasion the swelling. In corroboration of this opinion, he adduces the testimony of a native physician, who in dissecting one of these excrescences found several particles of tufa within.

From Sion we continued our journey along the left or north bank of the Rhone to Sierre, where we dined.

The valley now becomes narrower, is chiefly planted with vines, and affords many beautiful points of view; one of which, on descending from Sion to the river, is particularly adapted to the pencil. The castle, situated on a rocky eminence, projecting over the Rhone, is a bold and striking object. In our farther progress we observed many of the hills crowned with the remnants of ancient fortresses. After dinner we proceeded to Visp, and found the valley contracting in width, the hills more barren, and the face of the country less interesting. On a little inn, near the road, I noticed this appropriate inscription: *Patet omnibus, amicis et advenis*. "Open to all; either friends or strangers."

We should have acted more prudently had we left our carriage at Sierre; for the beginning of the road was very rough, and the latter part very narrow, and verging on a steep precipice. On arriving at Visp, we were apprised that our travelling companions had proceeded two leagues farther to Brieg; but as we were obliged to leave our carriage here, and could procure no horses to prosecute our journey, we took up our quarters for the night at Visp. The accommodations could not be well worse. The fleas deprived us of repose, and our fare was as homely as our lodging; but the keenness of our appetites, and the obliging disposition of our hostess, made some amends for the badness of our provisions. The situation of this village is picturesque, being at the foot of two high mountains, between which flows the Rhone; while the distant perspective is filled by others finely broken in their outline, and clothed with snow to their summits. In this part of the Valais, from whence

there is a passage to the Milanese, the buildings assume a better appearance, particularly the spires of the churches and convents, which resemble those of Italy in the style of their architecture.

Tuesday August 1. We quitted Visp early in the morning, and rejoined our party at Brieg; but rain detained us till the afternoon. Crossing the Rhone at Brieg, we continued along its course the whole evening, following a narrow path, which frequently ran on the the very brink of a precipice. The country was thinly peopled, and badly cultivated. About a league from Lax, however, we enjoyed one of the finest views imaginable. Hitherto our road had led us between narrow ridges of mountains, the bases of which scarcely left room for the course of the Rhone; but on a sudden the scene expanded, and we discovered on the right the most beautiful plain I ever beheld, enlivened with *chalets* and cottages, and shaded with trees of various growth. At a considerable elevation appeared the lovely little village of Graziano, crowned with a grove of firs, and behind a lofty rock, which exalted its barren summit above the clouds. Beneath us the Rhone seemed to rage and struggle with the obstacles which confined its course; frequent cascades glistened down the declivities of the mountains; and a characteristic bridge, of a single arch, added to the wildness of the scenery. For the distance of a league our path was scarcely wide enough to admit two horses abreast. We, however, arrived safely at Lax, highly gratified with our evening's ride. The houses of this village are very picturesque, and singular in their structure; they are



high, with long projecting roofs, entirely of fir timber, which by time contracts a rich brown hue; and the windows are long, with round panes of glass. The pastures are rich and fine.

Wednesday 2d October. From Lax we continued our ride through a wild country, consisting chiefly of pasture, to Ober Gestlen, a village situated almost at the extremity of the Valais, which we had traversed from one end to the other. Its length may be estimated at about thirty-six leagues, and its greatest breadth from eight to ten.

Thursday 3d October. The morning appeared very unfavourable for our Alpine passage over Mount Furca; but eager to quit our disagreeable *hospitium*, we sallied forth in the rain at seven o'clock. After travelling a short league we began to ascend a very steep and rugged path, till we descried the glacier of the Rhone. Nothing could exceed the wildness of the scenery through which we passed: we were surrounded with lofty pines, huge rocks, tremendous precipices, and continually overlooked the Rhone, which foamed in endless cascades down the rapid descent. I thought that no addition could be made to this grand and romantic picture; when suddenly appeared a most beautiful glacier, which is the origin of the Rhone, and a parent worthy of so noble a stream. With joy I beheld the source of a river, whose wanderings I had traced from Avignon to Lyons and Geneva, and through the whole length of the Valais, and whose banks had delighted me with a rich variety of grand and picturesque scenery. It is interesting to follow the windings of great rivers,



and trace them to the spot from which they derive their birth; but in this respect none surpasses the Rhone. Few are more fantastic in their course, or display more variety; few flow with more rapidity, or traverse countries more picturesque. Issuing from the glacier under mount Furca, it waters the whole Valais, precipitates itself into the Lake of Geneva, and is distinguished for a considerable distance by its dusky hue. At the farther extremity of that beautiful sheet of water, it bursts forth in two channels, near the town of Geneva, and is soon swelled by the stream of the Arve. It is curious to observe these two rivers coalescing, as it were, with reluctance, and each preserving its different channel, and peculiar colour; the Rhone appearing of a beautiful sea green; and the Arve, yellow and turbid. Descending towards Lyons, the Rhone buries itself under ground near Avranches; and then suddenly bursting from the rocks, as if from a new source, continues uninterrupted, till it unites itself with the Saone at Lyons. Thence it flows to Avignon; and below Arles, empties its tributary waters into the sea.

We continued our ride by the side of the glacier of the Furca for a considerable distance, enjoying at every step new and varied beauties. Hitherto we had been exposed to rain, and finally to a storm of snow and hail, when suddenly the sun burst forth, and displayed the icy phenomena we had just been admiring, with all the advantages which light could give. Pursuing our Alpine path, we occasionally met a flock of goats, with their pastoral attendant, and both the sight and smell were regaled with the beauty and odour of the aromatic

plants with which these heights are bedecked. At length, after four hours march, we reached the summit of the Furca, and found ourselves encompassed with romantic mountains, rearing their snowy heads to the sky. Here we were obliged to wait for our mules; and to walk near a mile over a sheet of encrusted snow and ice. A journey of six leagues further led us to the vale of Urseren, which is watered by the Reuss, a torrent fed by numerous streams, descending from the adjacent mountains. We completed the passage of the Furca in seven hours and a half. I never enjoyed the comforts of a good inn more than when I arrived at L'Hôpital. We had been living on eggs, bread, and sour wine, from the time we had quitted Brieg; and had been debarred from the pleasure of inquiry, by the general use of the German language among the natives of the country. At L'Hôpital we again heard the Italian, and were treated with good wine and provisions. In crossing the Furca, I forcibly experienced the truth of a remark, often made by travellers, that the pure and elastic air of lofty situations gives additional strength to the nerves, and vivacity to the spirits. Our walk was by no means trifling, either in regard to distance, or inequality of ground; yet I felt an increase of strength at every step I took. Rousseau has given an animated description of similar sensations, experienced in his journey to the Valais.

*J'arrivai, he says, ce jour là sur les montagnes les moins élevées, et parcourant ensuite leurs inégalités sur celles des plus hautes, qui étoient à ma portée. Après m'être promené dans les nuages, j'atteignai un séjour plus*

serein, d'où l'on voit dans la saison le tonnerre et l'orage se former au dessous de soi : image trop vraie de l'ame du sage, dont l'exemple n'exista jamais, où n'existe qu'aux mêmes lieux d'où l'on en a tire l'emblème.

Ce fut là que je démêlai sensiblement dans la pureté de l'air où je me trouvois, la veritable cause du changement de mon humeur, et du retour de cette paix interieure que j'avois perdue depuis long tems. En effet, c'est une impression générale, qu'éprouvent tous les hommes, quoiqu'ils ne l'observent pas toujours, que sur les hautes montagnes, où l'air est pur et subtil, on se sent plus de facilité dans la respiration, plus de legereté dans le corps, plus de sérénité dans l'esprit ; les plaisirs y sont moins ardens, les passions plus moderées. Les meditations y prennent je ne sçais quel caractère grand et sublime, proportionné aux objets qui nous frappent ; je ne sçais quelle volupté tranquille ; qui n'a rien d'âcre, et de sensuel. Il semble qu'en s'élevant au dessus du sejour des hommes, on y laisse tous les sentimens bas et terrestres, et qu'à mesure qu'on approche des régions etherées, l'ame contracte quelque chose de leur inalterable pureté. On y est grave sans melancolie, paisible sans indolence, content d'être et de penser : tous les désirs trop vifs s'emoussent ; ils perdent cette pointe aigüe, qui les rend douloureux ; ils ne laissent au fond du cœur qu'une emotion légère et douce, et c'est ainsi qu'un heureux climat fait servir à la felicité de l'homme, les passions qui sont ailleurs son tourment. Je doute qu'aucune agitation violente, aucune maladie de vapeurs, pût tenir contre un pareil sejour prolongé ; et je suis surpris que les bains de l'air salubre et bienfaisant des montagnes ne



*soient pas un des grands remedes de la médecine et de la mode.*

*Quì non palazzi, non teatro o loggia  
 M'an l'or vece un abete, un faggio, un pino,  
 Trà l'erba verde, e'l bel monte vicino  
 Levan di terra al cielo nostr' intelletto.      PETRARCA.*

*Supposez les impressions réunies, de ce que je viens de vous décrire, et vous aurez quelque idée de la situation délicieuse où je me trouvois. Imaginez la variété, la grandeur, la beauté, de mille étonnans spectacles, le plaisir de ne voir autour de soi que des objets tout nouveaux, des oiseaux étrangers, des plantes bizarres et inconnues ; et d'observer, en quelque sorte, une autre nature, et de se trouver dans un nouveau monde. Tout cela fait aux yeux un mélange inexprimable, dont le charme augmente encore par la subtilité de l'air ; qui rend les couleurs plus vives, les traits plus marqués, rapproche tous les points de vue ; les distances paroissent moindres que dans les plaines où l'épaisseur de l'air couvre la terre d'un voile ; l'horizon presente aux yeux plus d'objets qu'il semble n'en pouvoir contenir ; enfin ce spectacle a je ne sçais quoi de magique, de surnaturel qui ravit l'esprit et les sens ; on oublie tout, on s'oublie soimême, on ne sçait plus où l'on est.*

Rousseau proceeds to describe the inhabitants of the Valais, their manners, and the happiness and independence they enjoy ; and he particularly commemorates the hospitality he experienced in the upper Valais. I can easily conceive the happiness and content of these people ; but I cannot speak in high terms either of their hospitality or disinterestedness ; for in every part of this



district we were exposed to great imposition as to our charges. The *auri sacra fames* seems to pervade every rank of people, from the haughty Genevois, to the humble Valaisan.

Friday 4th August. In the morning we quitted L'Hôpital for Altdorff. The valley of Urseren is comprised in the canton of Uri, and situated beneath Mount St. Gothard. It is about three leagues long, and one broad; and watered by the Reuss, which produces excellent trout. The land is confined to pasture, and the wood reduced to one single clump of small firs, which are held sacred, and never touched by the axe. A little beyond Urseren, we traversed a passage of about sixty paces, cut through the rock, after which all verdure disappeared, and nothing met our eyes but huge and barren rocks, and foaming cascades. In a short time we came in sight of the Devil's Bridge, an object much, and indeed too much, vaunted by travellers; for I found it fall short of the expectations which I had conceived, from drawings and descriptions. This bridge consists of a single arch, neither remarkable for its span or height above the Reuss, which flows in a chasm beneath; but the surrounding rocks are grand and majestic.

We rode over a paved causeway, through a very wild country, the mountains presenting a variegated appearance of wood, rock, and snow, and the river foaming at our feet, till we came to a little village, from whence we had a delightful view of the glacier of the Furca, closing the distant perspective, between two mountains shaded with dark pines, which formed a pleasing contrast with

the more distant objects. A little farther is the village of Gestinen, which affords a tolerable inn. We continued descending by the paved way, sometimes through groves of tall pines, at others through a plain enclosed by mountains, the river alternately on a level, or roaring beneath us; and torrents frequently crossing our track, bearing the trunks of large trees, washed down from the declivities. The scenery strikingly resembled a description I had lately read in Rousseau.

*Tantôt de hautes et bruyantes cascades m' inondoient de leur épais brouillard; tantôt un torrent éternel ouvroit à mes côtés un abyme dont les yeux n'osoient sonder la profondeur. Quelquefois je me perdois dans l'obscurité d'un bois touffu; quelquefois, en sortant d'un gouffre, une agréable prairie jouissoit tout à coup mes regards. Un mélange étonnant de la nature sauvage, et de la nature cultivée, montrait partout la main des hommes, où l'on eût cru qu'ils n'avoient jamais pénétré. A côté d'une caverne, on trouvoit des maisons; on voyoit des pampres secs où l'on n'eût cherché que des ronces; des vignes dans des terres éboullées; d'excellents fruits sur des rochers; et des champs dans des précipices.*

In the front of our prospect a mountain of conical form, and immense height, produced a fine effect. After a fatiguing descent of five leagues, over a hard pavement, we reached the little village of Amsteg, where both man and horse eagerly sought refreshment. In the vicinity we met several boys with cross bows, which we endeavoured to use, but we were put to shame by the little urchins, who managed their weapons with great dexterity. This custom has been probably main-

tained since the days of William Tell, whose gallant exploits were performed in the neighbourhood of this district. The valley now began to expand, and became more cultivated, though not with grain; and the river Reuss accompanied us to Altorff, near which place it discharged its stream into the Lake of Lucerne.

Altorff is the capital of the canton of Uri, and the cradle of the Helvetic confederacy. Here it was that the tyrant Gesler exposed his cap upon a pole, to be saluted by all passengers. This place also gave birth to Walter Furst, one of the three brave defenders of their country's freedom. In the vicinity also, the cantons of Uri, Schweiz, and Unterwalden, after defeating Leopold duke of Austria, at Morgarten, sealed the perpetual compact of alliance in 1315. This compact may be said to form the basis of the general confederacy, which now unites all the cantons of Switzerland.

Saturday 5th August. Embarking on the Lake of Lucerne, at Fluellen, we soon came in sight of a small chapel, built upon a rock on the right bank, which, according to tradition, is the very spot where William Tell escaped from the fury of Gesler. The whole history of the Swiss champion is commemorated in paintings on the walls of the building. A little beyond is the village of Brunnen, which is pointed out as the place where the first alliance of the three cantons was concluded. Above it is the town of Schweiz. Our waterman stopped at Gerisau, to take some refreshment. This place deserves notice, as being the smallest republic in Switzerland, and perhaps in Europe. Its territory extends about two leagues in length, and one in breadth;



the number of inhabitants amounts to nearly a thousand, and of houses to eighty or an hundred. In the year 1315 this republic concluded an alliance with the three cantons, which was confirmed in 1359. In 1431, the quota of troops which it was to maintain, in time of war, was fixed at one hundred. The form of government is democratic, every male at the age of sixteen having a voice in the general assemblies. They appoint their own magistrates; make their own laws; impose their own taxes; and are as perfectly happy as independence can render them. The King of France, who pays an annual subsidy to the catholics in Switzerland, made an offer of a similar stipend to the catholics of Gerisau, but it was refused with becoming spirit. Still further is Kussnacht, a place which is commemorated in the history of William Tell.

The fine sheet of water which we had lately traversed is sometimes called *Le Lac des quatre Cantons*, because it washes Lucerne to the north, Uri to the south, Schweiz to the east, and Underwalden to the west. Its length is estimated at eight leagues, and its breadth at three. It is considered as the most beautiful lake in Switzerland; with what truth I am unable to determine, because it is the first of the Swiss lakes I have visited. I can, however, both admire and praise the numerous and delightful views, which present themselves in constant succession at its upper extremity. Its banks are broken into frequent windings, and each turn affords a new prospect, which vies with the preceding. The borders are rocky and wooded, as far as the neighbourhood of Lucerne, and enlivened by many a village, and



many a church spire, rising above the foliage. At this point the lake begins to expand, and is divided into two branches, one stretching to the right, and another to the left; the town of Lucerne occupying the intermediate space. It is situated on the very bank, and divided by the Reuss, over which are thrown two covered bridges of great length. These form the favourite walks of the inhabitants. Lucerne is a place of considerable trade. The religion is universally catholic, and the town itself is the residence of the Papal Nuncio in Switzerland. The dress of the female peasants is extremely picturesque: they wear the hair long, plaited, and braided in two tails, which hang down their backs: their heads are decked with a small straw hat, ornamented with ribbands and bows, chiefly crimson and green.

Sunday 6th August. A letter of recommendation from Monsieur de Saussure introduced me to the acquaintance of General Pfeiffer, who resides here, and is known as the author of a curious model of Lucerne, and the adjacent country. He received us with that natural politeness which marks his character, and shewed us his work. It appears to be a perfect copy of nature, as well as a master-piece of art; exhibiting, in proper relief, an extensive tract of the most mountainous country; and executed with such truth and precision, that the traveller may trace, with ease and satisfaction, the routes he has passed, and form the plan of future excursions. Every town, village, lake, river, cascade, wood, and almost every house, church, and cross, is inserted; and every mountain or height laid down with as close a resemblance to nature, as it is possible for art to give.

He shewed us the stem of a curious tree, which he discovered on the summit of a high mountain. He said it was a species of ginger; the only tree on the mountain; and the only individual of that species in the whole country. The spot assumed as the plane of his model was Mount Albis, situated between Knonau and Zurich, where there is a signal-post, commanding a most extensive view. The worthy General has employed twenty years in this work, without deriving assistance from other hands. He remains for a considerable time on the mountains, and sometimes drives goats with him for his subsistence. He has often been exposed to danger from the jealousy of his countrymen, who have treated him as a spy, and obstructed his attempts to penetrate into the recesses of their mountains, which they regard as their natural bulwarks. The general expressed an ardent wish that every monarch would cause a similar model to be constructed of his dominions.

Monday 7th August. We hired a boat, and after breakfast visited the little island of Altstadt, where the Abbé Raynal has recently raised an obelisk in memory of the three patriots who laid the foundation of Helvetic liberty. I cannot praise the architecture of this obelisk, nor can I approve the latter part of the dedicatory inscription, which is as much intended to convey a panegyric on the founder himself, as on the three heroes whose merits it commemorates. But the Abbé was a Frenchman, and we must excuse a little vanity.

*Optimis civibus, GUALTERO FURST, Uraniensi, VERNERO STAUFFACH, Suitensi, ARNOLDO MELCHTHAL, Subsylvaniensi: Quod eorum consilio, virtute,*

*constantia, exacti Austriacorum præfecti, victi duces, exercitus profligati: quòd antiquam trium fœderatarum provinciarum libertatem pene ereptam pari fide, animo, fortunâ, recuperarunt, vindicarunt, asseruerunt, ad rerum tam benè, fortiter, feliciterque gestarum, memoriam sempiternam, obeliscum hunc, GULIELMUS THOMAS RAYNAL, natione Gallus, proprio sumptu erigi curavit. A. C. 1783.*

We continued our aquatic expedition to the opposite side of the lake, and at Rotzlock saw a pretty water-fall. After dining at Stanstadt, in the canton of Ulderswalden, we went to see some cottages at Sergisvill, which exhibit a curious phenomenon. The air within them is several degrees colder than that of the atmosphere, without any apparent cause, as they are nearly on the same level with the ground. These buildings are employed by the peasants to keep their milk, cheese, cyder, &c.

Tuesday 8th August. Quitting Lucerne, we perceived a striking alteration in the face of the country. Instead of barren rocks, precipices, cataracts, and forests of pines, we beheld a well-cultivated district, in many respects resembling England. We took some refreshment at Knonau, and in the evening arrived at Zurich. The soil round this town appeared the richest, and the crops of grain the most abundant, I had yet seen during the course of my tour. Zurich stands the first in rank among the Swiss cantons, and next to Berne, is the largest in extent. It embraced the reformed religion in 1524. The town is handsome and well fortified, built on each side of the river Limmat,



which here issues from the lake. The inhabitants are industrious, and carry on a considerable trade in crapes, nankeens, and muslins; and in general are esteemed richer than those of Berne. The length of the lake is computed at between nine and ten leagues, and the breadth at one. It is traversed by a bridge of great length at Rapperschwyl, which is covered with flat boards laid across, without being fastened down. The banks are enriched with vineyards, corn-fields, and pastures, and the number of houses scattered on the declivities which overlook the lake, produce a lively and pleasing effect.

We were unwilling to pass through Zurich without seeing the celebrated physiognomist LAVATER, who indeed appears to be considered by travellers as the greatest curiosity of the place. Having been informed that he readily received strangers, we sent our names, and requested permission to pay our respects to him; which was immediately granted. We found him civil and communicative, especially when I started the subject of his book. His countenance is animated and full of expression; and to judge from many of his sentiments, he is a man of great benevolence. In the evening he returned our visit, and supped with us. He seems partial to the English, and said that he wrote his book principally for our nation, as it requires much study and thought. When pastor to the House of Correction, he had frequent opportunities of examining the characters of those confined there, and was gratified to find, even in those who were reckoned the most abandoned, some favourable trait. The result of his



inquiries did not lead him to conceive a bad opinion of human nature. Lavater seems to view man in the most pleasing light, contrary to Rochefaucault; whose maxims, if rooted in the mind, inspire nothing but disgust with our fellow creatures, and dissatisfaction with every thing on earth.\* During the time he filled the office of pastor, a couple were brought before him to be married, who had the most inveterate aversion to each other, for which they could assign no satisfactory reason. For this, however, the physiognomist accounted: one having a round, the other an oblong face. It was necessary, he said, that the tempers of man and wife should be contrasted, for if cast in the same mould they would never agree so well. He instanced own wife and himself, whose dispositions were very unlike. He has great faith in the virtue of christian names, and does not believe in the slightest degree of chance. No traveller, he said, could be just and true, without being indiscreet; for which reason he has been deterred from writing his own tours. He is a great admirer of frankness and freedom of conversation. In his room he has numerous volumes, filled with drawings of different figures, faces, &c. to each of which, at his leisure, he intends to assign its proper character, and to leave the collection to his family, but not for publication.†

\* *Livre triste et desolant, principalement dans la jeunesse, où l'on n'aime pas à voir l'homme comme il est.*

† Three large and splendid volumes, in quarto, have been published by Lavater, in which his system of physiognomy is ingeniously developed. But I hope for the honour of human nature that his rules

Thursday 10th August. Quitted Zurich, and dined at Eglisau, one of its depending bailliages, situated on the banks of the Rhine. Eglisau appears to have been a place of considerable strength; and contains the remains of a tower, which bears marks of remote antiquity. A covered bridge crosses the Rhine, which is of a beautiful colour, and flows with great rapidity. The country is well cultivated, particularly with turnips; and the women bear no small share in this labour, if I may judge from the number I saw employed. The men of this district wear large plaited trowsers, the women red stockings and stomachers. We quitted our carriage at the little village of Lauffen, and descended to the river, to view the celebrated fall, which by its precipitous cataract puts a stop to the navigation. Some authors have magnified this fall to one hundred feet; but with more truth it may be estimated at fifty or sixty. The first sight of this fine cascade struck me with surprise and admiration; which were much increased when I found myself on a scaffold at its very brink, enveloped in a cloud of spray, so thick as to prevent me from discovering either its top or bottom. This scaffold, which trembles under the feet of the spectator, is placed almost within reach of the water. Higher up is a summer-house, built on a projecting rock, and commanding a fine view of the river above the fall. In the middle of the cataract, some rocks rear their rugged heads, and produce a good effect, by breaking the line of water. One is perforated by the

are not entirely to be depended on, and that many an amiable quality is coupled with the most unprepossessing features.

stream, and in the course of time will probably be undermined and carried down. In order to see this spectacle to the greatest advantage, it is necessary to cross the river. To a timid traveller the boats may indeed appear too slight to resist the raging current; but the watermen are so expert, and so accustomed to the passage, as to banish all apprehensions of danger. Immediately below the fall, the Rhine forms a spacious bason, and again becomes navigable. Ramond relates the following anecdote of the effect produced by the first sight of the cascade on a fellow traveller: “Lenz, a young German author, well known in his own country by the warmth of his imagination, his sensibility, and misfortunes, descending with me on the scaffold, fell on his knees, exclaiming, ‘Here is a hell of water!’ The wind, which enveloped us in the thick vapour of the cataract, did not prevent him from remaining immoveable a whole quarter of an hour, in the same situation; and if I may so say, with no other sentiment than that which had inspired the only words he pronounced.”

Friday 11th August. The town of Schaffhausen is situated on the Rhine, and carries on a considerable trade in manufactured silks and cottons. Much wine is also sent down the river to Suabia, in exchange for corn. The inhabitants profess the reformed religion. To a traveller the principal object of attraction is a bridge over the Rhine, of a most singular construction, thus described by my friend Mr. Coxe. “The Rhine, which flows here with great rapidity, having carried away many stone bridges, Ulric Grubenmann



“ offered to build one, by throwing over a single arch,  
 “ which was to extend three hundred feet. The ma-  
 “ gistrates insisted on its being divided into two arches,  
 “ by making it rest on a pile in the middle of the  
 “ river, which had escaped its fury. The architect,  
 “ unwilling that the beauty of his plan should be  
 “ spoiled by the middle pile, has so contrived it as not  
 “ to rest upon it, and in fact render it useless, by which  
 “ means he has shewn both his ingenuity, and the prac-  
 “ ticability of his intended plan. The bridge is covered,  
 “ and the floor entirely on a level from one end to the  
 “ other. Great knowledge of mechanics must have  
 “ been employed in its construction, which appears to  
 “ have been very simple. It absolutely trembles under  
 “ your feet, yet is so compact as to bear the greatest  
 “ weights. There is a complete story under the floor,  
 “ and above the surface of the water, by descending to  
 “ which you may examine the mechanism of the whole  
 “ structure. Most of the connoisseurs think the middle  
 “ pile unnecessary, and adding no real strength to the  
 “ bridge. It is entirely constructed of wood, and was  
 “ completed in three years.”

After dinner we continued our journey to Stein, a  
 small village on the bank of the Rhine, under the pro-  
 tection of Zurich. We crossed the Rhine at Diessen-  
 hofen, in Thurgau. The river does not flow rapidly  
 here, but is very beautiful. At Schaffhausen our party  
 underwent a second diminution; some of my friends  
 being obliged to return to England. The inhabitants  
 of Stein allied themselves with Zurich in 1484, but  
 reserved all their privileges. They are rigid protest-



ants, and do not suffer a catholic to reside among them. Their little territory does not extend above half a league on each side of the place. Since the Emperor began to abolish the convents, the catholics of this part of the country, who were formerly very bigoted and intolerant, have shewn more moderation.

The Rhine rises in the territory of the Grisons; becomes navigable at Coire, the capital of that district; from thence flows through the Rheinthal, and enters the Lake of Constance at Rheineck. At Stein it again assumes the form of a river, and from thence pursues its course by Basle, through Germany. Despreaux has given a brief but poetical description of this river:

*Au pied du Mont Adule, entre mille roseaux,  
Le Rhin, tranquille et fier du progrès de ses eaux,  
Appuyé d'une main sur son urne penchante  
Dormoit au bruit flatteur de son onde naissante.*

Saturday 12th August. We proceeded to Constance by a narrow but tolerably good road, having the lake continually on our left. The town is situated on its border, and was formerly flourishing; but at present exhibits a miserable and deserted appearance, grass and weeds growing in the middle of the streets. It is advantageously situated for commerce, but many handsome houses and fine convents untenanted remain as melancholy memorials of decayed greatness. The town is fortified; and a man who followed the double profession of a cobbler and soldier, inquired with great ceremony my name and pursuits. The Emperor, considering the fallen state of this town, has encouraged the

settlement of a colony of Genevans, who retired hither, after the troubles in their own republic, by granting them an exemption from taxes for the term of twenty years. Their number amounts to four hundred; and they have established some manufactures in two convents, which have been appropriated to their use. Till lately the natives of Constance were not permitted by their priests to read the bible; but by an Imperial order it is now publicly sold and read. The bridge commands a fine view of the lake, which is the largest in Switzerland. It is eighteen leagues in length, and six in breadth; its banks are rather flat; in some points of view it resembles an inland sea, and abounds in fish. It separates Suabia from Switzerland. In the afternoon we made an excursion to the small island of Meinau, belonging to the knights of the Teutonic order, which is prettily situated in the lake, at the distance of about three leagues from Constance.

Sunday 13th August. Quitting Constance, we followed the bank of the lake to Arbon, a small town in Thurgau. This district abounds in apple and pear trees, which furnish much cider and perry. The road is narrow, but tolerably good. Two thirds of the inhabitants are catholics, and the difference between them and the protestants is very striking; the catholics being principally employed in hard labour, the protestants active and flourishing in trade. After dinner we proceeded to St. Gallen, by a broad and convenient road. This territory, which is far from extensive, belongs to the abbot of that monastery. The town is built in a valley, surrounded with hills, whose forms are

agreeably varied; and the ground, chiefly pasture, is divided into gardens and bleaching meadows. Except the abbot and monks belonging to the convent, the inhabitants are all protestants. The church is handsome, and furnished with a good library. An enviable appearance of ease, opulence, and industry pervades the whole district, and is strikingly contrasted with the poverty visible at Constance; by the decline of which the neighbouring people of St. Gallen seem to have profited. The principal manufactures are muslins and printed linens; and the merchants of the place have established an extensive correspondence throughout Europe. The reformed religion was introduced in 1529.

Monday 14th August. We were again obliged to quit our cabriolet, and hire horses and a guide to conduct us over the mountains to Appenzel. We dined at Trogen, a small protestant village in that canton, which exhibited the same appearance of industry and independence as St. Gallen. The surrounding country is remarkably beautiful, and different from any I had yet seen. It is broken into small hills, some crowned with tufts of pines, others clothed with the richest verdure; *chalets*, houses, and manufactories, are scattered in every direction; the fields enlivened with the operations of bleaching; and the whole presenting the most captivating scene of gaiety and prosperity. We continued our ride over the mountains, enjoying on the right a delightful distant view. I have often combated a doubt, whether there was any hill, especially in England, from whence the eye could command a complete horizon of seven miles, unbroken by any inter-

vening object. Hitherto I had never discovered one which furnished such a prospect; but here at length I triumphed.\* On one side I overlooked the whole extent of the Lake of Constance, and its margin enlivened with towns and villages; on the other, a great part of the canton of Appenzel. Our road proved so rough and hilly, that we performed the greater part of the journey on foot.

Appenzel ranks as the last of the Swiss cantons. It extends about ten leagues in length, from east to west, and about seven in breadth. Although environed with mountains, and unproductive of corn, the inhabitants not only supply that defect by their industry, but are esteemed the most happy, contented, and independent people of Switzerland. Satisfied with that situation in which Providence has placed them; they are warmly attached to their native mountains, and envy not their neighbours, who are fixed in a more genial soil. They breathe a spirit of freedom and equality, which knows no distinction of persons; neither envying superiors nor disdaining inferiors; they employ their labour and talents in cultivating their allotted portion of land; secure credit to themselves and comfort to their families; and distinguish themselves, even among their countrymen, by a manly, generous, and open character. “Their “natural frankness,” observes Ramond, “and that “singular tone of equality, which they derive from the “sentiment of independence, is beyond measure inte-

\* I have at length also found one eminence, in my own country, which commands an unbroken horizon of seven miles; namely, one of the summits of the Malvern hills in Worcestershire.



“resting.” The number of protestants exceeds that of the catholics. Their income principally arises from the produce of their cattle, cheese, and flax, which last is much esteemed; and if few are rich, want is equally rare. Their dwellings are not formed into villages, but scattered, at short distances, over the whole tract of country. The air is esteemed so pure and salubrious, that invalids resort hither to inhale its breezes, and drink whey.

Tuesday 15th August. We proceeded through the valley of Appenzel, and traversed the mountains which divides it from the Rheinthal. The descent is exceedingly bad; the soil being marshy, the road is constructed with the trunks of firs laid across, which were so slippery, that our horses with difficulty kept their footing. The Rheinthal is a valley totally different from that we had just quitted; it is environed with an amphitheatre of mountains, at the foot of which flows the Rhine. This tract, which separates Switzerland from Germany, is about eight leagues long, and not more than three broad. It belongs to the eight ancient cantons, and to Appenzel. It produces much good wine, herbage, and fruit; but little grain. I observed some fields of potatoes and Indian corn. The inhabitants are a mixture of catholics and protestants, though the protestants are the most numerous. We passed the village of Oberied, and dined at Sennwald. In the course of the road two very picturesque rocks, covered with wood, entirely shut out the view of the country we had traversed; but a prospect equally interesting disclosed itself on this side. The villages of Sennwald, Saletz, and Im Hag, belong to the bailliage of Sax,

which was formerly the property of a very ancient family, bearing that name, who purchased them of Zurich. The family becoming extinct, the bailliage was repurchased by the government of Zurich in 1615. These villages profess the reformed religion.

The road from Sennwald to Werdenberg is very romantic, being flanked on each side by craggy rocks and mountains. The Rhine flows through the vale, and the land is cultivated with hemp and Indian corn. The county of Werdenberg formerly belonged to the counts of that name, but now to the canton of Glaris, from which it is divided by the county of Sargans. The bailiff, who resides in the castle, as well as the inhabitants, are protestants. The criminal causes, which arise in this bailiage, are tried at Glaris. At our little inn we experienced a proof of that openness and freedom of character, which prevails among the lower classes throughout Switzerland. Our landlord, after welcoming us in a manner which bespoke his honesty, and prepossessed us in his favour, seated himself at our table, and entered into conversation, with as much freedom as the few words which are common to English and German would permit. He had in his possession an English book, describing different countries, of which he was very desirous to obtain an explanation. In the evening, and while we were at supper, a young soldier, who had served in Holland, entered the room. The landlord quitting his meal, took hold of him, and bringing him before the light, scrutinized his face as closely as the physiognomist Lavater could have done. He then took his hat, hung it up, and bringing a chair,

seated him between himself and his wife. Many natural questions then arose, respecting his late service, and future destiny; and these were answered with that unaffected freedom, which the manner of our host inspired. As an Englishman, I was highly gratified with incidents, which reminded me of the character of my own countrymen, and were so strikingly contrasted with the manners I had lately seen in France and Italy.

Wednesday 16th August. Passing near Sargans, we halted at Ragatz, situated in Upper Sargans, and separated from the Grisons by the Rhine. The badness of the weather greatly diverted our attention from the beautiful country we were traversing. One view, however, on ascending the first hill between Werdenberg and Sargans, particularly attracted my attention. It was an amphitheatre of mountains, some of which were feathered with wood to their very summits, while others rose into pinnacles of barren rock; numerous ruins of ancient castles were scattered on the heights; and the valley was watered, or rather overflowed, by the noble stream of the Rhine. From Sargans to Ragatz, we enjoyed the prospect of lofty mountains, ruined fortresses, and a fine cascade.

The principal object which led me into this part of Switzerland, was the Baths of Pfeffers, belonging to a rich abbey of that name. The discovery of these springs was rather the work of Providence, than the effect of accident. In the thirteenth century a hunter, in pursuit of his game, was led near the rocks from which they issue. Looking down a chasm he observed the water bubbling, and emitting a strong vapour.



He immediately conveyed the intelligence of his discovery to the prince his master; who ordered some of the water to be drawn up in a bucket, and it was found to be pure, warm, and of no disagreeable taste. For some time the only mode of descending to the spring, which is situated in a deep cleft, was by ropes; but afterwards baths were constructed near the source, and a passage formed with planks along the sides of the ravine or cavity, through which the river Tamina flows. The place was, however, rendered so dark by the impending mass of rock, that candles were necessary, even at noon-day. In 1630 the works being consumed by fire, the abbot rendered these baths more spacious and convenient, by rebuilding them in a situation more remote from the springs. The present structure is large, and contains many lodging-rooms for the company, who resort hither to bathe, and drink the waters, during the summer months. Nothing can be more wild than the site of this establishment, nor more horrid than the recess from which flows this mineral stream. The rocks, which are of a considerable height, approach so near as scarcely to leave a passage for the torrent. There is indeed a foot-path as far the source, but such a one as it is impossible to traverse without a strong head, a firm heart, and a thorough contempt of danger. My friend and myself conquered one half of the passage, but we shrunk from the bare view of the remainder. The path is only wide enough for one person, the rock slippery, and the water dripping from above; the fissures, supplied by planks, which trembled under our feet; and the impending craggs projecting so far as to



exclude the light of day. Beneath yawned a frightful chasm, through which rushed a copious torrent, threatening to swallow the daring adventurer, and seeming to exclaim to the timid, "thus far shalt thou go, and "no farther." It was our intention to pass the night here; but we found the lodging so cold and comfortless, and so much resembling an hospital, that we returned to Ragatz on foot.

Thursday 17th August. The day being rainy, we dismissed the horses and guide, who had conducted us from St. Gallen, and hired a cabriolet to convey us to Wallenstadt. This little town was once situated on the bank of the lake which bears the same name; but the waters have now retired to a considerable distance. It is a great thoroughfare from Switzerland and Germany into the Grisons. Travellers are often detained here, because the north wind renders the navigation of the lake dangerous; and there is not even a good horse road on its banks. The inhabitants are catholics.

Friday 18th August. Having hired a boat to convey us across the lake to Vesen, we sailed for some time very auspiciously; but a brisk wind springing up, our watermen, the worst and most indolent I ever saw, began to declaim on the danger and difficulty which would attend our voyage. Suspicious, however, that this was the effect of design, we insisted on proceeding, and thanks to the assistance of some young pilgrims, bound to Einsidlin, who laboured heartily at the oar, we were safely landed at Vesen. This village is near the western extremity of the lake, which is almost straight in shape, about five leagues long, and half a

league broad. Being surrounded by lofty rocks and mountains, it is subject to sudden storms and eddies of wind, which frequently upset vessels, and leave no prospect of escape. The banks are bolder than those of the Lake of Lucerne, abrupt and rugged, abounding with cascades, many of which fall from a great height. The opposite side is, however, better wooded and cultivated. A beautiful view arrested our attention about a league from Vesen. The side of the lake, on which we were sailing, exhibited a vast wall of perpendicular rock; the opposite bank was enlivened with several picturesque cascades; beyond, at a considerable height on the mountain, was a well-cultivated plain, studded with houses and churches; and in the distant perspective arose the romantic and snowy districts of Glaris. We were accompanied by two Benedictine monks, belonging to the Convent of Einsidlin. They dined with us, and rendered us considerable service as interpreters with the natives, who spoke nothing but German. Finding the accommodations at Vesen indifferent, we hastened our departure, and hired a boat to convey us to Lachen. The price of nine florins, which we agreed to pay, appeared exorbitant, and arose from the difficulty of returning with the boat against a rapid current. The Limmat, on which we embarked, is one of the largest rivers in Switzerland. It rises in the mountains of Glaris, and having traversed the Lake of Zurich, passes by Basle, and unites itself with the Aar. During the first part of our voyage we were carried with great rapidity by the stream, till we reached the Lake of Zurich; and in about four hours and a half found our-

selves lodged in a good inn at Lachen. The inhabitants of both Vesen and Lachen are catholics.

Saturday 19th August. We hired horses to carry us to the celebrated convent at Einsidlin, or *Notre Dame des Hermites*, which is about three leagues from Lachen. This may be called the Loreto of Switzerland, from the concourse of pilgrims it attracts. Like the Italian Loreto, its origin is ascribed to a miracle. In the ninth century a hermit, named Meinrad, retired to this spot, then a thick forest, where he was murdered in the year 863. The assassins were, however, detected by two crows or ravens, which followed them to Zurich, "with extraordinary cries. The incident led to a discovery, and brought them to the punishment they merited." In memory of this event, the convent assumes the two birds as its armorial bearing. Soon after the detection of the murderers, pilgrims were led to this spot, by the report that the deceased hermit wrought miracles by his intercession; and in the year 944, another hermit, named Eberhard, a man of high birth, distinguished the place by the foundation of an abbey, which he dedicated to the Virgin and St. Maurice. By his interest he obtained important privileges for the new establishment, and since that period it has been renowned as a place of pilgrimage and devotion among all good catholics. The abbot or principal of the convent, bears the title of prince, and possesses the power of exercising both *haute et basse justice*. The environs are well cultivated and cheerful; the village is large, and abounds with shops, well furnished with articles adapted to the demands of the votaries. The



church is spacious and handsome, and contains the image of the Virgin, enclosed within a small chapel, like that at Loreto. Our ride was pleasant, through groves of firs, which were occasionally varied with fine pastures abounding in cattle; and the brightness of the day, after a long continuance of rain, enlivened every object around us.

In the course of this journey I had frequent opportunities to mark the effects of contrast, and to observe the rapidity with which the imagination passes from one extreme to another. After travelling for some time among the rude and savage scenes of nature, the eye and the mind find delight and repose in those of a more soft and cheerful kind. Thus, after the affecting representations of tragedy, those of comedy awaken double pleasure; after contemplating the agonies of expiring nature, so admirably expressed in the group of the Laocöon, the eye is turned with unspeakable delight to the Pythian Apollo, on which the hand of art has impressed the characters of more than mortal beauty, serenity, and grace. In the feeling mind, however, the aspect of nature calls forth far nobler sentiments than the most exquisite productions of human ingenuity. On beholding the rude features of the earth, we admire and acknowledge the mighty power of the hand that formed them; we consider them as awful emblems of the greatness of their Creator: in those of a soft and placid kind we trace the operation of his bounty and his love. Amidst the endless variety which continually arises to our view, we every where discern the same proofs of unerring wisdom, and inexhaustible beneficence. The



Being who so liberally rewards the cares and labours of man, is equally mindful of the other parts of his creation. He has enriched the mountain and the wild with salutary plants, and has provided for the subsistence and welfare of the animals. He has destined to inhabit the arid plains, or the regions of snow and ice.

A ride of four miles led us after dinner to Schweitz. The country, though fine, is not particularly interesting; but on approaching Schweitz the mountains of St. Gothard, Uri, and Underwalden give a more picturesque appearance to the landscape. A new road is now making, in the direction of two high mountains, which rise out of the plain like pyramids, about a league from the *Lac des Quatre Cantons*. The religion of Schweitz is catholic, and the government democratical, every inhabitant at the age of sixteen having the right of suffrage in the general assembly of the people. Between Schweitz and Lucerne is a mountain, from which an astonishing number of lakes may be distinguished; but the heat of the day prevented us from ascending it.

Sunday 20th August. After breakfast we walked down to Brunnen, a little village at the east end of the Lake of Lucerne, where, in December 1313, the three cantons of Uri, Schweitz, and Underwalden concluded an alliance. A boat conveyed us in six hours from Brunnen to Lucerne.

Monday 21st August. We quitted Lucerne, and at the distance of half a mile enjoyed a good view of the town. The river Reuss flows close to the road. Soon after we passed by the Lake of Sempach, which is two leagues long and half a league broad. In 1386 its bank

was the scene of a memorable conflict between the Swiss and Leopold duke of Austria, who, with many of his nobles, was killed. The victory was owing to the courage and patriotism of Arnold de Winkelreid, who sacrificed his life to open a way into the hostile ranks. The anniversary is celebrated on the 9th of July ; and the event is commemorated in the following inscription at a chapel, built on the field of battle :

*Ab ortu Christi transactis mille annis ac trecentis quinis simul octoginta plenè completis, anno, quoque, posteriori Julii septimo idus, luce quoque lunæ, peremit gladio Lucern, Schweiz, Ury, Underwalden, Lupoldum nobilem, cum suis, Austriæ ducem.*

Traversing a flat but cheerful country, we arrived at Zoffingen, a well-built town, flourishing in commerce. It is now a bailliage of Berne, but enjoys considerable privileges, and boasts of high antiquity. Leaving the Castle of Arbourg to the right, we took up our lodging in a good inn at Murgethal. This fortress is built in a strong position, and now used for the confinement of state prisoners. The damsel who kept the inn had lately lost her only parent. Young, handsome, enjoying an easy independence in the profits of her house, she gave us a pleasing proof of the prudence of her conduct, and the goodness of her heart. To our remark that she would probably soon quit the inn, and establish herself in a more comfortable situation, by marriage, she replied, *Non, c'est mon devoir de prendre soin de la nombreuse famille, que mon pauvre parent ma laissée ; et*

*j'en ferai un vrai plaisir de pouvoir lui être utile, en la mettant à son aise, et en la rendant heureuse.*

Tuesday 22d August. A good road, through a pleasant and well wooded country, led to Berne. At Hindelbank, two leagues from that place, is the tomb of Madame Langhans, which, from the novelty of the subject and sentiment it presents, has attracted the notice of every curious traveller. A good print of it has been published with this description: *La nombreuse variété des monumens de la fragilité humaine sembloit avoir épuisé toutes les ressources de l'art et de l'esprit; mais Monsieur Nahl ne s'arrêta pas aux idées vulgaires. Madame Langhans (qui passoit pour une des plus belles femmes de la Suisse, et qui mourut en couches de son premier enfant à l'âge de 28 ans) étant morte la veille de Pâques, cette époque lui en inspira une, qui fait une heureuse allusion à la certitude de notre resurrection, et qui est si neuve, simple, et en même tems si sublime, qu'on ne se lasse pas de l'admirer.*

*D'un seul bloc de pierre il forma les figures, et le tombeau; le tombeau s'ouvre avec éclat, comme on presume que la chose arrivera, au grand jour des retributions, lorsque les sepulchres rendront leurs morts. La pierre, qui couvre le tombeau, se soulève en se brisant, et laisse voir dans l'enfoncement cette belle personne, qui ressuscite avec son enfant. Elle se montre à l'instant de son reveil, et semble prendre son élan vers les cieux. Le sentiment de son heureuse immortalité se peint dans ses regards sereins et majestueux. D'un bras elle semble repousser la pierre, qui s'oppose encore à son passage, et de l'autre elle presse contre son sein son enfant, qui se ranime comme elle,*



*et qui de ses petites mains paroît vouloir s'aider à sortir de ce triste lieu.*

*La fente qui partage la pierre en trois pieces, est si naturellement représentée, que le spectateur emû s'attend à voir dans l'instant même le tombeau s'ouvrir tout à fait. Ce tombeau placé à fleur de terre, et même un peu enfoncé, est couvert de deux volets de bois, qu'on ouvre aux personnes que ce beau morceau attire dans ce village.*

BERNE. This town, from its size, power, and extent of territory, may be called the capital of Switzerland. It is built of a whitish stone, which though at first soft and easily wrought, hardens by exposure to the air. The houses are regular in their architecture, and raised on arcades, the principal street is long, and watered by a stream, which runs through it. On entering I was reminded of Bath. It is situated on a peninsula, formed by the Aar; and the foundations were laid in 1191, by Berchtold the Fifth, the last duke of Zähringen, who fortified it as a barrier against the aggressions of the neighbouring nobles. Its name is derived from Bähren, which in German signifies bears; and the reason for the name is explained by an inscription over one of the gates, *Hier erst Bär fang*. "Here the first bear was caught;" an incident which decided the choice of the site. The arms of the canton; are a bear; and those animals are to this day kept in a place, near one of the gates. The cathedral is a new building, but in the Gothic style of architecture. The arsenal is kept in good order; and contains the armour and spoils of Charles the Bold, duke of Burgundy, and his army, who were signally defeated by the Swiss



near the Lake of Morat. Among these trophies are shewn a great number of halters, which, in the presumptuous assurance of victory, the Duke had provided to hang up his enemies. Here is also a foundry for cannon. The views from the ramparts and platform are delightful. The platform is very lofty; and it is said that a young student, overcome with liquor, once leaped his horse from the top; and himself escaped with only breaking his legs, but the horse was killed on the spot. An inscription in German records the fact. The society of Berne is reckoned good, as there are many old and noble families, who are distinguished for their birth, and associate but little with their inferiors. The arts seem to flourish more here than in any other town I have visited. Aberli's views are well known, and esteemed for their neatness and accuracy. Freudenberg excels in groupes of figures, and in delineating the costume of the country. Dunker is a good landscape painter; and Sonnenschein, a good modeller. In the collection of the latter, I observed the Arch of Constantine, the Tomb at Hindelbank, and many other works of merit. The environs, rides, and walks near Berne are delightful; the roads excellent.

Thursday 24th August. My friend having left me at Berne, I pursued my journey alone to Thun, to the glaciers of Grindelwald, the valley of Lauterbrunnen, &c. Thun is a bailliage of Berne, most beautifully situated on a lake of the same name, from which the river Aar issues, and traverses the town. The castle and church, built upon an eminence, contribute much to heighten the picture.

Friday 25th August. The lake of Thun is between four and five leagues long, and one broad. In point of beauty it is compared with the lakes of Lucerne and Wallenstadt, though I do not think it equals either. I coasted along the left bank, which on the border of the lake is cultivated with vines; but the higher level is studded with numerous villages, detached houses, churches, &c. and backed by a grand chain of mountains. The castle and village of Spietz, belonging to the family of Erlach, form a picturesque object, on the opposite side of the lake. In my way I passed by the bailliage of Oberhofen. The extremity of the lake presents more barren and uncultivated scenery. On landing, I proceeded to the bailliages of Unterseven and Interlachen; at the latter of which I dined. This village derives its name from its situation, (*inter lacus*,) on a narrow slip of land, between the lakes of Thun and Brientz, which communicate with each other by the channel of the Aar. After dinner I rode three leagues to Lauterbrunnen. The first part of the road ran through a fertile valley, abounding with fine pastures, fruit trees, &c. where the peasants were employed in making their third crop of hay. Afterwards the scene began to change; the vale grew narrower, the rocks more precipitous, and the river roared furiously on my left; in short a succession of the most agreeable landscapes kept my attention continually employed, till I came within sight of the object of my pursuit, the fall of the Staubbach, which occupies the first place among the cataracts of Switzerland. The beauty of these spectacles depends, I may say, almost entirely

on the state of the weather; for what after copious rains may appear grand and impressive, will in a dry season dwindle into insignificance. I had heard this cascade so highly vaunted by the natives, that on the first sight of it I felt considerable disappointment. The height indeed of the fall, which amounts to nine hundred feet, is tremendous; but the stream is so slender as to resemble a water spout, rather than a cataract; and had I not known it was the celebrated Staubbach, I might have passed it with very little attention. In the course of the fall the water, dashing against some projecting rocks, is twice lost in spray, and twice reappears. Hence Lavater ingeniously termed it an emblem of the Divinity, who *was*, and *is*, and *is to come*. But however disappointed in this primary object of my curiosity, I was amply repaid for the trouble of my excursion, by the delightful scenery which distinguishes this little valley. On three sides it is enclosed with a noble amphitheatre of mountains, some feathered to their very summits with firs, beech, &c. others presenting broad masses of barren rock, with cascades dashing from their declivities, and some clothed with eternal snows. A narrow pass forms the only entrance. The daring step of man may indeed reach the base of the mountains, which form the boundary of the vale; but beyond, nature has raised an insuperable barrier. My accommodations at the inn were bad, but I might have found better had I been previously informed that the Curé of the village receives travellers, and accepts a compensation for his good offices.

From the vale of Lauterbrunnen I rode towards Grindelwald, through a romantic country. Content and happiness seem to cheer the inhabitants of this recess: their lands are fruitful, and, after supplying their own consumption, afford a surplus. The men are tall and stout. An anecdote is related, which proves the easiness of their circumstances. During the last troubles at Geneva, a wager was laid between the captain of a company of men from this district, and a French officer. The former asserted that he could select two common soldiers from his ranks who should produce more money than the whole French troop; and he won his wager. The Grindelwalders exhibited their hands full of Louis, the well-earned fruit of their labour, which they had brought to supply the necessities of the campaign.

The glaciers of Grindelwald are more accessible than those of Chamouny, as there is no mountain to ascend. Within a stone's throw of these glaciers I observed the various productions of the four seasons. I saw ripe strawberries and cherries; peasants employed in making hay; others in reaping corn; while the back ground exhibited a wintry contrast of snow and ice. From an examination of these glaciers, I am convinced that they all proceed from the same original and natural cause. This valley abounds in cherries, from which the inhabitants distil a water, much esteemed. Having refreshed myself with bread, butter, and fruit, at a little inn, which commands a striking view of the first glacier, I remounted my horse, and after two days spent



amidst wild and romantic scenes, was not sorry to seek repose in the cheerful vale of Interlachen.

Sunday 27th August. I employed part of the morning in taking views near the village, and then hired a boat to convey me to the Lake of Brienz. Its length is estimated at three leagues, and its breadth at one; it abounds with fish, particularly with trout, which were the best I had tasted in Switzerland. I landed at the pretty village of Rinkenbergh, on the left side of the lake. Here is an old castle in ruins, and near it, in a narrow neck of land, two small lakes, well stored with fish. The extremity of this neck rises into a conical hill, well wooded, and surmounted with the remains of an old church, whose turret, embosomed amid the trees, forms a picturesque object in every direction. The prospect from the summit of the hill itself also repaid me for the fatigue of the ascent. On one side stretched the Lake of Brienz, with numerous villages decorating its banks, and backed by lofty mountains; on the other, the Lake of Thun; the intermediate space was filled by the villages of Interlachen and Unterseven, and intersected by the river which unites the two lakes.

Were I compelled to lead a life of solitude, I should prefer the village of Interlachen, as a residence, to any place I have yet visited. The environs are cheerful, and full of variety; the landscape in general finely wooded, and adorned with two beautiful pieces of water; and if any thing could compensate for the want of society, and render retirement agreeable, it must be

the contemplation of the ease, content, and happiness, which mark the peasantry of this secluded valley.

After dinner I returned by water to Thun, and in my way visited the cave of St. Beat, about half a league from the place where I embarked. According to tradition, this saint was an Englishman, of noble birth, who, after preaching the gospel successfully through several districts of Switzerland, fixed his residence in this cavern, where he is said to have ended his days. Here, to adopt the words of our English poet, Parnell,

Far in a wild, remote from public view,  
From youth to age the reverend hermit grew ;  
The moss his bed, his drink the crystal well.  
Remote from man, with God he pass'd his days;  
Pray'r all his business ; all his pleasure, praise.

No situation could be better adapted for the dwelling of an anchorite. It is elevated above the lake, from which there is a steep ascent. Nature has formed many cavities or apartments in the rock ; and from the centre issues a pure and copious stream, which, after gently gliding through the cave, forms a fine cascade as it pours its waters into the lake. On one side the place is sheltered by a thick grove of pine trees, and a vast mass of impending rock ; and on the other the eye is invited to wander over the Lake of Thun, and the rich and varied scenery which ornaments its margin.

Monday 28th August. By Aberli's print of the Castle of Wimmis, I was induced to follow his steps thither, and the scenery fully repaid me for the digression. It may, indeed, be termed picturesque, in the literal sense of the word, namely, as forming a picture.

The castle is built on the declivity of a hill, backed by lofty mountains, thickly clothed with wood. A cheerful and verdant vale, watered by a rapid stream, and ornamented with several pretty bridges, occupies the fore ground, and offers many a subject proper for the pencil. In my return to Thun I deviated from the road to see a wooden bridge, of singular construction, over the Kandel. This stream, which precipitates itself from the mountains of Gemmi, originally fell into the Aar; and their united waters frequently inundated the country between Berne and Thun. To remedy the mischief, in 1711, the period of one of these great floods, the government of Berne employed above four hundred men in cutting a canal to convey the waters into the lake, where they are still discharged. I was told that from a mountain near Wimmis, no less than eight lakes might be descried. I returned to Berne in the evening, highly gratified with my excursion.

Tuesday 29th August. I proceeded after dinner to Bienne. The road is good, but the country uninteresting. I passed through the bailliages of Aarburg and Nidau. Bienne is a poor town, dependent on the Prince Bishop of Porentru; but enjoys so many privileges, that its dependence is little more than nominal. The citizens make their own laws, decide their own criminal causes, appoint their own officers, and reserve the right of succouring their allies whenever they think proper, without the intervention of their liege lord. I was much amused with the consequence assumed by my host of *La Couronne*, whose address, as



he gave it me, was *Monsieur Wysard, conseiller, et capitaine des grenadiers, &c. &c.*

Wednesday 30th August. I visited the island of St. Pierre, which has been rendered interesting by the residence of Rousseau, and the agreeable description he has given of it in his *Confessions*. This islet belongs to the Hospital of Berne. It contains a fine vineyard; and on the highest part of it is a summer-house, surrounded by some large oaks, and commanding a view of the lake. The Swiss lakes are little variegated with islands. After dinner I proceeded to Soleure, through a well-cultivated corn country; but the roads are inferior to those in the canton of Berne.

Thursday 31st August. Soleure is a neat town, situated on both sides of the river Aar. The walls and ramparts are in good condition, and the cathedral is a modern building in the Italian taste. Soleure is the residence of the French ambassador to the Helvetic states. The inhabitants are catholics, and there are six monastic establishments in or near the town. At a short distance without the walls is a hermitage worthy of notice. It is situated between two rocks, which appear to have been separated by some violent convulsion of nature, as the opposite sides seem to correspond with each other. The approach is through a fine wood; and the sudden appearance of the hermitage, with the distant country seen through the chasm, produces a very pleasing effect.

After dinner I travelled to Lanbrug, where I slept. The road was good, and enlivened by many interesting objects. About half way is the bailliage



of Bipp; and a little farther I traversed a romantic pass of the Mount Jura, formerly commanded by a castle, of which the ruins exist, into a beautiful valley. Beyond I observed the Castles of Le Clus and Falkenstein, both advantageously situated on eminences; and then continued to mount a gradual ascent the whole way to Lanbrug.

Friday 1st September. From Lanbrug to Basle nearly the whole way is a descent. This tract of country is rendered very picturesque by the constant succession of antique castles, which crown the heights. Among these, that of Wallebourg is peculiarly striking. The road is good; the country well cultivated and populous; and the natives, who are much engaged in the ribbon manufacture, manifest a great spirit of industry.

BASLE contains many remarkable objects. The University is justly celebrated for the number of literary men it has produced. In the cathedral, among the monuments of many illustrious personages, is that of Erasmus. Adjoining this edifice is a handsome terrace, commanding a good view of the town, river, and neighbourhood. The library is enriched with a valuable collection of manuscripts, and some of Holbein's paintings, among which is his master-piece, the History of the Passion, in several compartments. It contains, besides, a head of Erasmus in miniature; and a portrait of Martin Luther and his wife, by another hand. There is also shewn the portrait of a female, of which this anecdote is preserved. As she refused to pay for it when finished, the artist added a table, on which money was placed, and the inscription, *Lais Corinthiaca*.

He then displayed it at his window, and the likeness was so striking that it was recognized by every passenger. Modern artists are too liberal, to take similar revenge. In the hall of the library was held the celebrated council, which met in 1431, and continued seventeen years. A singular custom prevails at Basle, in the mode of setting the clocks, which are an hour before those of other places. This custom is supposed to derive its origin from a very remote period, and is explained in different ways. Some say that during the sessions of the council, the clocks were advanced to call the members together earlier. Others assert that a conspiracy was formed against the town, of which the explosion was to take place at a certain hour, but it was frustrated by the expedient of setting forward the clocks, which induced the conspirators to imagine they had missed the appointed time. But from whatever cause this whimsical custom proceeded, it is singular that it should have continued to the present day. On the walls of an old cloister are some paintings, representing the visitation of mortality, or the Dance or Triumph of Death. These grotesque paintings, have been attributed to the pencil of Holbein, but I think without sufficient foundation.

At Augst near Basle are the vestiges of the Roman station *Augusta Rauracorum*, a city belonging to the ancient *Rauraci*. Many medals, inscriptions, bronzes, &c. have been discovered here, and are deposited in different collections at Basle.

Before I quit the enumeration of curiosities, I should not omit to mention the print-shop of Monsieur de

Mechel, a gentleman so well known and esteemed, not merely for his private virtues and abilities, but for his attention and civility to foreigners. His trade is established on a very extensive scale; and his collection furnishes many interesting specimens of the scénery and costume of Switzerland.

Near Basle, I observed a culprit suspended on a gibbet. I mention this as the only instance which occurred during my tour; and which is the more remarkable, as every petty prince has generally the right of *haute et basse justice* on his own domains.

Saturday 2d September. Departing from Basle, I stopped in my way at Arlesheim, *sejour des chanoines reguliers du chapitre de la dite ville, composé de nobles*; from whom the prince bishop of Porentru is elected by a majority of the body. My object was to visit the gardens *à l'Angloise*, belonging to one of the members. A letter from Monsieur de Mechel introduced me to the owner, who received me with the utmost civility, and did the honours of his place in person. The spot is rather confined, consisting of a small hill well wooded, and intersected by walks; but the buildings are crowded, and executed in a taste more resembling the machinery of a theatre, than the work of nature. The singular structure of the rock has afforded the means of executing several curious devices. The present design of the owner is to erect a Swiss cottage, for which a model is to be sent from one of the remotest cantons. One part of the garden is allotted to the different games and sports of the country. On a rock, in another part of the grounds, is this simple and elegant inscription:



HOSPES AMICE! HASCE DELICIAS  
NATURAE DEBES, DEBES INDUSTRIAE.

The church of Arlesheim is a handsome building. The inhabitants are of the catholic persuasion.

After dinner I went to Lauffen, where I slept. The road was rendered interesting, by the beauty of the adjacent country: the hills are agreeably varied in their forms, and well wooded, the river running in the vale, and the eminences crowned with the remains of numerous fortresses, of which five occurred during the evening's ride.

Sunday 3d September. From Lauffen the road leads through a narrow valley, watered by the river; the banks occasionally variegated with pastures, and enlivened with herds of cattle; and the mountains of a moderate height, and richly clothed with wood. For three leagues I proceeded amidst similar scenery, discovering few dwellings; but on arriving near a hermitage. and the ruins of a castle on the summit of a rocky height, the vale suddenly expanded, and I saw before me a lovely plain, with villages and houses interspersed. Crossing the river, and leaving the handsome village of Dellemont to the right, I traversed the plain, and again entered a narrow passage through the mountains, which were on a grander scale than those I left behind. I now perceived a sensible difference, both in the language and appearance of the natives. On the road I passed some iron mines. This valley is narrower than the last, the mountains are rocky to their summits, and broken into fantastic shapes, particularly near



Munster, where they resemble vast walls suspended in the air; and, by the appearance of the corresponding strata on the opposite sides, seem to have been rent asunder. At this place the vale is only sufficiently wide to admit the river and the road by its side; but it abruptly opens into the rich and verdant valley to which the little village of Munster gives its name. The last three leagues equal in romantic scenery any district that I have seen in the course of my tour. The river, occasionally traversed by a picturesque bridge, sometimes flows quietly in a transparent bed of the most beautiful azure green, and sometimes, without rising into the violence of a torrent, varies its aspect by foaming and dashing over the rocky stones which impede its course. The mountains and rocks are truly grand; the wood with which they are fringed, exhibits the dark shade of the fir, enlivened with the golden tints of the beech, which at this season are peculiarly brilliant. The road winds so continually, that almost every step displays a new and rapid succession of scenery; and more than once I regretted that I had not time to loiter. At the entrance of the valley I noticed an agreeable view of a mill, a water-fall, and stone bridge, grouped with some very picturesque rocks.

Having made a good dinner on some excellent trout, I rode to Tavanne, where I slept. I was soon plunged amidst the mountains, which surpass those I saw in the morning in magnitude and grandeur, and are occasionally broken by deep and hollow caverns. After travelling a league through this savage scenery, admiring the rude and masterly touches which nature

presented every instant, under the utmost variety of forms, the fairy wild seemed to vanish, leaving behind the most pleasing yet sublime impression. A smiling vale succeeded, rich in corn and pasture; and heightening by its contrast the pleasing recollection I shall long retain of this day's journey through the Munsterthal.

The houses in the little village of Tavanne resemble in shape those of Chamouny, Argentiere, &c. A little beyond is the source of the river Birsä, whose course I had traced with such delight. It issues from a rock in a very copious stream; in a short space turns a mill; and after flowing through the Munsterthal, falls into the Rhine near Basle.

Monday 4th September. In my way to the Val de St. Imier, I passed under the *ierre pertuis*, or *petra pertusa*, the perforated rock. It resembles a rude archway; and from the mutilated inscription which may be traced upon it, is supposed to have been originally a Roman work:

NVMINI AVGVS  
 - - - TVM  
 VIA DVCTA PER M  
 DVI. - - VM PATER  
 IL VII COL HELVET.

*Numini Augustorum. Via ducta per montem Durvium, Paternus Duumvir Coloniae Helvetiae.*

The mountain still bears the name of Durvan, and the passage is supposed to have formed the communication between *Helvetia* and the country of the *Rauraci*. But the size of this archway is so inconsiderable, that

it may possibly have been a work of nature; as instances of similar natural perforations on a much larger scale are seen, particularly in the neighbourhood of Verona. The inscription, however, clearly proves that the Romans conducted a road through the passage, whether natural or artificial. We dined at Sonville, and proceeded through Renans, mounted a long ascent, and afterwards descended into the Vallengin, belonging to the principality of Neufchâtel.

The most remarkable objects in the Vallengin are the villages of La Chaux de Fond and Le Locle. On entering the valley where they are situated, the country assumes a new aspect, of the most cheerful kind. Their position is lofty, the air bleak, and the mountains sloping gently into the plain, are topped with fir trees, which are the common growth of this country. The houses are as picturesque as they are simple in their form; and many are so judiciously placed, that taste, rather than convenience, appears to have suggested their disposition. Their white tint forms a happy contrast with the sombre hue of the firs. Near La Chaux de Fond, the fields are separated with neat walls of stone, and each house seems to have its little portion of land attached to it. I know not which is most gratifying, the sight of this animated little valley, or the recollection of the cause to which it owes its happiness. Forty years ago it was neglected, uncultivated, and almost uninhabited; now its declivities and plain are covered with dwellings, and it is become the seat of industry, content, and prosperity. An aged man, whom I met at Sonville, told me that the revolution in this

little district had been wonderful. In time past the inhabitants indulged themselves with wine only four or five times in the course of the year; now there were more houses of entertainment in one village, than formerly in the whole valley. On my observing how rare were the examples I had found of capital punishment in travelling through the country, he told me that the Prince of Porentru was obliged to pay a fine of thirty crowns to the Emperor, for every man he caused to be executed; for which reason he adopted other modes of chastisement. Without either corn or wine, (for no wheat grows in this valley,) the inhabitants appear to be easy, and even affluent, in their circumstances; and a beggar is not to be seen among them. Such are the consequences of successful industry! Their villages are now increasing, and many handsome houses are building. Unfortunately luxury increases with riches; and perhaps at no very distant period we may seek in vain for that simplicity, equality, and independence, by which this now happy people are distinguished.

Tuesday 5th September. Rode in the morning to *Les Brenets*, a little village distant about a league from Locle; where I hired a boat to make a short voyage on the Doux, which rises in Franche Comté, and empties itself into the Saone. Its course is very singular, for after flowing through an open valley near *Les Brenets*, it enters among rocks, and forms four basons of considerable size; from the last of which it issues in a narrow stream, and within the space of a few hundred yards, precipitates itself in a beautiful cascade. During the winter season, when the current is strong, many



people have lost their lives by venturing too near the current in boats. Last year five unfortunate persons were thus carried down and drowned, and some fragments of the boat yet remain below the fall to attest their melancholy fate. The views about this place are beautiful, particularly on the basons, where the glassy and unruffled surface reflects every object like a mirror. Near one of the basons is a cavern, extending for five hundred paces within, to which dinner parties sometimes resort. On the river are several mills, of which those below the fall are highly picturesque. To see this cascade to advantage, it is necessary either to descend to the banks below, or look down upon it from the mill. The stream forms the boundary of the French territories, and in consequence this district is the scene of a very active contraband trade.

I returned to dine at Locle, and in the evening walked to see some curious mills, about half a league distant. The machinery consists of four wheels, three of which are laid over each other, and two parallel; the lowest is placed at a considerable depth beneath the surface. They are all within a cavity of the rock, and turned by a stream flowing through it, which is afterwards lost under ground. I descended to the lowest, where the noise of the wheels, and the darkness and dampness of the cavern, recalled to imagination the pictures which have been drawn of the infernal regions. These wheels have existed for the long term of three hundred years. Just above the mills is an opening between the rocks, which discloses a fine view of the

distant vallies, the stream of the Doux, and the French territories beyond.

The whole establishment of the valley of Locle appears to be so interesting, that a few remarks upon it will scarcely be deemed superfluous. The industry, activity, and ease, which every where prevail, may be principally attributed to the immunities and privileges of the Vallengin, to the wise administration of justice, and to the mildness of the laws by which it is governed. Every encouragement is given to strangers who wish to settle. Marriages are frequent, the families numerous, and the spirit of good management and enterprise appears to animate every individual. In proportion as the soil seems inferior to that of many other districts, so do the people appear superior to their neighbours in ingenuity and resources. This elevated spot, environed with mountains, and exposed to all the disadvantages and inclemencies incident to its exalted situation; this spot, where the woods and thickets were lately the haunt of wolves, bears, and marmottes; is now become the peaceful abode of an enlightened and ingenious people, versed in natural history, skilled in the exercise of the arts, profound in the theory as well as the practice of the mechanics; by nature formed, and by temper inclined, to bear arms in defence of their country; and no less jealous of their rights, than anxious to create, perfect, and maintain a system of police and beneficence, which would do honour to the most enlightened nations. Such is the effect of natural acuteness and industry, excited by mutual emulation, and favoured by mild and equal laws. Such the flat-

tering picture which these vallies display. Indeed it may be said, in a great degree, to represent the portrait of all who inhabit the mountains of Neufchâtel. The chief occupations of these people are lace and watch making. The manufactories of the latter are the most considerable, and the number annually made and sent abroad amounts to fifty thousand. Not only the watch itself, but every tool employed in its construction, as well as the decorations of gilding, enamelling, &c. are the work of this district. The well-known mechanic **Jacquet Droz** was a native of these vallies. Good inns are established both at **La Chaux de Fond** and **Locle**.

Wednesday 6th September. I quitted **Locle**, and passed through two other vallies, resembling in external appearance those I had just left, but not equally peopled. For the first two leagues I continued to ascend, and the road gradually became more steep and rough. On reaching the highest point I caught a good view of the **Lakes of Neufchâtel and Morat**; to the former of which the road descends through a tract richly wooded. I afterwards heard of another road, which, though longer, would have been preferable for carriages.

**NEUFCHATEL** is a well-built town, situated on a declivity, and near the border of the lake, to which it gives its name. On the decease of the **Duchess of Nemours** in 1707, a contest arose for the succession to this principality; and the claims of the **King of Prussia** being deemed the best founded, the possession was adjudged to him. A governor, by his appointment, supplies his

place. The revenue which he draws from this distant territory is very inconsiderable; but it supplies his army with numerous recruits. Within a few years the spirit of commerce has made great progress here, as in the neighbouring vallies. In former times the chief article of trade was wine, which is good and abundant; but now the country furnishes many other commodities. It is not improbable that in remote times the three lakes of Morat, Bienne, and Neufchâtel were joined, as the ground between them is still very marshy.

After dinner I went to Boudry, a little village on the Ruse, which is famed for producing the best trout in Switzerland. The road is bounded by stone walls and vineyards, and is uninteresting. According to the *Dictionnaire de la Suisse*, Boudry is remarkable for a singular species of servitude in a free country. Since the middle of the fourteenth century it has formed a municipal body, the members of which, by the conditions of its institution, are attached to the glebe to such a degree, that they cannot remove or change their abode without the express consent of the prince.

Thursday 7th September. From Boudry I skirted the borders of the lake to Yverdon, passing through the bailliage of Granson; where there is a large castle, in a picturesque situation, on an eminence overlooking the water. The bailliage now belongs to the cantons of Berne and Fribourg, which alternately depute the bailiff every five years. This town was taken in 1476, by Charles the Bold, who exercised a degree of cruelty against the garrison, which fortunately has been seldom



paralleled in modern times. They at first made some resistance, but surrendered, on the faith of a promise that no one should be injured. Charles, however, had no sooner obtained possession of the fortress, than he ordered three hundred to be hung, and others to be thrown into the lake. His perfidy did not long remain unpunished. The Swiss, burning to avenge their murdered countrymen, gave battle to the Burgundian army of an hundred thousand men, though themselves amounted to no more than twenty thousand. Notwithstanding the disparity of numbers, and strength of the position, furnished with a numerous train of artillery, victory declared in favour of the Swiss; though the conflict was neither long nor bloody. Of the Swiss not more than fifty fell, of the Burgundians a thousand; and the duke himself was compelled to fly, leaving his camp and baggage to a despised enemy. Inflamed at once by victory and revenge, the Swiss did not rest satisfied with partial success; they followed the retreating army to Morat; in a second engagement completed its defeat; and twenty-six thousand of the Burgundians remained on the field as bloody trophies of their valour. In a third battle with the Swiss, near Nancy in Lorraine, the sun of Burgundy set for ever; Charles himself, with eight thousand of his followers, were slain; his orphan daughter was left unprotected, to struggle with turbulent subjects and powerful enemies; and his dominions, by marriage or conquest, were speedily incorporated with those of France and Austria. Such were the deeds, and such the fate, of one of the most daring and cruel princes recorded in modern history. "Thus,"

says a Swiss author, “justly fell this prince by the  
 “blows of an enemy whom he had irritated by his per-  
 “fidy; like another Darius, he was defeated by troops,  
 “whose inferior numbers he despised, because he knew  
 “not their valour.”

YVERDUN derives its name and existence from the *Ebrodunum* of the Romans; and many inscriptions, coins, medals, &c. found in the neighbourhood attest its antiquity. It is a well-built town, situated on the Thiel, and near the Lake of Neufchâtel, which has considerably retired on this side. On a part of the ground abandoned by the water is a pleasant walk, shaded by rows of trees, which commands an advantageous view of the lake. This is one of the great bailliages belonging to the Pays de Vaud. The place is thinly inhabited, the trade inconsiderable, consisting chiefly in wine; the religion protestant. It contains some good buildings; and the castle is in the ancient style of architecture. This being a day appointed for a solemn fast, the gates were shut during divine service, and I was obliged to leave my carriage without the walls, and walk to the inn. In the evening I traversed a pleasant country to Orbe, which is the joint property of the cantons of Berne and Fribourg.

ORBE is pleasantly situated on the side of a hill, which is crowned with an antique castle. The fineness of the evening heightened the general beauty of the landscape; and the extensive range of mountains, comprising those of the Valais, Grindelwald, St. Bernard, &c. formed a magnificent back ground to the

rich, cultivated, and populous valley, which stretched beneath them.

Friday 8th September. I made an excursion to the *Lac de Joux*. It is not above two leagues in length, and half a league in breadth; its banks well peopled, and variegated with corn and pasture; but it presents nothing romantic. With this, a smaller lake is connected by a narrow channel, over which a wooden bridge is thrown. Though several streams flow into these lakes, the waters have no apparent exit; but the eddies and whirlpools which are seen in different places, indicate some subterraneous outlets. Indeed in one instance this is evidently the case, for in the direction of one of the eddies visible in the smaller lake, though at a considerable distance, the Orbe issues from the rocks in a very copious stream. Some years ago a man was drowned in this lake, and soon afterwards his hat was found in the river below. A road through woody and rocky scenery led me to the place where this stream bursts forth; the surrounding mountains are lofty, and the whole landscape picturesque; trout of an uncommon size harbour in the depths near the source. I dined at a little inn at Valorbe, and in the evening returned to Orbe by another road, which afforded a continued series of interesting views. The river Orbe, which in former times was navigated by large boats as far as Yverduin, is now reduced to a small stream.

Saturday 9th September. From Yverduin, I skirted the opposite side of the lake of Neufchâtel, for some distance, and then turned to the right, through a delightful country, to Payenne, a municipal town belonging



to the canton of Berne. After dinner, I proceeded through a country, exhibiting the same aspect, to Avenches, where I slept. This town, under the name of *Aventicum*, is supposed to have been the capital of Switzerland during the existence of the Roman empire; and the number of inscriptions, coins, fragments of columns, friezes, and basso relievos, found here, some of which are still extant on the spot, prove it to have been a considerable place. The circuit of the ancient walls may yet be traced. Of the area which they enclosed the village itself fills but a small part, and the remainder is rendered productive by the cultivation of corn. The Lake of Morat, though now distant half a league, probably extended much nearer to the Roman town; for it is said that iron rings, for the purpose of securing vessels, have been found in the ancient walls. A hill which lies between the lakes of Neufchâtel and Morat, has perceptibly sunk within the memory of the present inhabitants. In this district tobacco is particularly cultivated.

Sunday 10th September. From Avenches I went to Morat, a bailliage belonging to the cantons of Berne and Fribourg. The village is situated on an eminence near the lake, and is celebrated as the spot where Charles the Bold experienced a signal defeat from the Swiss, and only escaped death by plunging into the lake. At a short distance from the town, an ossuary still attests, in the most impressive manner, the carnage of this battle; it contains the skulls and bones of those Burgundians, who, in the year 1476, fell a sacrifice to the patriotic vengeance of the brave Helvetians. Curi-



osity and superstition having gradually diminished the number of these martial relicks, the windows of the ossuary were secured with an iron grating for their preservation. On arriving in sight of this building, I was accosted by some Swiss peasants, who, with true national enthusiasm, entreated me to alight from my carriage, and survey these trophies of the bravery of their ancestors. I readily complied, and no less gratified their patriotism than my own curiosity. The walls of the building bear the following inscription, by the hand of the learned Haller:

DEO. OPT. MAX.

CAROLI INCLYTI ET FORTISSIMI BURGUNDIAE

DUCIS EXERCITUS MURATUM OBSIDENS

AB HELVETIIS CAESUS HOC SUI

MONUMENTUM RELIQUIT

ANNO MCCCCLXXVI.

Leaving the great road, I directed my course, through a woody and enclosed country, to Fribourg. Near the road, in an open field, is a small chapel, bearing an inscription, stating that this was the spot where the Swiss held a council, before they determined to attack the Burgundian army.

**FRIBOURG.** This canton is almost surrounded by that of Berne. The town is handsome, containing many fine buildings, particularly the cathedral, of Gothic architecture, and the palace of the Bishop of Lausanne, who retired hither at the time of the reformation. It is built on very uneven ground, and a great part of it on a rock, overhanging the river Sane, which

nearly surrounds the town. Fribourg professes the Roman catholic religion, and in the town itself are eight convents. About a league distance is a hermitage worthy of notice. It is excavated in a ridge of rocks, projecting over the river Sane, and rising to the height of four hundred feet. About two hundred feet above the water, a hermit formed a small cell in the rock, eighty years ago. Another anchorite, Iean du Pre, succeeded him in his retreat; but thinking it too humble, employed himself in making a more commodious dwelling. Assisted by one attendant, he by twenty-five years of hard labour, formed a species of convent in miniature within the rock, consisting of a chapel with its steeple, a sacristy, refectory, kitchen, a large hall, a staircase, and various apartments; nature has provided a spring of pure water, and left space for a small garden. This anchorite met with an untimely fate, being drowned by the oversetting of a boat, as he was crossing the river in 1708. The present inhabitant is a capucin, who has resided here six years, with a veteran soldier as his companion.

Monday 11th September. From Fribourg I proceeded through a pleasant country, enriched with many groves of the must luxuriant pines. This canton is in general mountainous, well wooded, and principally pasture. Its chief branches of commerce are cattle, cheese, and *men*. I say *men*, because they are in a manner sold to the King of France, who pays six livres a year to every youth, as soon as he is able to bear arms. The King of Sardinia draws many horses from this canton. I dined at Bulle, a neat little town; and in the evening

visited the Château de Gruyères, which is built on a hill in a most picturesque situation, and surrounded by mountains, agreeably variegated with woods and pastures, interspersed with *châlets*, &c. Here the famous Gruyere cheeses are made, some of which weigh fifty pounds, and sell for about six crowns the hundred weight. Many are sent even to America. During a tumult at Fribourg, about five years ago, a body of men retired to this castle, with cannon and ammunition; but on the appearance of troops from Berne, they speedily capitulated.

The day I arrived at Bulle being appropriated to a great feast, this little town exhibited much life. Every public-house, except the one I fortunately secured for my quarters, resounded with the cheerful notes of the tabor and pipe; and the inns, not being sufficiently capacious to receive the numbers who assembled, many parties for dancing, as well as for other rural games, were formed in the open air. In short, this little village appeared to be the abode of gaiety, cheerfulness, and content. The women of Fribourg are among the handsomest in Switzerland; they have remarkably fine hair, which they wear braided in a very picturesque manner.

Tuesday 12th September. I quitted Bulle, dined at Vevay, and in the evening arrived at Lausanne, enjoying most delightful views the whole way. The dark mountains of Savoy, rising on the opposite side of the lake, formed a pleasing contrast with the cheerful *coteaux* under which I was travelling. These heights are entirely dedicated to the cultivation of vines; and



the price given for small portions of land is almost incredible, when the difficulty of cultivation is considered. The sides of the hill are very steep; and the soil so shallow, that the husbandman is not only obliged to bring a supply of mould, but even to build walls to support it. The wine produced here is called *Vin de la Côte*, and esteemed among the best in Switzerland.

On my arrival at Lausanne I had again the pleasure of shaking my fellow-travellers by the hand, as well as of finding many new acquaintances from England. My curiosity, however, vanquished my love of society, and again urged me to new excursions. I revisited Vevay, which, independent of the natural beauties it displays, derives additional interest from the magic pen of Rousseau, particularly for those, who, like myself, profess themselves admirers of his *Heloise*.

On this book I well know the opinion of the world is much divided; but the writer has his admirers as well as his critics. He has his virtues as well as his defects, his merits as well as his faults; and what author has ever attained a high degree of celebrity, without first passing through the rigid ordeal of criticism! Having read with delight, mingled with tears, the affecting tale of Julie and St. Preux, suggested by a heart of sensibility, drawn by the pen of nature, and decorated with the graces of language; having surveyed the scenes which Rousseau has selected for the exile of the suffering lover; having seen and felt the justness of his pictures, and sympathised with the imaginary sorrows of his hero, I have no sentiment but concern for his wayward fortunes, and admiration of his genius.



Heavy objections have certainly been made to the morality of his book ; but its beauties are so natural, so bewitching, and so congenial to the feeling heart, that in the contemplation of his excellencies I overlook his defects. *Heloise* accompanied us during our excursion, and we all were equally interested for our fair companion. We beheld with inexpressible delight the many beautiful objects scattered on the banks of this fine lake, heightened by the associations which they have received from the hand of genius : the villages of Clarens and Montreux ; the Castle of Chatillard, the abode of Wolmar ; and the Castle of Chillon, the spot assigned for the fatal catastrophe which closes the history of the amiable Julie ! I was not indeed *so fortunate* as one of my countrymen in discovering the beloved name inscribed on the rocks of Meillerie ; but so judiciously has Rousseau selected, and so warmly has he painted, his scenery, that it requires no ordinary effort of the mind to dissipate the illusions which his magic has raised in this romantic district.

After spending two days at Vevay, we returned to Lausanne by water, enchanted with the beauties which nature has lavished on this part of the noble Lake of Geneva, and more than half regretting that the many pleasing fictions annexed to its scenery were the mere creation of an enthusiastic brain.

The interior of the church of Vevay is rendered interesting to Englishmen, as being the burial-place of the celebrated EDMUND LUDLOW, whose memory is recorded in the following monumental inscription :

*Siste gradum, et respice !*

*Hic jacet EDMUND LUDLOW,  
Gallus natione, provinciæ  
Wiltoniensis, filius Henrici,  
Equestris ordinis, senatorisque  
Parliamenti, cujus quoque fuit  
Ipse membrum. Patrum  
Stemmata clarus et nobilis ;  
Virtute propriâ nobilior ;*

*Religione Protestans,  
Et insigni pietate coruscus  
Ætatis anno XXIII. Tribunus  
Militum, paulo post exercitûs  
Prætor Primarius.*

*Tunc Hybernorum domitor.  
In pugna intrepidus, et vitæ  
Prodigus ; in victoriâ clemens  
Et mansuetus ; patriæ libertatis  
Defensor, et potestatis arbitrariæ  
Oppugnator acerrimus.*

*Cujus causâ, ab eadem patriâ,*

*XXXII. annis extorris  
Meliorique fortunâ dignus*

*Apud Helvetios se recepit ;  
Ibique ætatis anno LXXIII. moriens,  
Omnibus sui desiderium relinquens,  
Sedes æternas lætus advolavit.*

*Hocce monumentum  
In perpetuam veræ et sinceræ  
Erga maritum defunctum*

*Amicitia,*

*Memoriam dicat et vovet*  
 ELISABETH de THOMAS  
*Ejus strenua et mæstissima*  
*Tam in infortuniis,*  
*Quam in matrimonio,*  
*Consors dilectissima:*  
*Quæ animi magnitudine*  
*Et vi amoris conjugalis mota,*  
*Eum Eum in exilium*  
*Usque constanter secuta est.*  
 A. D. 1693.

This celebrated personage was born in the parish adjoining that of my present residence at Stourhead, in Wiltshire. The following particulars relating to him have been preserved by the author of the *Fasti Oxonienses* by WOOD.

EDMOND LUDLOW, of Trinity College. “ This person, who was born at Mayden-Bradley in Wilts, did, “ upon the breaking out of the rebellion; side with the “ presbyterians; became a colonel, governor of Wardour “ Castle, in the same county; one of the prime officers “ of the Parliament army; and at length sate as one of “ the judges, when King Charles the First was condemned to die. Afterwards he went into Ireland, “ where he was lieutenant-general of the army appointed by the Parliament; and lord deputy, for a time, “ upon the death of Ireton. In the time of Oliver, he “ was a major-general, a grand fanatick, and a zealous “ favourer of all such who were anti-monarchical; “ but upon a foresight of the king’s restoration, he fled

“ into a strange land, to avoid the halter; was at Lau-  
 “ sanne, with Goff, Whaley, Fare, when Lisle was  
 “ killed there, in August 1664; and soon after, as ’twas  
 “ then said, he with his wife retired to Zurich. He  
 “ was the son of Sir Henry Ludlow, of Mayden-Bradley,  
 “ knight, elected a knight for his county to serve in  
 “ that Parliament which began at Westminster 3d  
 “ November 1640, where he shewed himself an enemy  
 “ to the king and his party; and dying at Mayden-  
 “ Bradley, 1660, or thereabouts, was there buried. By  
 “ letters dated at London, 19th September 1689. I  
 “ was informed that the said Edmond Ludlow, who had  
 “ lived several years in Switzerland, was daily expected  
 “ at Westminster, with four deputies from the cantons  
 “ to make an offer to his Majesty King William III.  
 “ to raise men in that country for his service. How  
 “ true this is I know not; yet sure I am, that the said  
 “ Ludlow was then in London, and that his being there  
 “ being notoriously known, an address was presented  
 “ to his Majesty from the House of Commons, on the  
 “ 7th of November following, or thereabouts, by the  
 “ hands of Sir Edward Seymour, a member of Par-  
 “ liament, that he would be pleased to put out a  
 “ proclamation for the apprehending of Colonel Ludlow,  
 “ attainted for the murder of King Charles the First,  
 “ &c. Whereupon Ludlow hastening away (as soon  
 “ as he heard of the motion of address) to the sea side,  
 “ lay almost a fortnight concealed, before he could be  
 “ accommodated with a wind, and then returned to  
 “ Switzerland, in the year of his age LXXIV. at least.”



In most of the leading points the inscription agrees with Wood's account, given in the *Fasti*; but I cannot understand what is meant by *natione Gallus*, for he was a native of Wiltshire.

My stay at Lausanne was too short to explore the environs, which appeared to me more beautiful than those of Geneva; the disposition of the ground being more uneven, and the mountains loftier and more romantic.

On Monday 18th September, I returned from Lausanne to Geneva, after an absence of two months. The road between these two places is delightful, running along the banks of the lake, and through pleasant villages. The country is in a high state of cultivation, and prettily chequered with pastures, corn land, and vineyards.

The following table shews the order in which the thirteen cantons are ranked, the period in which they acceded to the Helvetic confederacy, and the religion they severally profess.

1.	Canton of Zurich,	- -	Reformed.	- -	1350
2.	——— of Berne,	- -	The same.	- -	1352
3.	——— of Lucerne	- -	Catholic.	- -	1332
4.	——— of Uri	- - -	The same.	- -	1315
5.	——— of Schweitz,	-	The same.	- -	1315
6.	——— of Underwalden,		The same.	- -	1315
7.	——— of Zug,	- - -	The same.	- -	1352
8.	——— of Glarus,	- -	Mixed.	- - -	1352
9.	——— of Bâle,	- - -	Reformed.	- -	1501
10.	——— of Fribourg,	-	Catholic.	- -	1481
11.	——— of Soleure,	- -	The same.	- -	1481

12.	Canton of Schaffhausen,	Reformed.	- -	1501
13.	——— of Appenzel	Mixed.	- - -	1513

The first eight are called the old cantons, because the last five were incorporated at a more recent period.

To this table I shall add the amount of the contingents which each of the cantons and their allies or dependencies are respectively bound to furnish, in order to make up the national army, which is fixed at an establishment of thirteen thousand four hundred men. When additional forces are necessary, the augmentation is made in the same proportion. This table may also serve as a comparative scale of the population.

1.	Canton of Zurich	- - - - -	1400 men.
2.	——— of Berne	- - - - -	2000
3.	——— of Lucerne	- - - - -	1200
4.	——— of Uri	- - - - -	400
5.	——— of Schwitz	- - - - -	600
6.	——— of Unterwalden	- - - - -	400
7.	——— of Zug	- - - - -	400
8.	——— of Glarus	- - - - -	400
9.	——— of Bâle	- - - - -	400
10.	——— of Fribourg	- - - - -	800
11.	——— of Soleure	- - - - -	600
12.	——— of Schaffhausen	- - - - -	400
13.	——— of Appenzel	- - - - -	600

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9600

Allies, and subject Provinces.

Abbey of St. Gallen	- - - - -	1000
Town of St. Gallen	- - - - -	200

Town of Bienne	- - - - -	200
Lugano	- - - - -	400
Locarno	- - - - -	200
Mendrisio	- - - - -	100
Val Maggio	- - - - -	100
The free bailliages	- - - - -	300
Sargans	- - - - -	300
Thurgau	- - - - -	600
Baden	- - - - -	200
Rheinthal	- - - - -	200
		<hr/>
		3800
The thirteen Cantons	- - -	9600
		<hr/>
		13,400

The leisure and retirement which I enjoyed after my return to Geneva, enabled me to devote more time and attention to the history and revolutions of this country, than it was possible to do during the course of my long and interesting excursion, when my mind was sufficiently occupied in examining the works of nature.

That tract of country, which is now comprised under the name of Switzerland, was anciently called *Helvetia*, and its inhabitants *Helvetii*. Its divisions, according to Cæsar, were the *Pagus Urbigenus*, and the *Pagus Tigurinus*. To these Strabo and other writers added two more, *Pagus Ambronicus*, and *Pagus Tugenus*. How the territories of each district were subdivided, is unknown; and few of the ancient towns can now be traced by the help of modern appellations. But *Aven-*

*ticum*, now Avenche, is supposed to have been the capital; and the conjecture appears to rest on a solid foundation, as is evident from the remains of the ancient walls, and the numerous fragments of Roman sculpture which have been discovered within its circuit or vicinity.

The boundaries of *Helvetia*, as marked by Cæsar, differ little from those of Switzerland; its limits on one side are the Lake of Geneva and the river Rhone, on another the Rhine, and on the third the chain of the Jura mountains.

The high antiquity of the *Helvetii* is ascertained by Pliny, who mentions an irruption which they made into Italy, in the time of Ancus Martius. But little was known of them till Julius Cæsar, by carrying his victorious arms into the recesses of their mountains, became at once their conqueror and earliest historian. He informs us that these tribes attempted to penetrate into the Roman province of Gaul, with their families and cattle, in search of better habitations than their own. But their brave though untutored warriors, being unable to cope with his disciplined legions, were speedily defeated, and compelled to seek for refuge and safety in those very mountains which they had deserted. They shortly after underwent the common fate of the neighbouring nations, by being subjected to the Roman domination, under which they continued till the decline of Imperial Rome enabled them to shake off the yoke.

A long period of darkness and barbarism ensued, during which the records even of the most favoured and enlightened nations become obscure and defective. Still less, therefore, can we expect to trace the fate of the



Helvetii, a people, who, as a punning German author observes, were more expert in handling the battle-axe than the pen, more accustomed to exercise the javelin than the *stilus*. *Bipennem felicius quam pennam versare, pibum quam stilum frequentius vibrare, didicerunt.*

At the beginning of the fifth century, the mighty empire of Rome, which affected to identify its boundaries with those of the world, *Romani spatium urbis et orbis idem*, became the prey of innumerable hordes of barbarians; who, rushing from every quarter, swept away its institutions, and levelled its proudest works in the dust. At this crisis Helvetia became the spoil of the Germans on one side, and of the Burgundians on the other. The internal divisions of the latter, however, afforded the Franks an opportunity to obtain possession of the Helvetian territories; and for a period of three hundred and forty years they continued dependent on the crown of France, till 888, when this powerful monarchy was dismembered, in consequence of the deposition of Charles le Gros. The next important change occurs in 1032, when the last king of Burgundy died, leaving Conrad emperor of Germany his heir. Helvetia was then annexed to the German empire, of which it formed a part for nearly two centuries. When that empire in its turn began to decline, in consequence of the weakness or absence of its chiefs, a new species of government arose in Helvetia, as in other quarters. The nobles and ecclesiastics encroached on the rights and prerogatives of the emperors; many of the bishops changed their sees into principalities, and many of the

nobles appropriated earldoms, with privileges and immunities, which rendered them in a manner independent.\*

During the troubles of Germany in the twelfth century, Peter count of Savoy seized the valuable district of the Pays de Vaud, except that part which belonged to the Bishop of Lausanne. The Counts of Burgundy, Maurienne, and Provence, the Dauphins of the Viennois, and the Dukes of Zähringen, followed the example of the Count of Savoy, in dismembering other parts of this country; which was thus divided among many sovereigns, never again to be re-united under the same government. The anarchy which prevailed in Germany, soon began to extend its baneful effects over Helvetia. No settled form of government could long subsist in a country filled with nobles and ecclesiastics, each the petty tyrant of his own district, and acknowledging no superior. All being animated with the same zeal to enlarge their boundaries and extend their power, the history of this period presents nothing but a melancholy detail of mutual aggressions, and endless acts of cruelty and violence towards the defenceless villages. At length the oppressions of the higher orders provoked a spirit of resistance among the commonalty, who began to associate together in order to acquire that security by union, which they could not obtain from the protection of their lords. Accordingly, the canton of Berne concluded an alliance with that of

\* Among the bishoprics which underwent this change, were those of Constance, Bâle, Lausanne, and Sion. Among the counties or earldoms, those of Neuchâtel, Valengin, Altenbourg or Hapsbourg, Kybourg, Lenzbourg, Aarberg, Nidau, Thun, Thierstein, &c.

Fribourg in the year 1243; and in 1250, with the Valais. In 1251, Zurich, Uri, and Schweitz followed the example. The intent of these alliances was to form a power sufficiently great to resist the oppressions of the nobles, which became daily more galling, and weighed on every part of the country; as is evident from the numerous fortresses and strong holds dispersed over the mountains in every direction, and in situations almost inaccessible. These confederacies, however, proving ineffectual, no resource remained, but to employ the power of the superior nobles against each other. Accordingly, they solicited the protection of Rhodolph count of Hapsburgh, assigned him an annual revenue, and vested him with the exercise of *haute et basse justice* in criminal causes; reserving, at the same time, their other rights and privileges.

Whether Rhodolph was influenced by a natural partiality towards his own order, or whether he was diverted by the complicated concerns of the German empire, to the head of which he was afterwards raised; it appears that the protection which the Helvetians had so warmly solicited did not produce all the desired effect. But though partially disappointed in their hopes of protection, they had, at least, no cause to complain of the severity of his government. Circumstances, however, were essentially changed under his son and successor Albert, who gave early proofs of his hostile disposition towards his Helvetian dependents. This aversion has been ascribed by historians to the following causes: first, to the part which some of those people took in a dispute between him and Adolphus of Nassau,



his competitor for the throne of the empire; secondly, to the resistance they made against his attempt to appropriate the whole territory of Switzerland, and divide it among his numerous issue, amounting to no less than twenty-one sons and daughters.

By the promise of future favour and reward, the nobles were easily won over to support his designs; but he was not equally successful with the clergy, or the towns which had gained their independence. A few, however, espoused his cause, and gave him an accession of territory, particularly Lucerne, Zug, and Glarus. Able negociators were despatched to the three ancient cantons of Uri, Schweitz, and Underwalden, which had most strenuously maintained their independence. They, however, employed in vain all the resources of art, flattery, and address; though received with respect and attention, they were unable to conquer the love of liberty which warmed the bosoms of the hardy mountaineers.

Foiled in this attempt, the restless and ambitious Albert employed other means to attain his object. He sent as governors, or bailiffs, into different parts of the country, unprincipled and ferocious dependents; men capable of executing any deed which his vengeance or tyranny could suggest. The pretext was plausible, namely, to distribute justice, and relieve oppression; but the real design became soon evident. The people petitioned for the re-establishment of the bailiffs appointed by the empire, though without effect. Fresh governors were despatched, with strict orders to reduce their respective districts to submission; and if mildness



and persuasion failed, to recur to severity. The oppressions of these officers extorted new remonstrances, though with as little success as the first. The complainants were apprised, that submission would secure to them the good offices of the Emperor; but obstinacy in the defence of their privileges would only draw down on them the heaviest effects of his resentment. The Swiss states, however, continued firm, and the oppressions of their governors became daily more flagrant; each striving to vie with the others in rapine, lust, cruelty, and injustice; and singling out the most strenuous opponents of the house of Austria, as their devoted victims. Among the almost incredible instances of this petty tyranny, which deform the page of history, I shall select only two.

Peregrinus de Laudenberg, one of the Austrian governors, sent a servant to the house of Henry de Melchthal, one of the most industrious peasants of the district, with orders to take away two of his oxen by force. The act of plunder was resisted by the owner, who was conscious of having merited no punishment; but the governor's officer fulfilled his orders, insolently declaring that the peasantry had no need of oxen, being themselves sufficiently strong to draw the plough. Arnold, the son of Melchthal, did not however quietly acquiesce; he attacked the officer, and having well beaten him, escaped. Unable to seize the youth, the governor wreaked his vengeance on the aged parent, ordered him to be brought to the castle, caused his eyes to be torn out, and in this dreadful state of suffering sent him back to his cottage.

A second act of violence, of a different kind, was committed by another of the Austrian governors. Being requested by one of his subjects to execute some act of justice, he availed himself of the opportunity to indulge his own abominable lust. He desired the petitioner to wait; repaired instantly to his house; and having signified his desires to the wife, ordered a bath to be prepared. The woman affected to comply, and requested leave to undress in an adjoining apartment; but profited by the permission to apprise her husband of her danger. He returned before the villain had time to quit the bath, and with one stroke of an axe severed his head from his body.

Exasperated by repeated acts of cruelty and oppression, the people were ripe for revolt, and impatiently waited for leaders to animate and direct their efforts. Such leaders were at length found, and a plan was formed for the expulsion of their tyrants, and the recovery of their independence. It appears to have originated with a baron of Alting, whose generous spirit had been roused by the insults and injuries which he had experienced from the Austrian governors. He communicated his design to Werner Staffauch, of Schweitz, a native of Underwalden; who imparted the secret in his turn to his friend Walter Furst, of Uri. They were joined by Arnold de Melchthal, of Underwalden, who was eager to avenge the barbarity exercised on his venerable father.

This is a crisis truly interesting not merely in the history of Helvetia, but in the annals of mankind. Hitherto we have observed a brave and industrious

people, patiently submitting to their wrongs, till urged beyond the limits of human forbearance. We now see them turn on their oppressors with all the energy of injured innocence ; maintain a long and arduous conflict with superior power ; and at length, by a series of heroic deeds, regain their darling independence, and rise to a high and enviable place among the states of Europe.

Bold, enterprising, and united by friendship and misfortune, the three patriot chiefs matured their plans for the deliverance of their country. After binding themselves by the most solemn obligation to keep their mutual counsel, and allure to their party those of their neighbours and friends in whom they could confide, they returned to their respective homes to prepare the means of execution. On a fixed day each appeared at the appointed place, accompanied by those associates whom the same noble cause had animated and united. Again their alliance was solemnly renewed, and their preliminary arrangements completed. At a second meeting the number of confederates was deemed sufficient ; and the 14th of October, 1307, proposed for the general explosion of the plot. But objections being started by the deputies of Underwalden, who urged the necessity of previously securing the strong fortress of Sarnen and Rotzberg, the eventful day was fixed for the first of January 1308. The assembly then broke up, and each returned to his own canton to prepare for the glorious epoch of liberty and independence.

In the awful interval an event occurred, which might have rendered all their plans abortive, had not the character of the people been too temperate to be easily



roused into tumult, and the chiefs too cool and circumspect to hazard the fate of their country by an ill-concerted and premature attempt. Gessler, governor of Uri, who was inferior to none of his colleagues in cruelty, violence, or caprice, caused a pole to be fixed in the market-place of Altorff, the capital, on which his hat was placed, and every passenger enjoined to pay it obedience, by uncovering the head and bending the knee. Fearing the vengeance of the tyrant, many paid the exacted homage to this new-raised idol. But William Tell, a spirited and intrepid young man, and one of the conspirators, disdained to submit to his capricious insolence, and frequently traversed the market-place without the accustomed reverence. He was, in consequence, summoned into the governor's presence, and ordered to explain the motives of his conduct. Tell at first pleaded ignorance of the order, but the governor, either suspecting his sincerity or his allegiance, resolved to punish him by a singular and cruel expedient. He ordered his favourite son to be conducted to the market-place, and an apple placed on his head. At this the father was to shoot with his cross-bow, on the condition, that if he missed the mark his own life should be forfeited. On the appointed day, the governor and his train appeared in the market, amidst multitudes of people, who crowded to witness the event. The requisite preparations were made, and the afflicted father waited only the tyrant's signal. With trembling hands he took the arrow from his quiver; the bow was bent; the arrow flew; and the apple was pierced. Acclamations of joy burst from the anxious multitude; while rage and



disappointment tortured the tyrant's breast. Revolving in his mind some new contrivance for revenge, his eager eye glanced on a second arrow, which still remained in the quiver of Tell. Observing that one would have been sufficient for the trial of his skill, he demanded why he reserved the second, promising him a free and instant pardon if he assigned the true reason, whatever his intention might have been. Tell, agitated with a tumult of contending passions, hastily replied, "Had the first arrow deprived a father of his beloved son, the second should have avenged him by piercing a tyrant's heart!"

Still more enraged with this spirited reply, the faithless governor declared, that although he should fulfil the promise to spare his life, he would expiate this new offence by confinement in a dungeon for the remainder of his days. Tell was accordingly bound and put on board a vessel, and the governor himself embarked to enforce the rigorous execution of the sentence. But during their voyage to the Castle of Kussnacht, on the banks of the Lake of Lucerne, the place selected as the prison, a violent storm arose, and from the ignorance of the boatmen the vessel was exposed to the most imminent danger. The governor being informed that Tell was an expert mariner, ordered him to be unbound and placed at the helm. With some difficulty he extricated the vessel from its perilous situation, and by degrees steered it towards the shore. Observing a projecting rock, which offered him an opportunity to escape, he leaped on it with great agility, and gained the land. Without a pilot, the vessel became the sport of the

waves, and was again in danger of sinking. At last the boatmen reached the shore, at a place called Brunnen, where Gessler landed, and pursued his journey towards Kussnacht. But the revenge of Tell was not yet satiated, *manet allâ mente repostâ, Gessleri injuria*. Knowing the road through which the governor must pass, Tell concealed himself in ambush, and immediately on his appearance, shot him to the heart, and escaped amidst the mountains.

To commemorate these events, two small chapels have been built: one on the spot where Tell leaped from the boat; the other where he slew the governor. These are shewn to every stranger, with patriotic enthusiasm, by the guides. In the market-place of Altorff is a statue of Tell, in the act of shooting; and as I have before observed, the cross-bow is still among the instruments of diversion used by the youths of the neighbourhood.

Before the report of the governor's death could be circulated, Tell repaired to his friends the allies, and pressed them to seize the moment for revolt; but the more prudent among them, wisely judging that his late attempt would be considered only as the daring act of an injured individual, prevailed on their associates to wait with patience the appointed day.

The great, the important day, big with the fate of Helvetia, at length shone forth. No sooner did the morning dawn, of the 1st of January 1308, than the cantons of Uri, Schwitz, and Unterwalden flew to arms; and the strong castles of Sarnen and Rotzberg were surprised by the following stratagems. As the peasants were accustomed to make an annual present of

corn and other provisions to their respective governors the first day of the new year, the conspirators availed themselves of the custom to dress up a sufficient number of able men in the habits of peasants, with arms concealed, who entered the Castle of Sarnen, under the specious pretence of delivering the annual present, and soon overpowered the small force with which it was garrisoned. A stratagem of a different kind was equally successful at Rotzberg. One of the confederates had carried on an intrigue with the female servant of the governor; and as he could not enter at the gate, his mistress was accustomed to let down a cord from her window, by which he ascended. On the appointed night the gallant went to the castle, attended by twenty of his resolute comrades, and having gained admission in the usual manner, introduced the chosen band. The governor's servants were overpowered; and the castle gates were kept shut till the success of the enterprise against Sarnen was known. The allies of Uri and Schweitz were no less fortunate than their brave associates of Underwalden: the fortresses of Zwing, Uri, and Louvertz were captured; and the two last, being deemed useless, were levelled to the ground.

The governors, thus unexpectedly surprised, and hopeless of relief, took to flight; but were soon arrested by the vigilant allies. They, however, contented themselves with conducting their persecutors to the frontier, and there bound them by a solemn oath never to return: a singular instance of moderation in a people exasperated by a long series of wanton oppressions. Thus by the well-concerted plans of three individuals was this

extraordinary revolution effected without bloodshed; and by the joint efforts of the three cantons, to which they respectively belonged, were the foundations laid of the celebrated Helvetic confederacy, which gave a new and powerful state to the civilized world!

At the moment when the infant republic was rising into existence, the arm of Providence appeared to be stretched forth for its preservation. The ambitious and tyrannical Albert hastily collected an army to chastise the insurgents, and restore his power; but on reaching the frontier he was assassinated by his nephew, John duke of Suabia, whose inheritance he had usurped. Disputes arose in his family; and while the attention of his eldest son was diverted by an attempt to secure the imperial crown, the youngest was employed in wreaking his personal vengeance on all those who were suspected of being concerned in the murder of his father. Inheriting all the defects and vices of his parent, he is stigmatised with a deeper degree of infamy for his superior enormities. Unrestrained either by principle or compassion, he recurred to indiscriminate slaughter as the readiest means of sating at once his thirst of blood and rapacity. By his order two hundred nobles, the friends or relations of the assassins, were put to death within the short space of two days, and their property confiscated. Nor did his cruelty end here; for he spared not the infant at the breast, or the embryo in the womb, lest a future avenger should arise. But let us not dwell on such revolting atrocities; let us lament that such a monster should ever have existed to disgrace humanity!



An awful interval of near seven years elapsed, during which the Austrian princes were engaged in contests for the imperial throne; first with Henry of Luxemburgh, and on his death, with Louis of Bavaria. Of this respite the confederates availed themselves to place their country in a state of defence. They endeavoured, also, to diminish the influence of the Austrian princes, by espousing the cause of Louis, their competitor for the empire. At length, however, the threatened storm burst upon their frontier. Towards the close of 1315, Leopold, the second son of the deceased Albert, assembled an army of 20,000 men, to reduce them to obedience. To give the colour of religion to his cause, he availed himself of a dispute between the canton of Schweitz and the Abbot of Einsidlin. Under pretence of enforcing the sentence of excommunication which had been fulminated by the Abbot, he directed the march of his formidable army against the three most vulnerable points of the Swiss frontier. A column of 1000 men was to make a diversion on the side of Stantz; a second of 4000 to pass from Oberhasli, over mount Brunig, into Underwalden; and he himself led the main body, of 15,000, to penetrate by the pass of Morgarten, on the border of Lake Egeri.

To resist this invasion the three cantons could only collect a force of 1400 men. But, like the Lacedæmonians, who defended the pass of Thermopylæ, this chosen band consisted of men hardy, brave, and determined to conquer or die in the sacred cause of liberty and independence. They prepared themselves for the conflict by a day of fasting and prayer; and

after this solemn appeal to that Being whose arm alone giveth victory, they took post on the heights commanding the pass of Morgarten. At this junction fifty of their countrymen, who had been banished for their crimes, presented themselves to the chiefs, and offered to expiate their offences by assisting in the common cause. Their proposal was declined: but anxious to shew the sincerity of their repentance, they occupied an eminence overhanging the very entrance of the pass, to make the first effort against the invading host.

At the dawn of November the 16th, 1315, the Austrian column was descried, stretching its long array by the side of the lake, and headed by Duke Leopold himself, accompanied by the Abbot of Einsidlin. They were no sooner advanced into the pass, than the fifty exiles raised a shout, and suddenly hurled down fragments of rock, which crushed many of the cavalry, and threw the whole body into disorder. The allies instantly profited by the decisive moment, rushed from the heights, and by a rapid and vigorous charge gained a victory, which can scarcely be paralleled in Greek or Roman history. Numbers of the Austrian troops were driven into the lake, others were trampled to death, or slain in the rout; and the Duke escaped with difficulty to Winterthur, exhausted with fatigue, and overwhelmed with chagrin and alarm. The two collateral attacks were repelled with little difficulty by the victorious confederates; and before the close of this eventful day, the storm which had lowered so fearfully on their frontiers at the dawn, was totally dissipated.

The signal victory at Morgarten sealed the perpetual alliance of the three cantons, which was renewed and confirmed on the 17th of December 1315. From that period some historians conjecture that the Swiss assumed their present appellation, in honour of the district of Schweitz, which was the scene of this memorable conflict. Having frustrated the threatened invasion, their first measure was to sue for the protection of the Emperor Louis, to whom they sent deputies, justifying their conduct. He accordingly confirmed their privileges, and appointed them a governor, but declared that none except a native should fill the office.

Still, however, the Austrian princes, united with the Abbot of Einsidlin, endeavoured to vindicate their tarnished honour, and regain their lost authority. But each succeeding effort terminated in new disgrace, and accelerated the union of the Helvetic states in one general confederacy. In 1332, Lucerne threw off the irksome yoke of the Austrian government, and sought an alliance with the three cantons. In 1351, the town of Zurich renounced that fidelity to the House of Austria which had been repaid only by a long series of vexations. The nobles, assisted by a lawless banditti, having harassed and plundered many of the neighbouring places, the people of Zurich united with those of St. Gallen, Constance, and Basle, to resist their oppressors. John of Hapsburgh, lord of Rapperschwyl, espoused the cause of the nobles, and formed a project for surprising Zurich; but it was detected and frustrated at the moment of execution; he himself was made prisoner; and the town of Rapperschwyl captured and razed.

To secure themselves against the resentment of the Austrian princes, the burghers of Zurich immediately united themselves with the four confederated cantons.

Albert, the head of the Austrian house, assembled his forces, and laid siege to Zurich, but without effect; and an attempt made by his sister Agnes queen of Hungary to mediate an accommodation was equally fruitless. Meanwhile the Swiss reduced that tract of country, which now forms the canton of Glarus; and imitating the policy of the Romans, rendered the conquered people their allies, by incorporating them with the general confederacy in 1352. The same year Zug was added to the union; and in the following, the canton of Berne adopted the same expedient to relieve itself from the tyranny of the nobles. In this state the Helvetic confederacy continued for the space of an hundred and thirty years; consisting of eight members, now called, by way of distinction, the eight ancient cantons. In 1481, Fribourg and Soleure were added: in 1501, Basle and Schaffhausen; and in 1513, Appenzel, having purchased its freedom from the Abbot of St. Gallen, completed the number of thirteen states; of which the republic is still composed.

For several succeeding centuries the thirteen cantons maintained that liberty and independence, which they had so bravely and so dearly purchased. Abroad they sustained their national character for courage and fidelity; and for industry and honesty, at home; and exhibited the singular spectacle of a people, military without war, respected without armies, and active, thriving, and contented, notwithstanding all the disadvantages of natural situation.



*POSTSCRIPT.*

THE traveller who has visited Switzerland in the period of its prosperity and happiness, cannot recall to mind the beauty and grandeur of its romantic scenery; the general air of cheerfulness, content, and industry, which enlivened its verdant hills, and lovely vales; and the captivating simplicity of manners which marked the character of its people; without a melancholy retrospect on its recent fall, and affecting fate.

Placed between the two mighty and rival empires of France and Austria, this singular republic owed much of its safety and political consideration to their jarring interests and mutual jealousies. Whatever destroyed the balance must have essentially influenced its fate; and in the ordinary vicissitudes of human affairs, the time would at length have arrived, when it must have relinquished that honourable independence, and respected rank, which it had long maintained among civilized nations. In our days, however, the crisis has been accelerated by a new and stupendous revolution, which, with the ancient institutions of great part of the continent, has swept away the laws, the happiness, and the independence of a country, which no one ever beheld without admiration, nor quitted without regret.

Connected with France by friendship, by alliance, and by a long and intimate intercourse, the Helvetic cantons witnessed, without apparent alarm, the progress of the revolutionary war, and the fall or humiliation of the surrounding states; and preserved their neutrality,

at a time when their accession to the confederacy of the continental powers would have opened the most vulnerable part of the French frontier.

At length when the Treaty of Campo Formio had established the colossal power of the French republic, when every state except England had withdrawn from the contest, the rulers of France began to manifest the designs they had long fostered against Switzerland; and for the execution of which they had prepared the way, by means of affiliated societies, and propagators of revolt. Adopting the plan of a new political balance between what they affected to term the representative and non-representative systems of government, they formed the design of establishing a series of dependent republics, as outworks to cover their own frontier, and to diminish the weight of the monarchical states. Such were the Batavian, Ligurian, and Cisalpine republics; and the link wanting to complete the chain was Switzerland, whose central situation and natural strength rendered it, in a manner, the citadel of Europe.

Accordingly they employed their usual machinations to spread divisions among the Swiss states, and to excite commotions in the different districts, particularly in the aristo-democratical cantons, and some of the dependent bailliages; where a defective, rather than oppressive, system of administration gave ample scope to intrigue. They next sought pretexts for a rupture, by demanding first the dismissal of the emigrants, who had found in Switzerland an asylum from the revolutionary storm; and next of the British minister, Mr.

Wickham, whose sole object they declared was to excite plots against the internal and external security of the French republic. Finally, as the price of forbearance, they demanded from each of the cantons the abolition of their respective governments, and the formation of a new constitution on the basis of universal suffrage and general eligibility. Collaterally with this indirect aggression, they fomented an insurrection in the *Pays de Vaud*; while a body of troops from the Cisalpine republic invaded the canton of Uri.

The disclosure of these hostile designs appeared for a moment to awaken the slumbering genius of the Helvetic republic. On the second of January 1788, a general diet was assembled at Arau. All the cantons, except Basle, renewed the solemn oath of confederacy; and a double contingent of troops was ordered to take the field, in defence of the national independence.

But frail are oaths and pledges, without a spirit of union, and a conformity of views and interests. Basle had absolutely withdrawn from the confederacy, Schaffhausen adopted a revolutionary government, and Zurich with the other aristocratical cantons, were preparing to follow the example. At this awful moment, when the march of a French army threatened the western frontier, insurrections broke out in the *Pays de Vaud*; the troops rose into mutiny; the heads of the state were divided by jealousy, alarm, and proneness to change; and even the government of Berne, on which the fate of Switzerland depended, was without union and without energy. In vain the avoyer Steiguer, General d'Erlach, and a few enlightened patriots, en-

deavoured to awaken their colleagues to a sense of danger. Their representations excited only a temporary spirit, and eventually contributed to increase the confusion and vacillations of a tottering government. After admitting the delegates of the people to a share of authority, the rulers of Berne endeavoured to avert the impending invasion, by a partial change in the constitution; and concluded with the French commander Brune an armistice of fourteen days, till the pleasure of the Directory could be known.

The total dismemberment of the *Pays de Vaud*, and the gradual approach of the French forces, gave a temporary preponderance to d'Erlach and his friends. Twenty thousand militia were assembled; the forces of Soleure and Fribourg joined the standard of Berne; and the contingents of the other cantons were drawing to the vicinity of the army. D'Erlach was confirmed in the command, and vested with full powers to commence offensive operations on the expiration of the armistice.

At this moment, however, a new series of vacillations ensued. The magistrates of Berne recalled the powers they had granted to d'Erlach, and commenced a negotiation with the French commander. Disappointed in their hopes of averting the threatened storm, they again authorised their general to act; and again suspended his operations, on the prospect of a partial accommodation. These multiplied proofs of hesitation and weakness excited an alarming commotion. The troops, incensed by orders and counter-orders, considered themselves as betrayed by their chiefs; some refused to march; others



revolted; the generals were without concert; and the officers knew not whom to obey.

In this deplorable situation they were attacked by the French. Several of their posts were forced after a desperate resistance; and Soleure and Fribourg reduced by threats and artifice to surrender. D'Erlach had no other alternative than to retire, and concentrate his diminished army to cover Berne. But this retreat produced the most disastrous effects among troops who never before beheld their native soil polluted by the footsteps of an enemy. They again broke into mutiny; many sunk into sullen despondency; some massacred their officers; and others abandoned their posts. The confusion and alarm was increased by the signal for the *landsturm*; which overspread the roads with disorderly crowds of unarmed peasants, women, and children.

In the midst of these horrors a revolution took place at Berne. The magistrates were compelled to abdicate; and a provisional regency was established, to organize a new form of government. Another attempt to conciliate the French commander proving fruitless, orders were again given for a decisive engagement. On the dissolution of the government the venerable avoyer Steiguer solemnly delivered up the insignia of his office; and with his family and friends repaired to the army, which was preparing to make a last, though hopeless, effort in defence of expiring liberty.

On the morning of the 5th of March, the eventful conflict took place: before the dawn the attack commenced along the whole line of the Swiss posts. Notwithstanding a vast disparity of numbers, this band of illustrious

patriots fought with a spirit worthy of the descendants of those who had triumphed at Morgarten, Sempach, and Nancy. But little could bravery avail against superior force and consummate skill. After four desperate conflicts, they sustained a fifth under the walls of Berne, and did not give way till they were totally broken and overwhelmed. Berne surrendered on the first summons, and a tree of liberty, the symbol of revolution, was planted in the market-place.

Undismayed with defeat, Steiguer and d'Erlach hastened in disguise, through crowds of the disordered soldiery, towards the mountains of Hasli and Oberland, to collect the shattered forces, and make a new and desperate effort. But the veteran general was recognised; and in the fury inspired by defeat, and the suspicion of treachery, was massacred by his own retreating troops. Steiguer escaped into the Austrian territories, though happily he did not long survive the fall of his country.

A. D. 1814. Again the sun of liberty begins to dawn upon the mountains of Helvetia; and by the wise and generous co-operation of the allied powers of Russia, Austria, Prussia, Sweden, and England, Europe has broke asunder its degrading fetters, and once more reasserted its just rights and independence. Long may it continue to enjoy the invaluable blessing of liberty! and may the sad experience of the last twenty years prove a useful lesson to all sovereigns, by teaching them to confine their ambitious projects within certain bounds; and by consulting the interests of their own subjects, ensure a lasting continuance of peace and prosperity, both to themselves and to their nation!



## ITINERARY FROM LYON,

TO

AVIGNON, MONTPELLIER, BARCELONA, MARSEILLES,  
LEGHORN, AND FLORENCE.

<i>Stages.</i>	<i>Posts.</i>	<i>Inns.</i>
LYON to St. Fond - - - - -	1	Bad.
St. Symphorien - - - - -	1	Bad.
Vienne - - - - -	1½	Good.
Auberive - - - - -	2	Bad.
Roussillon - - - - -	2	Tolerable.
St. Rambert - - - - -	1½	Bad.
St. Vallier - - - - -	1½	Good.
Tain - - - - -	1½	Ditto.
Valence - - - - -	2½	Ditto.
La Paillasse - - - - -	1½	Bad.
L'Oriol - - - - -	1½	Ditto.
Laine - - - - -	1½	Ditto.
Montelimart - - - - -	1½	Good.
Douzere - - - - -	2	Bad.
Pierre Latte - - - - -	1	Good.
La Palu - - - - -	1	Good.



	<i>Stages.</i>	<i>Posts.</i>	<i>Inns.</i>
Mornas	- - - - -	1½	Bad.
Orange	- - - - -	1½	Good.
Courtezon	- - - - -	1	Tolerable.
AVIGNON	- - - - -	2½	Good.
Vaucluse, and back	- - -	7	
Remoulins	- - - - -	3½	Bad.
St. Gervasy	- - - - -	1	Ditto.
NISMES	- - - - -	1	Good.
Uchault	- - - - -	1½	Bad.
Lunel	- - - - -	1½	Tolerable.
Colombières	- - - - -	1	Bad.
MONTPELLIER	- - - - -	1½	Tolerable.
Fabrégues	- - - - -	1½	Bad.
Gigean	- - - - -	1	Ditto.
Meze	- - - - -	1½	Ditto.
Pezénas	- - - - -	2	Good.
Begùde de Jordy	- - - - -	1	Bad.
Béziers	- - - - -	1½	Good.
Nissan	- - - - -	1	Bad.
Narbonne	- - - - -	2	Good.
Sijean	- - - - -	2½	Bad.
Fiton	- - - - -	2	Ditto.
Salces	- - - - -	1	Ditto.
Perpignan	- - - - -	2	Good.
Boulou	- - - - -	2½	Bad.
La Jonquiere	- - - - -	1½	Tolerable.
SPAIN—Figueras	- - - - -	3	Ditto.
Bascura and Girona	- - -	8	Ditto.
Peneda	- - - - -	10	Ditto.

	<i>Stages.</i>	<i>Posts.</i>	<i>Inns.</i>
BARCELONA	- - - - -	10	Very good, Trois Rois.
Montserrat	- - - - -	10	
Back to Barcelona	- - - - -	10	
La Jonquiere	- - - - -	31	
Boulou	- - - - -	1½	
Perpignan	- - - - -	2½	
MONTPELLIER	- - - - -	19	
Nismes	- - - - -	5½	
Curbussot	- - - - -	1½	Bad.
Tarascon	- - - - -	1½	Good.
St. Remy	- - - - -	2	Ditto.
Orgon	- - - - -	2	Bad.
Pont Royal	- - - - -	2	Good.
St. Cannat	- - - - -	2	Bad.
AIX	- - - - -	2	Good.
Au Pin	- - - - -	2	Bad.
MARSEILLES	- - - - -	2	Hôtel du Parc.
Aubagne	- - - - -	2	Bad.
Cuges	- - - - -	1½	La Poste.
Au Bausset	- - - - -	2	Bad.
TOULON	- - - - -	2	Croix de Malte.
Cuers	- - - - -	2½	Tolerable.
Pignan	- - - - -	2	Bad,
Luc	- - - - -	2	Ditto.
Vidauban	- - - - -	1½	Ditto.
Au Muy	- - - - -	1½	Tolerable.
Frejus	- - - - -	2	La Poste.
L'Esterel	- - - - -	2	Very Bad.

	<i>Stages.</i>	<i>Posts.</i>	<i>Inns.</i>
Antibes	- - - - -	2½	L'Aigle d'Or.
NICE	- - - - -	3	Hotel d'Angleterre.
		<hr/>	
		98½	

*Leagues.*

From Nice to Genoa, by sea	40
to Lerice - -	20

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60 — 180 English Miles.

	<i>Stages.</i>	<i>Posts.</i>	<i>Inns.</i>
From Lerice to Leseno	- -	1	Bad.
Lavenza	- - - - -	1	Ditto.
Massa	- - - - -	1	Tolerable.
Pietra Santa	- - - - -	1	Good.
Via Reggio	- - - - -	1	Bad.
Torretta	- - - - -	1	Ditto.
PISA	- - - - -	1	Good.
LIVORNO, or LEGHORN	- -	2	Ditto.
PISA	- - - - -	2	Ditto.
LUCCA	- - - - -	2	Ditto.
Borgobugiano	- - - - -	1½	Bad.
Pistoia	- - - - -	2	Good.
Prato	- - - - -	1½	Bad.
FIRENZE, or FLORENCE	- -	1½	Good.
		<hr/>	
		20½	

## DISTANCES.

	<i>Posts.</i>	<i>Eng. Miles.</i>
Lyon to Avignon - - - - -	30	150
Avignon to La Jonquiere - -	41	205
La Jonquiere to Barcelona, Montserrat, and back - -	82	246
La Jonquiere to Marseilles -	$45\frac{1}{2}$	$227\frac{1}{2}$
Marseilles to Nice - - -	28	152
Nice to Lerice, by sea - - -	60 <i>l.</i>	180
Lerice, by Leghorn, to Florence	$20\frac{1}{2}$ <i>posts</i> , $130\frac{1}{2}$	
		<hr/> 1291



ITINERARY FROM LYON,  
THROUGH  
AVIGNON, MONTPELLIER, BARCELONA, MARSEILLES,  
AND LEGHORN,  
TO  
FLORENCE.

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**O**N Monday the 16th of October 1786, I quitted Lyon, in company with my relative Mr. Lyttelton, and passed through Vienne, the capital of Lower Dauphiné. This town still exhibits many remains of Roman antiquity; among which are a triumphal arch, and an amphitheatre. Near the road is an ancient building, called *l'Aiguille*, or Needle, resembling in form an obelisk, supported by four arches, and supposed to have been a sepulchral monument. The river Rhone flows close to the walls of Vienne. In the evening we arrived at Roussillon. The country which we traversed was cultivated with corn and vines, and the roads tolerably good in dry weather. At Vienne is a manufactory of steel work.

Tuesday 17th October. Departing from Roussillon early in the morning, we closed our day's journey at Montelimart. The country between St. Vallier and

Tain is agreeable; near the latter place the much-esteemed Hermitage wine is produced. Between Tain and Valence we crossed the Isère, which flows from Grenoble, and is lost in the Rhone near Valence. The hills in this neighbourhood are rocky and barren; but the soil bears vines and corn, and is well shaded with walnut trees. Under the modern name of Valence, we discover the appellation of *Valencia*, a colony in the Roman times. Our road frequently skirted the bank of the Rhone, which is rendered truly interesting by the ruins of several ancient castles.

Wednesday 18th October. Leaving Montelimart in the morning, we dined at Orange, and in the evening reached Avignon. At Orange we were gratified with the view of an elegant triumphal arch, in tolerable preservation. It is decorated with Corinthian columns, and sculptures in bas relief, representing naval and military trophies. Orange was the *Arausica* of the Romans; and this arch is supposed to have been erected in honour of Marius. At Pierre Latte, a large rock rising suddenly out of an extensive plain, flanks the town, and presents a singular appearance from its insulated situation.

AVIGNON is a city of Provence, under the papal jurisdiction. It is surrounded by avenues of trees, and handsome fortifications. In 1309, Clement the Fifth removed the papal see to Avignon, where it continued till 1371. The church of the Celestins contains the monument of Clement the Sixth, its founder; also, a monument in memory of St. Benezet, the little shepherd, who built the celebrated bridge at Avignon,

which extends a prodigious length across the two branches of the Rhone to Villeneuve. From neglect it fell to ruin, and only two arches now remain to attest its former grandeur. In a hall belonging to the Celestins is the picture of a skeleton, and a coffin, in which cobwebs are very naturally introduced : it is supposed to be the work of King René. The church of the Cordeliers contains two tombs, which cannot be viewed without interest ; that of the brave Crillon, and of the celebrated Laura. Her epitaph, in antique characters, which I could not decipher, is said to have been composed by Francis the First. The legate resides in the old papal palace. The town is large, but thinly inhabited ; the walls are about a mile and a half in circuit.

Thursday 19th October. I could not depart from Avignon without paying a visit to the retreat of Petrarch at Vaucluse, where he composed so many beautiful sonnets to his beloved Laura. Vaucluse derives its name from *Vallis clausa*, thus alluded to by Petrarch.

*In una Valle Chiusa, d'ogn'intorno  
 Ch'è refrigerio de' sospir miei lassi ;  
 Giunsi sol con amor, pensoso, e tardo.  
 Ivi non donne, ma fontane e sassi,  
 E l'immagine trovo, di quel giorno  
 Che l'pensier mio figura ovunqu' io sguardo.*

The situation of the little village of Vaucluse, which does not contain above sixty inhabitants, is less beautiful than wild and romantic. Surrounded with lofty and barren rocks, from whose dark recesses a copious

stream flows in various cascades, this spot was well calculated at once for the enthusiasm of the poet, and the melancholy of the lover. It was a fit residence for the man retiring from the pomp and bustle of a court, to indulge an unfortunate passion, and to enjoy, with his darling independence, the society of a few chosen friends. What is called the Fountain of Vaucluse, has more the appearance of a reservoir of water, than of a spring. It is situated in a deep cavern, from which the water certainly issues, by some subterraneous outlet, though without the appearance of an eddy or stream. One part of this pool is said to be unfathomable; and it is not improbable that it feeds the river, which bursts forth from the rocks some paces below. The stream almost immediately swells to a considerable size, and flowing through the valley, adds much to its beauty; but alas! wood is wanting to complete the scenery of this interesting retreat. The remains of an old castle, said to have belonged to Petrarch, are situated on an insulated rocky eminence, which overhangs the village. The loves of Petrarch and Laura, like those of Abelard and Heloise, and of Julie and St. Preux, have captivated the youthful fancy, by the graces of language, and the enthusiasm of poetry. It is no wonder, therefore, that scenery associated with the recollection of characters so interesting, and effusions so beautiful and touching, should awaken all our curiosity. But though we may be charmed with the fancy, we cannot always see with the eye, of the poet or the novelist; the reality frequently falls short of our elevated expectations; and we feel, with mingled gratification and concern, that many a



landscape has been painted in colours too glowing. An admirer of Petrarch will regret that he cannot carry with him into this recess that ardour of passion, which could impart charms to a wilderness, and make Vaucluse vie with Paradise.

Friday 20th October. We quitted Avignon, and from the delays occasioned by bad horses and tedious ferries, did not reach Nismes till late in the evening. In my journey I passed over the Pont de Garde, and again beheld it with new pleasure and surprise. This noble structure, which is certainly among the finest and most perfect specimens of Roman antiquity, was originally intended for an aqueduct, to convey a stream of water from one hill to another. It is supposed to have been built by Agrippa, during the time he held the office of *curator perpetuus aquarum*; and when sent to appease the troubles of Gaul, in the year of Rome 735, fifteen years before the commencement of the christian æra. The architecture is Tuscan; and it is composed of three rows or stories of arches, one above the other. The first consists of six arches, the second of eleven, and the third or uppermost of thirty-five. Over this ran the aqueduct, on a level with the summit of the two opposite mountains. The French Government, wishing to make some use of this grand monument of antiquity, in 1747, built a bridge over the Gardon, on a level with the lower range of arches, which furnishes a convenient passage for carriages, at the time when inundations render it unsafe to cross the river. This bridge is so judiciously contrived, as not to injure the effect of the ancient work, which on one side still remains in its ori-

ginal state. The road from Avignon to Nismes is in general good, but the country stony and barren.

Saturday 21st October. I proceeded from Nismes to Montpellier, through a flat and uninteresting country, cultivated chiefly with vines and olives. This town is situated on an eminence, about two leagues from the shore of the Mediterranean, and is surrounded with fortifications. One of the gates is built in the shape of a triumphal arch, and ornamented with sculptures in bas relief, and inscriptions, in honour of Louis the Fourteenth. The *Place de Peyron* deserves notice. It is a square terrace, in the most elevated part of the town, in the centre of which is a handsome equestrian statue of Louis the Fourteenth, by Corsevox of Paris. At the extremity is a stone pavilion, in the shape of a rotundo, supported by fluted columns, of the Corinthian order; and in front is a basin of water, supplied by a stone aqueduct, consisting of two rows of arches. The elevation of this terrace affords a very extensive prospect over the surrounding country, which is flat. On one side are seen the mountains of Cevennes and Ventoux; on the other, the Pyrenees, the Mediterranean, &c. The town cannot boast of much beauty, the streets being narrow and dirty. It is much frequented by students in medicine, a science carried to great perfection in the schools here established. In this neighbourhood are made the much-esteemed wines of Frontignac and Lunel.

Tuesday 24th October. Proceeded from Montpellier to Narbonne, over the best road I had yet seen in France. Near Pezenas, by the side of a handsome

bridge, over the river *Peyne*, it is raised for a considerable distance on arches. The country is open, and rich in olives, vines, and corn; but there is little pasture. Near *Meze*, we approached the *Mediterranean*, and caught a fine view of its shores. I have often heard the situation of *Beziers* much praised, but I think without sufficient reason. The town is situated on an eminence, commanding a distant view of the sea. The hill itself is as barren as a sand bank, but the soil around is rich and cultivated; and the plain beneath covered with olives, the least picturesque tree which nature produces. The best view is on ascending out of the town, where the eye commands a large tract of country with the *Orbe* running beneath, and a portion of the great canal of *Languedoc*. From this place to *Narbonne*, the road is more hilly than the preceding, and the prospect on the right more extensive. *Narbonne* is situated on a canal, which communicates with the royal canal. It is the see of an archbishop, who is president of the states of *Languedoc*.

Wednesday 25th October. We pursued our journey from *Narbonne* to *Perpignan*, over a good road, but through a most uninteresting country. *Perpignan* is the capital of the province of *Roussillon*, and is situated on the river *Tet*. It is famous for its wool and wines. During the seventeenth century this place was taken from Spain, and is now strongly fortified, as a frontier town, with a citadel, ramparts, &c. The gates are shut every evening at a certain hour, after which no one is permitted to enter; but there is an inn without the walls, for the accommodation of travellers who arrive too late,



Thursday 26th October. Being no longer able to continue our journey *par poste*, except to Boulou, we agreed with a muleteer to furnish us with six mules as far as Barcelona. The usual price for this journey is two guineas for each mule; but for the honour of England, we were obliged to pay fourteen louis d'or. Having procured the necessary passport, we quitted Perpignan in the morning, dined at La Jonquiere, and in the evening reached Figueras. We found the road excellent to Boulou. From thence, having crossed the Tet, we penetrated into the chain of the Pyrenees; and proceeded, by a road rather steep and winding, to Bellegarde, a strong fort built on a high mountain, and belonging to France. Here we were obliged to deliver the passport which we had obtained at Perpignan. A little beyond are the stones marking the boundary between France and Spain; but without this index, the sudden change in the state of the road would have sufficed to convince us that we had quitted the French territory. The mountains are rough, barren, and stony; and the only wood is the cork tree.

La Jonquiere is a small town, situated between two hills, one barren, the other cultivated with vines, &c. The inn was tolerable, perhaps good, for Spain. I was obliged to pay a tax at the custom-house for my carriage, of so much per cent. *ad valorem*. But as it was not highly rated, the sum amounted only to eight louis and a half, for which I took a receipt; to be repaid the money, if I returned with the same carriage. The first part of the road to Figueras is rough, the latter



tolerably good. In general the country is uninteresting; but a long extended hedge of aloes, which had blown during the summer, was a novelty to an English eye. We had no cause to complain of our quarters at Figueras.

Friday 27th October. A letter of recommendation to a gentleman in the town procured us admission to the fortress of San Fernando; which is situated on an eminence at some distance, and commands a charming view of the surrounding country. This castle is esteemed one of the best military works in Spain. It was begun in 1733, and is not yet completed. Our time was too short to pay due attention to its construction and conveniences. The magazines for provisions, gunpowder, &c. as well as the barracks, appear very commodious; but the stables are peculiarly striking, from their beautiful effect, size, and excellent structure; they will contain above five hundred horses. The entrance gate, in shape of a triumphal arch, is very handsome.

We dined at a little inn beyond the village of Bascara, and early in the evening arrived at Girona. Throughout the whole day's journey the road was good, the country varied, and better cultivated than that through which we had recently passed, but not very populous. The wood consisted principally of the pine and ilex. On approaching Girona, we enjoyed some fine views of the plains on each side, bounded by mountains. The features of the inhabitants are very strongly characterised by their black hair, and dark piercing eyes.

Girona is a large fortified town; and well stocked with black, white, and brown monks. The other inhabitants seem industrious, as each tradesman was working at his shop door, when we entered. The iron manufactory is the most prevalent in the towns through which we passed. Our inn at Girona was tolerable.

Saturday 28th October. In the evening we reached Peneda, a small village, near the sea shore. The tract of country which we traversed was wilder and more hilly than that on the other side of Girona, and afforded many pleasing points of view. Between Girona and the place where we dined, we quitted the road through Ostalric, which is now impassable, and proceeded by another nearer the sea shore.

Sunday 29th October. Our repose at Peneda, after a fatiguing day's journey, was much disturbed by a great concourse of people collected at that little inn, in their way to a fair at Girona; and no small share of disturbance was derived from the music of the bells affixed to the harness of the mules. We therefore joyfully hailed the rising sun, and were not sorry that another day would bring us to our journey's end. During the whole day we travelled along a road by the side of a precipice near the sea shore, and secured only by a low wall. We dined at Malora, a neat town; and from thence continued our journey, on a more level plain, to Barcelona. I was much struck with the novelty, that marked the general appearance of the country villages, and inhabitants; and particularly with the great variety of plants flourishing in the open air, which in England are nurtured under glass.

Among these were the orange and lemon trees, Indian figs, aloes, and the Catalonian jasmine, the latter of which ornamented the walls of many a cottage. I never saw neatness carried to a greater height than in the little villages through which we passed; for the inhabitants are not content with sweeping their dwellings, but exercise their brooms on the streets in front, so that the streets might be said to vie in cleanliness with the floors of the houses. To each tenement was annexed a small garden, filled with flowers and excellent vegetables. The inhabitants of the coast are employed in making lace, and by their industry supply the consumption of the interior. The plain from Malora to Barcelona is cultivated to the very shore, and the soil appears to be rich. The dress of the inhabitants is singular. The men wear short jackets, of black velvet, and sometimes of other colours, with black trowsers and cloaks, and buckles on the very point of their shoes. The women are dressed in long gowns and petticoats, of various colours, but chiefly black; and wear a large white handkerchief on their heads, which hangs down behind. Their features are strongly marked, and I fancied I could observe a peculiar air of dignity in their deportment. From the accounts given by travellers, and corroborated by our voituriers, respecting the badness of the roads, inns, and accommodations, between Perpignan and Barcelona, we expected to have had our carriage, if not our bones, broken, and to find neither provisions nor beds; but in all these anticipations we were agreeably disappointed, though we felt some partial inconveniences. Fortunately, we under-



took this journey in the most favourable season, after a long duration of fine weather, which rendered the roads, otherwise impassable, very tolerable.

BARCELONA. Our hotel, *Les Trois Rois*, was pleasantly situated, commanding a view of the sea, &c. &c. The first morning after our arrival was employed in delivering our letters of recommendation to Monsieur Bezard, and in calling on the British consul, Mr. Gregory. Monsieur Bezard attended us in the evening to the theatre, where we saw a Spanish comedy. The language to us was as unintelligible as Arabic, but we were struck with the novelty of some parts of the representation; particularly that of a queen washing her hands, and a man being shaved, on the stage. The theatre is large, and differs in shape from similar buildings: it is neither oval nor semicircular, but the boxes form three sides of an octagon. The upper rows of boxes, on each side, are reserved for females, and are mostly frequented by those of easy virtue. During the entertainment, the celebrated fandango was well performed by a girl of Andalusia.

Tuesday 31st October. After breakfast, the British consul presented us to the Spanish governor, by whom we were received with great civility. After this ceremony we took off our gala dress, and visited the academy of painting, which is a respectable establishment. Many excellent models and drawings, from the antique, are here collected; but the students seemed to have attained greater proficiency in designs of flowers, &c. for printing linens, than in the nobler style of art. This establishment is highly useful to the city, because it furnishes a



constant supply of artists, to paint the calicoes which are manufactured here to a considerable extent. A new stone building is now constructing, which will contain commodious apartments for the several academies of drawing, the courts of justice, the exchange, &c. &c. We were also introduced by the consul to the Morocco Ambassador, who was just returned from a pilgrimage to Mecca. He was now on his way to the court of Madrid, in consequence of a recent treaty between the two countries, after a long period of national and religious warfare. He was habited in the African dress, and his countenance was marked by a strong expression of sense and good-nature. His secretary and cook also exhibited the African costume. Our evening was again spent at the theatre.

Wednesday 1st November. During the whole morning we were confined to the house by rain. In the evening, we drank tea with the consul. We again saw the Moorish ambassador, who was accompanied by his interpreter, and enabled to carry on a conversation. His language sounded neither harsh nor unpleasant; he used much action, and that not ungraceful. On the following day we dined with the consul, but were again prevented from making any excursion by bad weather. On Friday we visited the canon foundry, which is established on an extensive scale; also the manufactory of silk handkerchiefs.

Saturday 4th November. This being the king's birth-day, and consequently a period of the highest ceremony during the whole year, we went after breakfast to pay our respects to the governor. His levée.

consisted chiefly of officers. He obligingly gave us the key of his private box at the theatre, which was illuminated, and handsomely decorated, as is the custom on festivals and gala days in Italy. Most of the noblesse were present. At the conclusion of the opera, we returned to the palace, where the ladies were assembled to compliment the governor as in the morning. The forms and etiquette of this little court appeared to me so singular, that I deemed them worthy of remark. The governor received us, as on the former occasion, with the utmost civility, and seating us by his side, was very attentive in explaining to us the ceremonies on this occasion. It is the custom for the ladies to assemble on one side of the house, and the gentlemen on the other. When the ladies had taken their seats round a large room, the governor conducted us to an apartment, filled with card tables, through which they passed in their way to the grand saloon. The form of introduction was singular; two ladies stood as centinels at the door, to receive the compliments of the visitors in behalf of the governor and his lady. After this ceremony, each person, on entering, made the circuit of the whole room, and shook hands indiscriminately with all the ladies seated there. When the assembly was complete, the two female centinels went round to every lady, inviting them to play cards, &c. Here the formalities and long-continued silence ceased, and a scene of noise, bustle, and confusion succeeded. The card-room was filled with several tables, resembling those used to set out a large supper; and more anxiety was never shewn for a good place at the supper table, after

a ball, than here occurred for a situation at the card table. The only game was *lotto*, which is a kind of lottery. I can neither praise the beauty or dress of the females. Rich velvets, of gaudy colours, bedaubed with gold, were the fashion of the night; and two black patches, as large as crown-pieces, were stuck on each temple. So much for the gala Española.

Sunday 5th November. We rode up to the citadel of Montjuich, a strong fortification, occupying the summit of a considerable height. Its situation is advantageous, as the water which washes one of its sides, is not sufficiently deep to admit the approach of heavy vessels. Antiquaries have supposed the name to be a corruption of *Mons Jovis*; but several Hebrew inscriptions, found a few years ago, in digging into the mountain, prove it to have been a burial-place of the Jews, who at a very early period were settled at Barcelona. About half-way up the ascent, these inscribed stones may still be seen in the fields. The fortifications are well constructed, though not equal, either in beauty or extent, to those of San Fernando, near Figueras. Within the works is a remarkable echo, which repeats the sound at a considerable distance. From the upper terrace we enjoyed an extensive view of the town and road of Barcelona, with the coast towards Matera, &c. the plain extending to Tarragona and Valencia, with snowy mountains in the distance.

We dined with the governor, whose guests were chiefly officers. His *cuisine* was mostly *à la Française*; but in several dishes saffron was introduced, according to the Spanish taste. In the evening we walked on



the Rambla, which corresponds with the Corso in Italy, and the Promenade in France. A great concourse of the bourgeoisie were assembled, and several of the nobility appeared in their carriages.

Monday 6th November. Being unable to procure a convenient carriage in the whole town, we hired two calashes, to convey us to Montserrat, which is about thirty miles distant from Barcelona. The badness of the roads soon convinced us that we had no cause to regret the want of a better vehicle, for those we had hired were the best adapted to the country. Nothing interesting caught our attention in the road to Martorel, except two bridges: one built with a reddish stone, and of a considerable length and breadth; the other, consisting of a very high pointed arch, and picturesque in its appearance. It is erected on the basis of a Roman bridge; part of which, with a triumphal arch, still remains. This fabric was originally built by the celebrated Hannibal, in the year of Rome 533, and the triumphal arch at its foot raised in honour of his father Amilcar. After standing 1985 years, the structure was considerably damaged, and in a ruinous state; but to preserve so rare a monument of antiquity, his Majesty Charles the Third, at the request of his Excellency Don John Martin de Zermينو, commandant of engineers, caused it to be repaired. Having dined at Martorel, we approached the foot of Montserrat, and exchanging our calash for mules, we accomplished the ascent to the convent in about two hours and a half. Our path was steep, stony, and very winding; the view of the plain beneath, enlivened by the finest setting sun



I ever beheld, was delightful. On reaching the convent we were furnished with two beds in a good room. But here monkish hospitality stopped; for a part of the revenue of this fraternity arises from every trifling article which visitors are obliged to purchase at an exorbitant rate.

Tuesday 7th November. After breakfast we penetrated into the recesses of the mountain, by a steep and rugged path. The first of the many hermitages which are scattered about its acclivities, was that of St. Anna; but the next, of St. Antonio, far surpassed that of the sister saint in elevation and picturesque situation. The approach is very romantic, the path leading sometimes through a thick grove of beautiful evergreens, at others on the verge of a precipice, while immense masses of impending rock seem to threaten the passenger with immediate destruction. The next hermitage which we visited was that of St. Salvador, placed in a more confined, but equally beautiful spot, surrounded by rocks of the most singular forms. I did not ascend to the hermitages in the most elevated situation, but in my descent towards the convent saw others less striking in effect than those of St. Antonio and St. Salvador. The convent itself is placed amidst vast masses of rock, of the most fantastic shapes; some of which, like the sword suspended by a thread over the head of Damocles, seem to threaten it hourly with destruction. The building is large, but cannot boast of its architecture. The church is handsome, and the treasure rich; it is even by some compared with that of Loreto. Among the many miraculous rarities exhibited, were rags

burned by the soul in purgatory; stones thrown at some saint by the devil; the cross that stooped to a boy; *cum multis aliis*. Each superstitious country has its magazine for miracles: Italy its Loreto, Switzerland its Einsidlin, Spain its Montserrat! Beneath the monastery is a hermitage built over the cavern, where the figure of the Madona was found, which is said to have been the handy work of St. Luke. The walk to it, like every foot of this enchanting ground, was romantic and interesting. The number of hermitages on the mountain amounts to thirteen, but three or four of the highest are untenanted.

This singular mountain deserves the notice of every admirer of the rude and savage features of nature; for here indeed she has sported with peculiar fancy. Here the mineralogist will find gratification in investigating the rocky strata; and the botanist will accumulate a rich harvest of vegetable specimens. The whole mass is a composition of pebbles, cemented so strongly as to form a compact body, of that species which is vulgarly called pudding-stone, varied into the most singular shapes. Some of the rocks rise from the surface like insulated obelisks, of gigantic proportions; while others bear on their summits large balls of stone, which appear as if restrained from falling by magic. The interstices are filled with every species of evergreen; particularly the tall and dwarf ilex, laurustinus, phylleura, cistus, box, besides a great variety of the erica, and numerous aromatic plants, which both perfume and adorn this romantic abode. The circumference of Montserrat is estimated at four leagues, and the ascent at two.

Wednesday 8th November. We quitted the convent at five o'clock in the morning, more pleased with its external beauties, than cherished by its internal comforts; for during our stay within the cloistered walls, we were almost starved for want of fire; and the friars, to whom we brought letters of recommendation, never presented themselves to us, as if apprehensive of an appeal to their civility. How different was the conduct of the worthy Carthusians, near Grenoble, whose friendly roof and hospitable table were ever open, without distinction, to rich and poor; contributing to their comforts, or alleviating their distresses, without any fee or reward, except that of gratitude.

The morning being cold, I did not mount my mule, but continued walking till break of day. The moon shone forth in all her lustre, and, by the varied effects of strong light and deep shade on the huge masses of impending rock, added considerably to the majesty of the scenery. On the right opened an extensive prospect; and the clouds, undulating amidst the hills, by their silver hue and even appearance, recalled to my recollection the aspect of the Swiss glaciers. The murmurs of a stream, at a considerable distance beneath, and the faint sound of the bell which roused the monks to early matins, at length interrupted the awful silence which marks the repose of nature.

With quicken'd step

Brown night retires: young day pours in apace,

And opens all the lawny prospect wide:

The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top,

Swell on the sight, and brighten with the dawn.



Such scenery as that which stretched around me is calculated, under every aspect, to awaken the noblest feelings; but on the retreat or return of day the impression it produces is peculiarly sublime. At the close of an autumnal evening, when every object is heightened by the clearness of the atmosphere, and the landscape diversified by the beautiful and variegated tints of the season; when the sun gilding an extensive plain, watered by a meandering stream, and bounded by rocks and mountains, seems to withdraw reluctantly from a theatre of transcendent magnificence; when the sober tints of evening are gradually deepening into the shade of night; or before the dawn, when the moon sheds her pale lustre, and imperceptibly fades at the approach of a nobler planet: at such times, the mind appears to sympathise in the majestic serenity of nature; and wrapt in silent wonder, turns with awe and gratitude to the Being who has created the objects of its admiration, and endowed it with such elevated powers of enjoyment.

In two hours and a half we reached the place where our calashes were waiting. The road by which we had descended, though rather longer, was much better than that which we had taken in the ascent, and indeed practicable for a carriage; but it is disliked by the muleteers and guides, who endeavoured to dissuade us from choosing it, by telling us that the descent would employ five hours. By thus varying the route, we made nearly the whole circuit of the mountain.

On settling accounts with our muleteers, they asked so exorbitant a price for the use of their beasts, that we could not think of complying with their demand.



They immediately armed themselves with stones, and began to threaten us; but the sight of our pistols soon reduced them to reason. We dined at Martorel, a long and dirty town, of which the chief manufacture is lace. In the evening we returned to Barcelona; fatigued, but highly delighted with the object of this excursion, which surpassed our most sanguine expectations.

In taking leave of Barcelona, a few remarks naturally occur, relative to the place and its inhabitants. It is the capital of the province of Catalonia, and advantageously situated on the shore of the Mediterranean. On the left is Montjuich, crowned by strong fortifications; and to the north it is sheltered by a range of mountains, between which and the town is an extensive and fertile plain. The harbour is commodious for small shipping, but the water is not sufficiently deep for ships of war to enter the port, or approach the castle on Montjuich. The ramparts are about a league and a half in circumference; the platform, a terrace, is kept in good order, and is sufficiently spacious for two carriages to pass abreast: it serves as a *corso* to the inhabitants. In making the circuit of the fortifications, we obtained a satisfactory view of the city, which, from the number of gardens within the walls, answers the idea of *rus in urbe*. The gardens are stocked with orange and lemon trees, pomegranates, figs, Catalonian jasmines, and the finest vegetables. So mild is the climate, that no winter blasts them. We had green peas often at table during our stay at Barcelona, and I was told that this species of vegetable is not uncommon, even at so advanced a season as Christmas.

The views from these ramparts are pleasantly varied. On one side is a rich plain, highly cultivated, and terminated by mountains, which are enlivened by innumerable villages, convents, and buildings, scattered over their declivities. The opposite forms a complete contrast; the harbour with its shipping, the little town of Barcelonetta, the mole and light-house, Montjuich with its fortress, the wide expanse of ocean, and a long sweep of the coast towards France.

The little town of Barcelonetta was erected, on a regular plan, by the Marquis de las Minas, a former governor of Barcelona; and when seen from thence has a pleasing appearance. The mother city is badly built, and contains few handsome edifices; the streets are narrow, and paved with flat stones. The palace, of a square arabesque form, and painted with Gothic ornaments, stands in an open part of the town. Opposite is a new building, unfinished, which is designed to comprehend under its roof the Academy of Painting, the Courts of Justice, and the Exchange. Various plans are in agitation for the embellishment of the place. A new custom-house is building; and it is proposed to erect a handsome entrance gate into the town, to ornament the other part of the square, and raise an equestrian statue in the centre. The cathedral is a fine Gothic building, but very gloomy. The foundry of artillery is upon an extensive scale. We observed several fine pieces, which had been lately cast, though few were above twenty-four pounders. The court, in which those condemned by the Inquisition were burnt, is still extant, as well as the galleries for

the judges appointed to see this sacrifice duly performed. The office of inquisitor still remains, but has lost much of its severity.

The inhabitants of this province are considered as the most industrious in the whole kingdom. The Spanish peasant in general cultivates only sufficient soil to furnish him with the necessaries of life; but the Catalan is indefatigable, and persevering in his labour. I saw several proofs of their characteristic industry, during my journey to Montserrat; particularly among the mountains, which are frequently cultivated to their very summits, and planted with vines, in some places so very precipitous, that the crop cannot be gathered without considerable danger.

The luxuries of England and France have not found their way into Catalonia, or taken hold on the frugal character of the inhabitants; neither have the fine arts made the same progress here as in other countries. Bad roads leading to the very capital, and bad inns and accommodations, are an effectual bar to an intercourse with foreigners; and hence the Catalans as well as other Spaniards, are left behind in the career of scientific improvement.

The men of Barcelona wear short jackets, with large sashes of striped linen bound round their waists, and a kind of sandal on their feet: their hair is confined in a black silk net, decorated with tassels, over which they wear a crimson velvet cap. The manufactures of the city consist of printed calicoes, muslins, silk handkerchiefs, sashes, &c. An extensive trade in manufactured iron is carried on with South America and the West-Indies.



The guns fabricated here are much esteemed, but not entirely to be depended on, as many are made only to catch the eye. They are supposed to derive their excellence from the toughness of the cast shoes of mules, with which they are manufactured, and of which here is an abundant supply. The best makers are Esteva, Carbonel, and Ponz. The Spaniards import from England cloths, salt fish, and a kind of serge, which is used by the women for veils; in return, we take their fine wool, raisins, &c. From Bohemia and Silesia they draw many sorts of linen. The coast stretching towards Gibraltar produces excellent wines; Xeres or Sherry, Paxarete, Alicante, Malaga, &c. which are in general very strong and luscious. The people appear to be of a frugal and commercial character, and dispense with as many superfluities as possible. Few carriages are kept; and these so singularly ugly in their form, as to exhibit a convincing proof how great a progress the art of coach building has yet to make in Barcelona. A few are of English construction, some of which were taken on board a vessel during the last war, and others have been disposed of by travellers. We ransacked the town in vain to procure one. Mules are, in general, driven by a postilion. A whimsical law is enforced, which prohibits the same barber from shaving the beard and dressing the hair. High play is also forbidden.

The inhabitants complain bitterly of the dulness which pervades their town. This is derived from the austere character of the present governor and his lady, who are great bigots; and think it more meritorious to



indulge the pomp and mummerly of superstition, than the amusements of innocent gaiety. The restraint which they impose is the more severely felt, because the two preceding governors were of a sociable character; and studied to please and entertain their fellow citizens, by receiving company, giving balls, &c. In former times, at the commencement of the carnival, the opera house was splendidly illuminated, a numerous band of music provided, and masquerades held, at the moderate price of about sixteen pence each person for admission; but this scene of gaiety is now at an end, for no masquerades and very few balls are given by individuals. Except on gala nights, the opera houses, here as in Italy, present a most gloomy aspect; for they are not lighted up as the theatres in England. The governor, however, has ordered that lights be placed in every box where there is company, to prevent the intriguing conversations, which were supposed to have been carried on under the cover of darkness. But I could not learn that these regulations, though apparently enacted from meritorious views, had produced any moral good; for the same profligacy of manners prevails here as on the Italian shore of the Mediterranean. The following proof is almost too shocking to be credited. A foundling hospital was established here; but such numbers of children were brought for admission, that it was necessary to suckle them with goats. The blood of these infants was, however, so tainted by disease, that both the animals and nurses soon felt its effects. This humane institution accordingly ceased, as the remedy was deemed more fatal than the evil.

Among the various restrictions on commerce, those on foreign snuff are the most severe, to secure the vent of that article to the royal manufactory established at Seville. I was told that a gentleman travelling on the Spanish coast was searched by a custom-house officer, who finding his snuff-box full of French rappée, levied on him the penalty of a thousand louis.

The Catalans, from the peculiarity of their character, and the pride derived from their national constitution, which has been abolished under the Bourbon princes, are disaffected towards other Spaniards. The following anecdote, related to me by Sir Horace Mann, our ambassador at Florence, is highly honourable to their probity and fidelity. At the commencement of the war before the last, all the English merchants settled at Barcelona were ordered to quit the city. On such occasions it has been the usual custom to insert a Spanish name in the firm of the house; consequently the whole property, stock, and treasure, were left at the disposal of natives, who, at the close of the war, restored their charge to their English partners, without a single exception, after fulfilling their trust with the most scrupulous honour and integrity.

Barcelona displays some antiquities of the Roman æra, and among the fragments and inscriptions scattered in different quarters, the following particularly attracted my attention. It is placed in a wall at the corner of a house, and exposed to the constant attrition of carriages, as well as of the cobbler's knife applied to it as a whetstone, which must soon efface one of the most curious memorials to be found in Spain. It com-

memorates a bequest for the establishment of a boxing match, and for furnishing oil to the pugilists; which, if not fulfilled by the citizens of Barcelona, was to be transferred to their neighbours of Tarragona.

L. CAECILIUS . L . F . PAP . OPTATUS.

> LEG. VII G . FEL . ET . > . LEG . XV . APOLLIN .  
 MISSVS . HONESTA . MISSIONE . AB . IMP . M . AVR .  
 ANTONINO . ET . AVR . VERO . AVG . ATLECTVS . AB .  
 ANTE . INTER . IMMVNES . CONSECVT . IN . HONORES .  
 AEDILICIOS . II . VIR . III . FLAM . ROMAE . DIVORVM .  
 ET . AVGVSTORVM . QVI . R . P . BARC.....TA....EG .  
 DO . LEGO . DARIQVE . VOLO . -X . ....VII . D . EX .  
 QVORVM . VSVRIS . SEMISSIBVS . EDI . VOLO . QVOD .  
 ANNIS . SPECTAC . PVGILVM . DIE . III . IDVVM . IVNI .  
 VSQVE . AT . -X . CCL . ET . EADEM . DIE . III . IDVVM .  
 IVNI . VSQVE . AT . -X . CCL . EADEM . DIE . EX . -X . CC .  
 OLEVVM . IN . THERMIS . PVBLIC . POPVLO . PRAEBERI .  
 ET . TECTA . PRÆSTARI . EA . CONDICIONE . VOLO .  
 VT . LIBERTI . MEI . ITEM . LIBERTORVM . MEORVM .  
 LIBERTARUMQUE . LIBERTI . QVOS . HONOR . SEVI-  
 RATVS . CONTIGERIT . AB . OMNIBVS . MVNERIBVS .  
 SEVIRATVS . EXCVSATI . SINT . QVOT . SI . QVIS .  
 EORVM . AT . MVNERA . VOCITVS . FVERIT . TVM .  
 EA . X....VII . -X . AT . REMPVB . TARRAC . TRASFERRI .  
 IVBEO . SVB . EADEM . FORMA . SPECTACVLORVM .  
 QVOT . S . S . EST . EDENDORVM . TARRACONE .

L . L . D . D . \*

\* This interesting inscription has been published by Gruterus, page 378; and Agostino, in his ninth Dialogue on Medals and Inscriptions, has also published it, together with a learned dissertation: on comparing the two with my own copy, I find the latter by far the most correct, and have therefore adopted his explanations.



## L. CAECILIUS, LUCII FILIUS,

*Papirius Optatus, centurio legionis VII. geminæ felicitis, et centurio legionis XV. Apollinaris, missus honestâ missione ab imperatoribus, Marco Aurelio Antonino, et Aurelio Vero, Augustis. Adlectus ab antescriptis inter immunes, consecutus in honores ædilicios, Duumvir ter, Flamen Romæ, Divorum et Augustorum, qui Reipublicæ Barcinonensi ita legavit. Do, lego, darique volo denarium septem millia quingentos, ex quorum usuris semissibus edi volo, quodannis spectaculum pugilum die quarto iduum Junii usque ad denarium CCL. et eadem die ex denariis ducentis oleum in thermis publicis populo præberi, et tecta præstari. Eâ conditione volo, ut liberti mei item libertorum meorum libertarumque liberti quos honor seviratus contigerit, ab omnibus muneribus seviratus excusati sint. Quod si quis eorum ad munera vocatus fuerit, tum ea denarium septem millia quingentos ad rempublicam Tarraconensem transferri jubeo, sub eadem formâ spectaculorum quod supra scripta est edendorum Tarracone.*

*Locus datus decreto Decurionum.*

Many other inscriptions, basso relievos, sarcophagi, busts, statues, &c. are scattered about the town, exposed to the injuries of the air, or stuck into the walls of houses. Among these I observed a head of Augustus, a young Tiberius, and a female figure, half length, holding a squirrel. Near the place, where many of these antiquities are to be seen, is a house, built in the time of the Emperor Charles the Fifth. It is ornamented with bas reliefs, in imitation of the antique, and the whole architecture proves that the arts were at that



period in a flourishing state, and had attained a considerable degree of perfection.

From the scanty specimen I had seen of Spain, I much wished to extend my journey along the coast to Tarragona, and Murviedro, the ancient *Saguntum*; but my plan being already formed to pass the winter in Italy, we were obliged to prepare for our departure from Barcelona.

Having hired mules for twelve louis to convey us back to Perpignan, we bade adieu to Spain, and proceeded to Mataro, where we slept. At the gates we underwent a very strict search by the custom-house officers, to prevent us from carrying bullion out of the country. A passport was again necessary, and I afterwards heard that an order might have been procured from the governor to save our trunks and baggage from examination.

Friday 10th November. We dined at Peneda, and slept at Gronetta. The next day we took our noon-tide meal at a little village beyond Girona, and slept at Figueras. On the third day we arrived at Perpignan, having received back the caution money deposited for my carriage at La Jonquiere.

Monday 13th November. We reached Perpignan at an unlucky moment; for in consequence of a crowd attracted by the fair, we found much difficulty in procuring a lodging. A violent pain in my head and limbs detained me the next day; but on

Tuesday 14th November, we continued our journey, and from the road to Beziers made an excursion towards Nissau, to see the *Montagne percée*, through which the royal canal passes in its course to Toulouse. The roof is vaulted and faced with stone, but the passage is of

no great length. The entrance is by a descent at one end, and a good path leads through it by the side of the canal.

Thursday 16th November. Proceeded to Montpellier, where I was under the necessity of bidding adieu to my friend Mr. Lyttelton. The following day I went through Nismes to Tarascon, where I slept. The road was flat, and heavy owing to the late rains. The town of Beaucaire is situated on this side of the Rhone, and Tarascon on the other; and the communication is kept up by a ferry, and a bridge of boats. The height of the waters obliged me to adopt the latter conveyance. Here this noble river appeared in all its glory; each bank is adorned with a handsome castle; that on the Beaucaire side is placed on a lofty eminence, the other on the border of the stream.

Sunday 19th November. Left Tarascon in the morning, and arrived at Aix in the evening. At the distance of two posts from Tarascon is the town of St. Remy, near which are some fine Roman remains, situated in an open plain. Of these the most conspicuous is a lofty building, supposed to have been erected as a mausoleum, but to whose memory is uncertain. The existing inscription, SEX . L . M . IVLIEI . C . F . PARENTIBVS . SVEIS. proves it to have been a sepulchral memorial, without pointing out the name of the family or founder. It is about fifty feet high, and composed of three stories, the uppermost of which forms a rotundo, and under it are two statues. It is adorned with bas reliefs representing battles, and is in the highest state of preservation. Adjoining is a triumphal arch, which, though

apparently contemporary, is yet inferior in beauty. Here, also, the want of an inscription leaves us in the dark respecting its origin. The style of the sculpture in both these monuments seems to indicate the same period of construction as the triumphal arch, before-mentioned, at Orange. In the neighbourhood was an ancient town, on the site of which, medals &c. are daily discovered. When we consider the many beautiful fragments of Roman antiquity still existing in this district, at Lyon, Vienne, Orange, Nismes, St. Remy, and Arles, we may justly conclude that this province was both well peopled and highly polished during the Roman empire in Gaul. The road from St. Remy to Aix is very uninteresting. Near Orgon I joined the great road from Avignon to Marseilles.

Tuesday 21st November. MARSEILLES is a city of high antiquity, but at present contains few objects worthy the notice of a traveller. The abbey of St. Victor was built by Pope Urban the Fifth, who died at Avignon, and was buried here. Under the modern church is an ancient one, said to have been built in the time of Antoninus Pius. Several handsome columns of granite still exist in it, as well as many sarcophagi, with bas reliefs and inscriptions. A grotto, excavated in the rock, was pointed out to me as the spot where Mary Magdalen is supposed to have lived for some time. Within is a bas relief cut with great spirit. The *Hotel de Ville* contains a picture, representing the ravages of the great plague which raged here in 1720. The arms on the outside of this edifice are well executed by Puget. The present theatre is a disgrace to so populous



and thriving a city as Marseilles; the company of performers is, however, good, and a new theatre is nearly completed.

Wednesday 22d November. From Marseilles I continued my journey to Toulon; and just before I reached Aubagne, underwent the most rigorous search I ever experienced from any officers of the customs. With difficulty I saved a new suit of clothes, which I had lately received from Lyon, and the manufacture of the country. I afterwards understood that the slightest proof of their having been worn would have prevented any vexation. I was probably mistaken for a *marchand de modes*. The roads continued rough and stony, though tolerably passable; the country wild, and in many places clothed with firs. The more cultivated districts produced vines and olives. Between Bausset and Toulon, I traversed a narrow pass, formed by high and barren rocks, which for a moment reminded me of Switzerland. A little beyond I caught a pleasing view of Toulon, and its harbour at a distance. The environs of Toulon, like those of Marseilles, are enlivened by numerous *bastides*, or country houses belonging to the merchants. The celebrity of Toulon as a seaport is well known; but foreigners, especially Englishmen, are not permitted to enter the arsenal or docks.

Thursday 23d November. At break of day I walked down to the port, to see the terms which support the balcony of the *Hotel de Ville*. They were the work of the celebrated Puget, and are remarkable for their execution and expression. The rising sun throwing



its light on the shipping presented me with one of those scenes which Claude Loraine and Vernet drew from nature. A good walk leads along the quay, and the harbour is more beautiful than that of Marseilles.

Having seen as much as strangers are permitted to view, I proceeded towards Nice, over roads worse than any I had traversed, since my arrival on the continent. The country was planted with vines and olives, and occasionally varied with pines and cypresses. I slept at the petty village of Muy, and on Friday morning found a tolerable road to Frejus. This was the *Forum Julii* of the Romans; and still exhibits vestiges of its ancient grandeur, in the ruins of a fine aqueduct, and amphitheatre. From Frejus to Esterel, I ascended a long and steep hill, which was surrounded by uncultivated mountains. The post-house at Esterel is a solitary habitation, and too bad for a lodging. From thence, a rough and stony descent led to Napoule, though it rather improved on approaching Antibes. This town is the last in Provence, situated on the shore of the Mediterranean, fortified with strong walls and a citadel, and garrisoned with about six hundred men. The residence of the Romans on this spot is proved by an aqueduct,\* which still supplies a part of the town with water, inscriptions, &c. &c.

Having taken my resolution to pass to Italy by sea, I hired a felucca for that purpose, but was detained at Antibes for some days by contrary winds. During

\* The *Archæologia*, vol. 16, p. 198, contains a memoir by M. D'Aiguillon, relating to this aqueduct, in which he describes his operations for restoring it to its ancient use.

my stay, a curious fact was related to me by my host. In the late contest for the possession of Corsica, part of the woods of that island being set on fire by the troops, several wild boars were observed to take to the sea; one was killed by a fisherman near Antibes, and two more on the same coast.

Wednesday 29th November. Embarked, and after a prosperous course during the night, arrived the following evening at Savona, a considerable town belonging to the republic of Genoa. In our coasting voyage, (for the feluccas never venture far from the shore) we passed near Nice and Monaco; the latter a principality, under the protection of France, where the late Duke of York closed his days. In approaching some merchant ships, I was unexpectedly hailed by a friend, whom I had left at Lyon, and who had been wind-bound on the coast, during the whole of our excursion into Spain. I received him into my felucca, and on

Friday 1st December, we re-embarked at Savona, skirted the coast of Genoa, and early the following day, reached Lerice, a port prettily situated, belonging to the republic. From hence we went by land to Massa, where we slept. This place belongs to Modena, and the chief noble is the Duke of Massa, who has here a handsome palace. In the neighbourhood are the celebrated marble quarries of Massa Carrara.

Sunday 3d December. Dined at Pisa, and proceeded in the evening to Leghorn. The road from Massa to Pietra Santa, is narrow, though not bad: from thence to Torretta it is heavy and sandy, but afterwards very good. The country is in general flat and

well cultivated. Between Torretta and Pisa, we saw on the left the Baths of Pisa, at some distance.

Leghorn, anciently *Liburni Portus*, belonged formerly to the Genoese; but was ceded to Cosmo the First, Duke of Tuscany, in exchange for Sarzana, near Lerice. The port of this city is become one of the greatest *emporium* in Europe, and presents a singular and motly crew of various nations. From the number of English merchants established here, our language has made a great progress, and, as I was assured, is spoken by half the inhabitants. The town is handsome and well built, the streets clean, and neatly paved with flat stones. It contains one agreeable square, in which are the principal buildings, the palaces of the Grand Duke and the governor, the custom-house, cathedral, &c. On the quay is a colossal figure on a pedestal supported by four figures in bronze, very ably executed. Many traditions are related respecting them, but I could not learn their true history. The oil magazines, which are sufficiently capacious to receive 25,000 barrels, deserve notice. They were built for the use of the merchants, by the Medici family. Many of the shops are equal in size, and superior in appearance, to those of our English metropolis; for they are not confined to particular articles, but contain the choicest productions from every quarter of the globe. From the number of canals which intersect the city, it might aptly be called a little Venice. A particular quarter is assigned to the Jews, who are settled here in great numbers. The markets are well supplied, but provisions are dear. At a particular time, when the inhabitants were driven to



great distress for want of water, by the neglect of the magistrates, the Grand Duke informed them, that if they did not speedily find water, their veins should furnish blood.

Tuesday 5th December. Returning through Pisa, I visited the cathedral, the Campanile, Baptistery, and Campo Santo, which, as a group of interesting buildings, cannot be equalled in Italy. The first is a handsome cruciform edifice, with doors of bronze, modelled in the year 1601, by the celebrated Giovanni Bologna Fiammingo, and very finely executed. The Campanile is a magnificent round tower, built of marble, and consisting of seven stories, each supported by columns. The singular circumstance of its declension ten feet from the perpendicular has given rise to much conjecture and controversy. Some assert that this declension was occasioned by accident; while others contend that it was the original design of the architect. The first opinion is the most plausible, for it is not likely that any architect of celebrity would wilfully exhibit so glaring a defect, in a building of such elegance; or that his employers should have shewn so wretched a taste, as to approve such a trick. The architects were Gulielmo da Norimberga, and Buonanno Pisano, who laid the foundation in 1174. The height of the structure is 190 English feet, and the summit commands a very extensive view. Near the church is an antique vase, enriched with a bas relief of bacchanals, &c. supported by a column. It formerly bore the following inscription, which is now defaced.



*Questo é il talento, che Cesare Imperatore diede a Pisa, col quale misurava lo censo, che a lui era dato.*

Against the wall of the church is also a sarcophagus, with bas reliefs, well executed.

The Baptistery of St. Giovanni is a circular building, supported by handsome columns of granite, brought from the isles of Elba and Sardinia. The pulpit, which is enriched with bas reliefs, is of alabaster or marble, and supported by columns of marble variously coloured.

The Campo Santo was formerly a place of burial, but is now no longer appropriated for that purpose. It contains the sepulchral vaults of six hundred and fifty families, all numbered. Among the tombs, I observed that of Count Algarotti, bearing this inscription :

ALGAROTTO OVIDII ÆMULO

NEWTONI DISCIPULO,

FREDERICUS MAGNUS.

The ancient sarcophagi found in the neighbourhood, and deposited here, give the cemetery a striking air of antiquity.

The town of Pisa may boast of many handsome features, but it has suffered much in its population and commerce, since the foundation of Leghorn. The river Arno divides it, and the communication between the opposite banks is formed by two handsome bridges. The quays are regular, and there is a canal for the conveyance of merchandize to Leghorn. The first part of this canal near the town is covered with a roof, and the Grand Dukes of Tuscany had even formed the

noble design of protecting it in the same manner the whole way. An extensive aqueduct supplies the town in part with water.

The city of Pisa dates its origin from a very early period. The first inhabitants are said to have emigrated from the ancient Pisa, in the Peloponnesus, and to have formed a colony on this spot: as Virgil says,

*Hos parere jubent Alpheæ ab origine Pisæ  
Urbs Etrusca solo.*

In the year 558, it submitted to the Romans, and became a Roman colony. From an implicit obedience to its masters, it was distinguished with high favour, and by Augustus styled *Julia Obsequens*. In later times, it shook off the Roman yoke, and became a powerful republic, and the *emporium* of the Mediterranean. It soon rose to such a height of affluence and grandeur, as to excite the jealousy of the neighbouring states of Genoa and Lucca; and its ruin was accelerated by the ambition and perfidy of Count Ugolino, one of its inhabitants. In the year 1264, the Island of Corsica gave rise to a contest with Genoa, which terminated in a naval engagement near Leghorn. The fleet of Pisa consisted of three squadrons, commanded by Pisani Oberto Morosini, Andreotto Saracino, and Count Ugolino. The latter seeing his two colleagues engaged in the heat of battle, profited by the opportunity to hasten back to Pisa, and made himself master of the republic. But he did not long enjoy the fruit of his treachery. After a reign of only three years, he was seized, immured in a neighbouring tower, and with his

whole family starved to death. This tale of woe has been finely recorded in poetry by Dante, and in painting by our countryman Sir Joshua Reynolds.

The defeat of the Pisans, the feuds which ensued between them, the Florentines, the Lucchesi, and the Genoese, and a series of intestine wars, at length so weakened their state, that in 1406, they were reduced to the necessity of submitting themselves to Florence. But many of the most powerful families, impatient of subjection, emigrated into neighbouring countries; while the Florentines, harassed with their own domestic factions, were unable to pay the requisite attention to their newly acquired territory. Accordingly the country, which is naturally low, became marshy and unhealthy; culture disappeared, and population diminished. In this deplorable state it continued, until Cosmo the First attained the sovereignty of Tuscany. It soon became the object of his care; and by his abilities and exertions was gradually restored to its ancient strength and splendour.

From that period Pisa has been honoured with the residence of the grand dukes of Tuscany, during a part of the year. The reigning duke, a man of retired habits, is partial to this town. He is accused of great severity, if not oppression; but he may boast of having established a police, not inferior to any in Europe. The system of *espionage* is carried to a great height: it is even said that he himself sometimes assumes disguise for that purpose. He has followed the example of the Emperor, in suppressing four convents of the mendicant order at Leghorn. Though this rigid police may in some degree

contribute to maintain tranquillity, and correct the public morals ; it produces a detrimental effect on society, by banishing mutual confidence, and preventing that free and cordial intercourse between families and individuals, of congenial character, without which friendship is but an empty name.

In my way to Lucca I passed by the Baths of Pisa, which are much frequented during the summer months. The springs seem to issue immediately from the mountains near which the baths are placed. From the testimony of Pliny, we find that they were known to the Romans. The entrance gate to Lucca still bears the motto *LIBERTAS*, in letters of gold ; and hitherto this petty republic has maintained its independence. A great portion of its territory is enclosed by mountains, but the soil is fertile, and highly cultivated. If we may judge from the number of people in Pisa and Lucca, respectively, who are yearly condemned to death, the balance will be strikingly against republican manners ; for in Pisa there has not been a public execution for thirty years, whereas in Lucca I was informed that the number amounted to eighty during the last year only.

The road from Lucca to Borgobugiano is hilly. Pistoia is a large town, surrounded with walls. From thence to Florence the road is good, except in one place, where after heavy rains the passage of a river is disagreeable. It leads through a fertile plain, bounded on the left by lofty mountains.

I arrived at Florence, December 6th, 1786.

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# ITINERARY

## FROM FLORENCE TO ROME,

FROM THENCE TO

SIENA, BOLOGNA, VENICE, PADUA, VICENZA, VERONA,  
BRESCIA, MILAN, AND TURIN.

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<i>Stages.</i>	<i>Posts.</i>	<i>Inns.</i>
FLORENCE to San Cassiano	- 1½	Bad.
Le Tabernelle - - - - -	1	Bad.
Poggibonzi - - - - -	1	Tolerable.
Castiglioncello - - - - -	1	Bad.
SIENA - - - - -	1	Good.
Montarone - - - - -	1	Bad.
Buon Convento - - - - -	1	Ditto.
Tornieri - - - - -	1	Ditto.
La Scala - - - - -	1	Ditto.
Ricorsi - - - - -	1	Ditto.
Radicofani - - - - -	1	Tolerable.
Ponte Centino, (Papal territory)	1	Bad.
Aqua-pendente - - - - -	1	Tolerable.
Nuovo San Lorenzo - - - - -	1	Good.
Bolsena - - - - -	1	Bad.
Montefiascone - - - - -	1	Ditto.

	<i>Stages.</i>	<i>Posts.</i>	<i>Inns.</i>
Viterbo	- - - - -	1	Good.
La Montagna	- - - - -	1	Bad.
Ronciglione	- - - - -	1	Ditto.
Monte Rosi	- - - - -	1	Ditto.
Baccano	- - - - -	1	Ditto.
La Storta and ROMA	- - -	2	
Fontebuona	- - - - -	1	Bad.
Caffagiolo	- - - - -	1	Ditto.
Monte Carelli	- - - - -	1	Ditto.
Cubillario	- - - - -	1	Ditto.
Feligara	- - - - -	1	Ditto.
Lovano	- - - - -	1	Tolerable.
Pianoro	- - - - -	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	Bad.
BOLOGNA	- - - - -	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	Good.
San Giorgio	- - - - -	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	Bad.
Cento	- - - - -	1	Tolerable.
San Carlo	- - - - -	1	Bad.
FERRARA	- - - - -	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	Good.
To VENICE by water.			

#### ITINERARY from VENICE to MILAN and TURIN.

To Fusina, by water.

Al Dolo	- - - - -	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	Bad.
PADOVA	- - - - -	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	Good.
La Slesiga	- - - - -	1	Bad.
VICENZA	- - - - -	1	Good.
Montebello	- - - - -	1	Bad.
Caldiero	- - - - -	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	Ditto.
VERONA	- - - - -	1	Good.
Castelnuovo	- - - - -	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	Bad.

	<i>Stages.</i>	<i>Posts.</i>	<i>Inns.</i>
Desenzano	- - - - -	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	Tolerable.
Ponte di St. Marco	- - - - -	1	Bad.
BRESCIA	- - - - -	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	Good.
Ospitaletto	- - - - -	1	Bad.
Intignano	- - - - -	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	Ditto.
Caravaggio	- - - - -	1	
Cassano	- - - - -	1	
Colombarolo	- - - - -	1	
MILANO	- - - - -	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	Good.
Sandriano	- - - - -	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	
Buffalora	- - - - -	1	Good.
Novara	- - - - -	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	Ditto.
Orfengo	- - - - -	1	
Vercelli	- - - - -	1	Good.
St. Germano	- - - - -	1 $\frac{1}{4}$	
Cigliano	- - - - -	1 $\frac{3}{4}$	
Chivasso	- - - - -	1	
Settimo	- - - - -	1	
TORINO	- - - - -	1	

DISTANCES.

Florence to Rome	- - - - -	171 $\frac{3}{4}$	<i>Eng. Miles.</i>
Return to Florence	- - - - -	171 $\frac{3}{4}$	
Bologna	- - - - -	63 $\frac{1}{2}$	
Ferrara	- - - - -	33 $\frac{1}{2}$	
Venice, by water	- - - - -	85	
Milan	- - - - -	173	
Turin	- - - - -	93	
		<hr/>	
		791 $\frac{1}{2}$	



## FLORENCE.

FEW cities in Italy better deserve the notice of travellers than Florence, on account of its beautiful situation, and valuable collections of sculpture, painting, and other productions of art. Its history, also, is highly interesting. At an early period it shared the general fate of Italy, and became subject to the Roman power. But when that mighty empire began to sink, by the feuds of intestine factions, and the assaults of foreign enemies, this Tuscan colony followed the example of its kindred states, and, shaking off the yoke of dependence, rose into a formidable republic. Such it continued for many years, until the affluent and powerful family of Medici, partly by intrigue, and partly by force, appropriated the sovereign authority. In 1530 Alexander de' Medici was declared Duke of Florence; but his short reign was terminated by the stroke of an assassin, from one of his own relations. His son Cosmo the First, succeeding in 1569, was crowned Duke of Tuscany, at Rome, by Pope Pius the Fifth. The fame and power of the Medici family were widely diffused

throughout Europe, and its influence has continued from the beginning of the fifteenth century, till within a few years of the present time.\* It can boast, indeed, of a Cosmo, who by his virtues acquired the glorious appellation of *Pater Patriæ*; of a Leo the Tenth, who raised his own age into a comparison with that of Augustus; of a Clement the Seventh, who a second time illustrated his family by the papal tiara; and many other distinguished characters, to whose generous patronage we owe the revival of art and science, which had fled before the intestine factions, and foreign invasions, that accompanied the decline of Rome.

To this illustrious family, therefore, we are indebted for the valuable assemblage of statues, pictures, and antiques, contained in the Gallery of Florence, which was built under Cosmo the First, by the celebrated Georgio Vassari. This edifice, originally intended for the administration of justice, and consequently destined to be the seat of discord and dispute, was by his successor Francis consecrated to the muses, and made the repository of the fine arts. Each succeeding prince considered it as a duty to enrich this gallery with some new acquisition; but none has more liberally contributed to increase its treasures than the reigning prince, Peter Leopold. To him we owe the group of Niobe and her children, the Venus, and the little Apollo, from Rome; and the acquisition of many of the best paintings. To this prince, also, we owe the ex-

\* The family became extinct in John Gaston, A. D. 1737, when the territory was transferred to a Spanish prince.

cellent arrangement of the whole, which is no less judicious, than well calculated to assist and instruct every foreigner by whom it is visited.

The gallery consists of two long corridors, which are completely filled with antique statues; a series of busts of the Roman Emperors; portraits of the most celebrated sovereigns, literati, and heroes, from the earliest ages; and a vast collection of paintings, by artists of the different Italian schools. Various apartments, amounting in number to twenty, branch off from the corridors. Half of these are situated on the east, and the other half to the west. The former bear the following distinctive titles. *La petite Salle; Cabinet des Monnoies, et Medailles modernes; Cabinet de l'Amour; Cabinet des Mignatures; Tribune; Cabinet des Ouvrages en terre-cuite; Cabinet des Desseins; Cabinet des Tableaux Flamands; Cabinet des Pierres precieuses; &c.* The apartments towards the west are thus distinguished: *Cabinet des Medailles anciennes; Cabinet des Portraits des Peintres; Cabinet des Inscriptions, et des Bustes; Cabinet de l'Hermaphrodite; Cabinet de la Niobe; Cabinet des Tableaux anciens; Cabinet des Bronzes Modernes; Musée Etrusque.* It would be an endless and tedious task to detail the various beauties which each of these apartments displays, I shall therefore confine my notes to a few of those in which I felt a particular interest.

The Tribune, as containing the rarest specimens both ancient and modern, deserves the first place. The statues are few in number, but of transcendent merit. The Venus de Medicis; the Wrestlers; the Arrotino;

the dancing Faun; and the little Apollo. Under the same roof are also concentrated the works of the most eminent painters; namely Raphael, Fra Bartolomeo, Michel Angelo Buonarotti, Leonardo da Vinci, Andrea del Sarto, Correggio, Titian, Guercino, Guido, Parmeggiano, Carlo Dolce, Daniel di Volterra, Bassano, &c. &c. Apathy itself must be awakened into surprise, if not into pleasure, on entering the Tribune, and surveying such exquisite productions of human skill. How different then must be the sensations of the man of taste and science! The first impression which I felt myself, was that of admiration, not unmixed with awe. My eye was confused, and knew not where to fix. Nor could I, till after repeated visits had weakened the sensation of wonder, quietly seat myself, and contemplate the effect of each particular painting, and of each individual statue.

The next in point of interest was the apartment allotted to Niobe and her family; a group on which I cannot refrain from dwelling with lingering partiality. The story of this *infelix mater* has been so admirably and feelingly related by Ovid, that curiosity and compassion acquire double strength, from beholding a representation of these very personages, in which the cold marble displays all the truth and animation of nature. The apartment contains no other statue; as if to allow the contemplative mind to pause with undivided attention on this exquisite performance. The first figure which meets the eye, is that of the unhappy mother, embracing her youngest child, and lifting her supplicating eyes to heaven for mercy. Around her are dis-



played the statues of her unfortunate family. The tale of Niobe seems to have been devised to repress pride, vanity, and ambition; and above all, contempt of a superior deity. Lovely and graceful in her person, abounding in wealth, enjoying all the luxuries of life, blessed with a numerous and beautiful issue, nothing was wanting to render her happiness perfect, and awaken her gratitude to heaven. Yet the very objects of her joy and pride became the causes, as well as the instruments, of divine vengeance. Her ambition was first excited by the admonition of a prophetess to attend with her countrywomen, and offer sacrifice to Latona and her two children:

*Ismenides, ite frequentes,  
Et date Latonæ, Latonigenisque duobus,  
Cum prece thura piâ, lauroque innectite crinem.*

Niobe reluctantly obeys, but vents her indignation on the woman, who had been honoured with the embraces of a god.

*Ecce venit comitum Niobe celeberrima turbâ,  
Vestibus intexto Phrygiis spectabilis auro.  
Et quantum ira sinit, formosa; movensque decoro  
Cum capite immissos humerum per utrumque capillos  
Constitit, utque oculos circumtulit alta superbos;  
Quis furor auditos, inquit, præponere visis  
Cælestes? Aut cur colitur Latona per aras?*

She then boasts of her own high birth and ancestry, her power, her riches, her beauty, and numerous offspring.

*In quamcumque domûs adverto lumina partem,  
 Immensæ spectantur opes. Accedit eodem  
 Digna Deæ facies. Huc natas adjice septem  
 Et totidem juvenes.*

Then comparing her situation with that of the goddess, she exultingly exclaims,

*Quærite nunc, habeat quam nostra superbia causam:  
 - - - - - Illa duorum  
 Facta parens; uteri pars hæc est septima nostri.*

She now gives a loose to her vanity, and in a manner defies the power of fortune to injure her:

*Sum felix. Quis enim neget hoc? felixque manebo:  
 Hoc quoque quis dubitet? Tutam me copia fecit.  
 Major sum, quam cui possit Fortuna nocere.*

She concludes by ordering her attendants to withhold their homage from Latona.

The fatal consequences of her presumption, and the sequel of this pathetic tale, are well known to every classic reader. On hearing of the death of her children, her first emotion bursts forth in the language of indignation and astonishment:

*Mirantem potuisse; irascentemque quòd ausi  
 Hoc essent Superi, quòd tantum juris haberent.*

But the rage of passion subsides, when her maternal tenderness is awakened by the sad spectacle which meets her eye, and she assumes a tone of indignant despair:

*Heu! quantum hæc Niobe, Niobe distabat ab illâ!  
 Quæ modò Latoïs populum submoverat aris:  
 Et mediam tulerat gressus resupina per urbem,  
 Invidiosa suis: at nunc miseranda vel hosti!  
 Corporibus gelidis incumbit; et ordine nullo  
 Oscula dispensat natos suprema per omnes,  
 A quibus ad cælum liventia brachia tollens,  
 Pascere, crudelis, nostro, Latona, dolore,  
 Pascere, ait; satiaque meo tua pectora luctu.*

Again, however, her pride is roused. She considers the vengeance of the persecuting deities as exhausted, and reflects with triumph on the number of her children who yet remain:

*Exulta, victrixque inimica triumphæ.  
 Cur autem victrix? Misere mihi plura supersunt,  
 Quàm tibi felici. Post tot quoque funera vinco.*

Her own doom and that of her remaining children is fixed; but her pride is still unbroken, *illa malo est audax*, until she sees her offspring reduced to one, the youngest. Her tenderness is again called forth, as it flies to her arms for protection, and the struggle of humbled pride, and maternal sorrow, is marked by the language of pathetic supplication:

*Sexque datis letho, diversa que funera passis,  
 Ultima restabat; quam toto corpore mater,  
 Totâ veste tegens, unam, minimamque relinque,  
 De multis minimam posco, clamavit et unam.*

But prayer was vain. Again her heart bled in that of her last and darling child; and the proud, the beautiful, the presumptuous Niobe was left a sad and solitary monument of divine vengeance and accumulated suffering; a spectacle which even poetry could not describe without resorting to the aid of fiction. Such is the image of distress, which the sculptor's art has here exhibited.

Before the removal of these statues from Rome, they were grouped together; but they are now placed on separate pedestals, without diminishing the effect of the whole.\*

The *Petite Salle* contains two pretty groupes of statuary: one of Ganymede, the other of Cupid and Psyche.

The *Cabinet de l'Amour*, so called from a beautiful little sleeping Cupid, is enriched with some fine paintings, viz. The Emperor Charles the Fifth, by Vandyke; Philip the Fourth of Spain, by Velasquez; a picture, by Empoli; a sketch of the picture in the Tribune, by Fra Bartolomeo, &c.

The *Cabinet des Desseins* is fitted up with presses, containing a most valuable collection of drawings by the old and best masters. The greater part of these, unfortunately for the amateur, are locked up; but a few choice specimens by Salvator Rosa, Rubens, An-

\* The excellence of the sculpture proves the figures of Niobe and the youngest child to be Grecian, and in that case they must have existed prior to the age of Ovid; and perhaps suggested the description he has drawn. Many of the other figures are of far inferior workmanship.



nibale Caracci, Guercino, and Michel Angelo, decorate the apartment.

Two other rooms contain a large collection of the Italian and Flemish artists; among which is a landscape by Guercino, another by Claude Loraine, a Medusa's Head, by Leonardo da Vinci, and many others worthy of notice.

The *Cabinet des Pierres Precieuses* is rich in cameos, intaglios, and other valuable precious stones, &c.

The *Cabinet des Portraits* is divided into two rooms, and contains a very numerous collection of portraits of painters, executed by themselves. But it is to be regretted that those of Correggio and Fra. Bartolomeo are wanting, and that those of Raphael and Andrea del Sarto are so indifferent. Those of Leonardo da Vinci, Albert Durer, Salvator Rosa, Carlo Dolce, Gherardo della Notte, and of all the Bolognese school, are very good. Those of the two most celebrated painters in landscape, Claude Loraine and Gaspar Poussin, are wanting.

The *Cabinet des Inscriptions*, besides the sculptured stones, is the repository of many busts of the emperors, heroes, poets, and philosophers. Among them is the beautiful and justly-celebrated bust of Alexander, and an unfinished head of Brutus, by Michel Angelo Buonarrotti, with this couplet inscribed on the pedestal:

*Dum Bruti effigiem sculptor e marmore ducit,  
In mentem sceleris venit, et abstinuit.*

The *Cabinet de l'Hermaphrodite*, so denominated from that figure, is ornamented with a few good statues,

and some curious pictures of the earliest painters, Ghirlandajo, Sodoma, &c. &c.

In the *Cabinet des Bronzes modernes* is the celebrated Mercury, in bronze, by Giovanni di Bologna. The beauty and aërial lightness of this admirable little deity can only be conceived by those who have seen it.

But this superb and spacious repository of sculpture and painting has a powerful rival, if not a superior, at least with regard to paintings, in the *Palazzo Pitti*, once the residence of a noble family bearing that name, but purchased by Cosmo the First, and converted into a ducal palace. It was the joint performance of the two celebrated architects, Brunelleschi and Ammanati, by the first of whom it was begun, and finished by the last. In this, as well as in the palaces of the Strozzi and Riccardi families, we see examples of the Tuscan and rustic styles of architecture. The façade is long and handsome; three sides are open to a court, the fourth to the Boboli gardens. The architecture is composed of the Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian orders. It contains many handsome apartments, richly stored with paintings. In the first is the celebrated picture of St. Mark, which may be justly deemed the master-piece of Fra Bartolomeo, the contemporary of Raphael and Michel Angelo, who distinguished himself by great boldness of design, dignity of character, and breadth of colouring.—Also, the Virgin, Child, and two saints, painted by Andrea del Sarto, 1517.—A portrait, half length, by Vandyke.—An historical subject, alluding to the Medici family, by Rubens.—The portraits of Paul

the Third, and of Titian's mistress, by that painter.—Two fine landscapes, by Rubens.

In the second apartment is the celebrated picture, by Raphael, known by the title of the *Madona della Sedia*.—The portrait of Leo the Tenth, by the same artist; also of Pope Julius the Second.—A most interesting composition, by Rubens, representing Grotius, Lipsius, himself, and his brother.—A Holy Family, by the same.—The portrait of Cardinal Bentivoglio, by Vandyke.—St. Sebastian, by Andrea del Sacchi.—The ceiling is painted by Pietro de Cortona.

In the third apartment are two subjects of the Assumption, by Andrea del Sarto; and the portrait of a Divine.—A Holy Family, by Raphael.—A Madona and Child, by Carlo Dolce.—The scourging of Christ, by Ludovico Cigoli.

The fourth apartment contains the *Madona del collo lungo*, (the long-necked virgin,) by Parmeggiano.—The supposed portraits of Calvin, Luther, and a Nun, by Giorgione.—St. John, small, by Correggio.—The three Fates, by Michel Angelo.—The *Padre Eterno*, by Raphael; with another large picture over it, by the same hand.—A fine portrait, by Paris Bordone.—Six Saints, by Andrea del Sarto.—A large subject, by Fra Bartolomeo.—A good painting, by Bronzino.—And a handsome table, in *pietre dure*.

Among the detached specimens of painting and sculpture are, a copy of Correggio's celebrated St. Jerome, by Baroccio.—An Hercules, by Guido.—Portrait of Andrea del Sarto, and his wife, by himself.—A seaport, by Salvator Rosa; in which the effect of

sun-shine on the water is very striking.—A bust of Cicero, with his *cicer*; and another of Seneca, resembling that at Rome.

The Boboli gardens adjoin the Palazzo Pitti, and are decorated with many good statues of the modern school. Among these is a group of Adam and Eve, by Michel Angelo Nacarini.—A man with a vase on his shoulder, in the act of emptying its contents into a tub, with a boy opposite, looking at him stedfastly, by Giovanni di Bologna. This group deserves great commendation, as a highly accurate representation of nature.—A colossal figure of Neptune, standing on a vase of granite, and surrounded by other figures, by the same sculptor. The idea of Neptune seems to have been borrowed from the Hercules Farnese.

I shall proceed to give a short description of the palaces of the Florentine nobility, which, though far inferior to the Palazzo Pitti, contain some very valuable specimens of ancient art.

**PALAZZO MARTELLI.** Here are a few good pictures, among which is a large painting representing the conspiracy of Cataline, by Salvator Rosa. Great force of colouring and of expression appears in some of the figures; but I think a subject so well adapted to the character of this painter, might have been better treated.—Two pleasing landscapes, by Lucatelli; and two others, by Zuccarelli.—The Temptation of St. Anthony, and a landscape, by Teniers.—A Madona and Child, small, by Fra Bartolomeo.—An Angel, by Ciro Ferri.—A Madona and Child, by Sasso Ferrata.—A Girl, supposed to be by Velasquez or Morillo, natural and



expressive.—A landscape, with cattle, by Berghem.—A small landscape, by Salvator Rosa; a beautiful little picture, warm in its tints, and very harmonious. A head, by Carlo Dolce, grown dark and discordant.

PALAZZO ALTOVITI contains only one picture, but that an inestimable jewel, the portrait of Raphael, by himself, painted on wood, with a green back ground. Immense sums have been offered for this portrait, but hitherto without effect.

PALAZZO CORSINI.—The most valuable portion of this collection has been removed by the noble family to Rome. But there remain two fine pictures by Carlo Dolce: one representing a beautiful female, in the character of Poetry, and said to be the likeness of the painter's daughter; the other, a St. Sebastian, half length.—A dance of boys, by Albano.—A field of battle, with two soldiers on horseback, by Salvator Rosa.—Two old men, with books, (over a door,) by Pignoni, a Florentine.—The original drawing of Pope Julius the Second, by Raphael; the same size as the painting in the Palazzo Pitti. At this palace is sold the celebrated Italian Dictionary of La Crusca.

PALAZZO GERINI is rich in quantity, but not in quality. Among the best pictures is a landscape, by Salvator Rosa, in which the story of Diogenes is introduced.—A spirited portrait, attributed to Vandyke.—The Crucifixion of St. Andrew, by Carlo Dolce; well composed, and highly finished.—St. Sebastian, by Guido.—Portrait of Rembrandt, when young, by himself.—A small picture, by Raphael, in his first manner.

**PALAZZO RICCARDI.** Besides the ceiling by Luca Giordano, this edifice contains some good paintings. Among these are, four Evangelists, by Carlo Dolce; some excellent portraits by Titian and Andrea del Sarto; an unfinished portrait of Raphael, by himself; a sea piece, by Andrea del Sarto; a battle on a bridge, by Borgognone; together with several good specimens of the Flemish school.

The **STROZZI PALACE** possesses a fine portrait of a child of the family, by Titian.

In the **CERATINI** collection is a representation of three Cupids, one of whom is trimming a bow, said to be the work of Correggio; but I rather think of Parmeggiano. This favourite subject has been frequently repeated, or copied; for there is one in the Orleans collection at Paris; a second at Vienna; and a third, on sale, at Rome.

The palace of my countryman Lord Cowper is also rich in paintings; among which are three by Raphael, one by Correggio, one by Schidoni; six by Andrea del Sarto; one by Fra Bartolomeo; one by Michel Angelo; one by Titian; one by Vandyke; &c. &c.

The Academy for Students, lately established, is furnished with an excellent collection of models, from the best antique statues, &c.; some fine drawings of the old masters; and the master-piece of Giovanni di St. Giovanni; a painting in fresco, removed with the wall on which it was executed. The model of the machine with which this delicate operation was performed, is still exhibited.

The Buonarotti family is yet extant at Florence; and in the house belonging to it are some of the works of Michel Angelo, both in sculpture and painting; as well as the history of his life depicted in fresco, by a Florentine.

Among the religious edifices, the Duomo or Cathedral claims the first attention. It is one of the handsomest buildings I have seen in Italy, being faced on the outside with various coloured marble. The architecture is light, and of the species generally distinguished by the name of Gothic, though the Goths did not perhaps in any way contribute to its introduction in Europe. The cupola was designed by Brunelleschi; and was the first which was raised in Italy. This architect died in 1446 and was interred in this church. It contains also the bones of the painter Giotto, with this epitaph:

*Ille ego sum per quem Pinctura extincta revixit,*

*Cui quam recta manus, tam fuit et facies.*

*Naturæ deerat, nostræ quod deficit arti,*

*Plus licuit nulli pingere, nec melius.*

*Miraris turrim egregiam sacro ære sonantem*

*Hæc quoque de modulo crevit ad astra meo.*

*Denique sum JOTTUS; quid opus fuit illa referre?*

*Hoc nomen longi carminis instar erit.*

*Obiit anno 1336. Cives pos. B. M. 1490.*

There are, also, some statues by Bandinelli, and an unfinished work by Michel Angelo, which stands where the Adam and Eve, now in the Boboli Gardens, once stood.

The Campanile, designed by the painter Giotto, and alluded to in his epitaph, is a little distant from the cathedral, and is also faced with marble. Four hundred and eighteen steps lead to its summit, from which there is a most extensive view.

The Baptistery near it is a handsome octangular edifice. The dome is ornamented with ancient mosaic, by Andrea Tassi, Gaddo Gaddi, and Apollonius a Greek, from whom Cimabue, the father of the Florentine artist, is said to have learned the art of painting. The three doors of bronze, belonging to this building, which are decorated with subjects from sacred history, are so excellent in their workmanship, that Michel Angelo pronounced them worthy of being the gates of paradise. One was executed by Andrea Ugolioni, of Pisa, in 1330; and the other by Lorenzo Ghiberti, of Florence, in 1421.

The church of l'Annunziata is celebrated for some of the best works, in fresco, of Andrea del Sarto, particularly the Madona del Sacco, so called from the sack on which Joseph is leaning. This painting, for a long series of years, has claimed the admiration of every artist and connoisseur, and may be esteemed as one of the ablest performances of this great master. Other frescos, by the same painter, have great merit; and, perhaps, that representing the nativity of the Madona may be thought equal to the former; indeed in my eyes it was superior. The Miracle of Resuscitations is also full of beauty and expression. This church contains the tomb of the famous architect Bandinelli; and that of Giovanni di Bologna, whose excellence in



the art of sculpture is manifested by a figure of Christ on the cross, in bronze, and six very spirited bas reliefs, representing the Passion of our Saviour.

The Church of Santa Maria Novella is decorated with many pictures, by the old masters; and the best works of Cimabue.

In the Church of Il Carmine is a handsome chapel, belonging to the Corsini family, in which the bas reliefs by Foggini are worthy of notice. The dome is painted by Luca Giordano.

The architecture of the Church of Santo Spirito, by Brunelleschi, is much admired; as well as the altar, inlaid with marble, which was erected at a great expense by the family of Michelozzi.

The Church of Santa Croce, a large and handsome edifice, contains the tombs of many celebrated men, among whom are Michel Angelo Buonarotti, Machiavelli, Galileo, Aretino, &c. &c. That of Machiavelli is now erecting, with the inscription, *Tanto nomini nullum par eulogium. Nicolaus Machiavelli.* The celebrated astronomer Galileo is thus commemorated, *Galilæus Galileius Patric. Flor. geometriæ, astronomiæ, philosophiæ, maximus restitutor, nulli ætatis suæ comparandus, hic benè quiescit, &c. &c.* The original tomb of Galileo was in a small chapel, called the Novitiate. Here he was first buried, and afterwards removed into the great church. The following inscription records the memory of Aretino:

*Postquam Leonardus e vitâ migravit,  
Historia luget; Eloquentia muta est;  
Ferturque Musas, tam Græcas quam  
Latinas, lachrymas tenere non potuisse.*

On the sarcophagus of Michel Angelo are represented the figures of sculpture, painting, and architecture, as recording his skill in those three sciences. The sarcophagus and ornaments of the tomb of Carolo Marsupino are well executed.

The Church of St. Marco was once rich in the works of Fra Bartolomeo, a member of that fraternity; but the best have been removed to the Pitti palace. There is an excellent library annexed to this establishment, the windows of which command a beautiful prospect.

In a court belonging to the church of *Santa Maria Nuova* is a painting in fresco, by Fra Bartolomeo, describing the glory of paradise, but much damaged. On the wall of the adjoining cloister is another fresco, by Giovanni di St. Giovanni, representing in a pretty design, Charity and her three children; also, a bas relief of the founder of the hospital, with an inscription bearing the date of 1288.

In the *Confraternita dello Scalzo*, now suppressed, are several fresco paintings, by Andrea del Sarto, many of which are charming compositions, especially a Charity with three children. We learn from Baldinucci, that these were the first public works of this artist: *Le prime pitture che fossero date a fare, in publico, a Andrea (le quale però condusse a fine in diversi tempi, e riuscirono singolarissime) furono le dieci storie della vita di St. Giovan Batista, a chiaroscuro, nella Compagnia dello Scalzo, e avendovi messa mano, appena ne ebbe condotta alcuna, ch'egli montò in tanta stima e credito, che da indi in poi gli furono ordinate moltissime pitture, da diversi cittadini.*

The Church of St. Lorenzo is a handsome building, designed by Brunelleschi. It is supported by two rows of columns on each side. This structure was erected by order of Cosmo the First, who lies interred within its walls, with this short, but honourable inscription,

DECRETO PUBLICO PATRI PATRIAE.

In one of the chapels are some fine monuments, with statues, by Michel Angelo. Adjoining this church is the Mausoleum of the Medici family, which, when completed, is designed to be laid open to the edifice, and to form the choir and high altar. Nothing can exceed the beauty of this celebrated chapel, which is entirely constructed and faced with a variety of the rarest marbles, and decorated with the arms of the different cities in Tuscany, wrought in *lapis lazuli*, agate, coral, cornelian stones, &c. The form is octangular, and the sepulchral deposits consist of large sarcophagi of Ægyptian granite, &c. Above is the famous Medicean Library, containing eight thousand manuscripts; among which is a complete collection of the Greek and Roman classics, written in the most correct and beautiful manner on vellum, and richly illuminated. They are chained to desks, and open to public inspection and reference.

Many good statues are dispersed through the streets and squares of Florence; among which is Ajax expiring in the arms of a soldier, said to be antique, near the Ponte Vecchio.—A pedestal, with a bas relief, by Bandinelli.—Hercules destroying Cacus, and David, by Michel Angelo; both colossal, and serving



as ornaments to the portal of the Palazzo Vecchio.—Perseus with the head of Medusa, in bronze, by Benvenuto Cellini;\* and a pedestal, richly ornamented with bas reliefs, by the same artist.—The rape of a Sabine woman, by Giovanni di Bologna; a beautiful group, in which the distress of the female sufferer, the joy and passion of the vigorous ravisher, and the grief of the father, who in vain attempts to rescue his daughter, are admirably contrasted.—Hercules killing the Centaur, by the same artist; as well as the equestrian statue of Cosmo the First. The horse is heavy; but the bas reliefs on the pedestal, particularly the triumph of Cosmo, after the conquest of Siena, are very fine.—There is also a representation of a wild boar, in brass, by Pietro Tacca, after the original in the gallery.

I am well aware, that a detailed list of statues, busts, and paintings, cannot prove very entertaining to those who have not seen them. It may, however, have its use, as well as interest, in pointing out their present owners and situations. The time may come, when many of these rare productions may be transported over the ocean to the shores of Gaul and Britain. Should such a change take place, a knowledge of their pedigree and history will be equally satisfactory and advantageous.†

\* Much is said respecting this group by Benvenuto Cellini, in his entertaining memoirs.

† That period is now arrived, and my sad prognostic is now verified! Already have the riches of the Tribune and the Palazzo Pitti been transported to the banks of the Seine; and many valuable works have found their way to the distant shores of Britain. 1815.



To that part of Italy which is distinguished by the name of Tuscany, the world is indebted for the revival of painting ; but the two republics of Florence and Siena dispute the palm of priority. Though I am willing to give the precedence, as well as great merit in the art, to the latter ; yet it is just to assign the superiority, in point of excellence, to the former. Cimabue is considered as the father of the modern school of painting. To him succeeded Giotto, Masaccio, Luca Signorelli, &c. who in a great measure revived this noble art, which lay neglected during the long period of civil broils, which preceded the establishment of a new political system in Italy.

The fifteenth century gave birth to Leonardo da Vinci, Fra Bartolomeo, Michel Angelo Buonarotti, and Andrea del Sarto, the brightest luminaries of the Florentine school. The sixteenth may boast of Pontormo, Rosso, Daniel da Volterra, Salviati, Bronzino, Georgio Vasari, Santa Titi, and Cigoli ; the latter of whom, from the warmth of his colouring and the fine effect of his *chiaro scuro*, obtained the appellation of the Florentine Correggio. Among the best painters of the seventeenth century were Giovanni da St. Giovanni, Pietro da Cortona, and his scholar, Ciro Ferri. Thus we see that the fifteenth century was the period in which the Florentine school attained its rapid maturity, and even the zenith of its glory. It is painful to observe that the art has since gradually declined. The cause, however, was evidently less the want of natural abilities in succeeding artists, than the want of patronage.

The present æra will be memorable in the annals of Tuscany, for the introduction of a new code of laws formed by the reigning Grand Duke. His principle is honourable to him as a sovereign and a man, as well as to his people. He has placed himself on the same footing as the meanest of his subjects, by excluding the crime of treason from his code. He has also shewn his confidence in their good dispositions by abolishing the punishment of death, as if he supposed them incapable of committing capital offences; and his supposition has been verified by the singular infrequency of such crimes for a long period. I was informed that for thirty years previous to the establishment of the new code there had been only one execution within the grand-ducal territories. Even a robbery is seldom heard of, and locks and keys are deemed almost useless. But the grand secret which has essentially contributed to this change, and the ruling principle of the government, must appear odious to an Englishman, as subversive of genuine liberty, and derogatory to that generosity and openness of heart, which ought to characterise every sovereign; especially of him who has publicly declared his confidence in his subjects. I allude to the system of *espionage*; which most unfortunately prevails at Florence, as well as at Pisa.

I do not know the extent of the Tuscan territory; but the population is estimated at about eighty thousand souls. The soil is in general very rich, and highly cultivated; though I have been told, that on an average of ten years it does not produce sufficient corn for the

consumption of the inhabitants. The chief trade consists in oil, wine, and silk.

FLORENCE derives its origin from the more ancient adjoining town of Fiesole, which was one of the twelve cities of Etruria.

*Adfuit et sacris interpretes fulminis alis*

*Fæsula.*

*Silius, lib. 8.*

The modern city is adorned with many handsome palaces, public buildings, antique columns, and equestrian statues; some of which display the able workmanship of Michel Angelo, Giovanni di Bologna, Bandinelli, and Benvenuto Collini. It has four bridges over the Arno; one of which, *La Trinità*, is of a most beautiful construction. The air is perfectly good throughout the whole year, and the heat more moderate than in many parts of Italy.

On Friday 29th December I quitted Florence for Rome, where I arrived on Sunday evening the 31st; having experienced no delay on the road. This my second visit to the imperial city extended to the 17th of February 1787. During this time I had an opportunity of revisiting the churches, palaces, and remains of antiquity; and of reflecting at leisure on their past grandeur, history, and present state. The usual routine, which a stranger on first coming to Rome, very properly takes with his *cicerone*, is attended with such hurry and confusion, that a repetition of it at a subsequent period, under different circumstances, becomes doubly interesting, if not necessary.

## ROME.

*Ecce iterum Romæ!* Once more I find myself within the walls of the Imperial city; and as at page 93 of this journal, I signified my intention of recording the different remarks that were submitted to me by Mr. Colin Morison, I shall avail myself of the present opportunity. They are indeed unconnected, but still may prove in some degree useful.

ANTIQUITIES ON THE CAPITOLINE HILL.—Three Corinthian columns belonging to the temple of Jupiter *tonans*, vowed by Augustus for having escaped a thunder-storm in Spain; restored by Domitian. The columns must have been fifty or sixty feet high. An epigram of Martial applies to it.—Temple of Concord, of the Ionic order, restored by Constantine: Mr. Morison supposes it to have been the temple of Fortune. There was a temple dedicated to Concord in the Forum, mentioned by the historian Livy. *C. Flavius Cn. filius scriba ædem Concordiæ in arêâ Vulcani summâ invidiâ nobilium dedicavit. Lib. 9, 46.* In a stable of the senatorial palace I was shewn some arches, on which the *Tabularium* is supposed to have been built. Here was a public library; and here the public records, senatorial decrees, &c. were deposited. An old inscription thus records the founder of this building: *Q. Lutatius Q. F. Catulus Cos. substructionem et tabularium S. S. faciendum coeravit.*—The next object of antiquity is a prison, known formerly by the title of *Tullianum*;



in which the abettors of Catiline's conspiracy were confined. It is thus described by Sallust: *Est locus in carcere, quod Tullianum appellatur, ubi paululum ascenderis ad lævam circiter XII pedes humi depressus. Eum muniunt undique parietes, atque insuper camera lapideis fornicibus vincta, sed inculta tenebris, odore fœda, atque terribilis ejus facies est.* These walls form the substruction of the church of St. Pietro in Carcere, so called from the circumstance of St. Peter having been confined within them.

From the towers of the Capitol there is a fine view of the city of Rome. The walls of it were not extended from the time of the kings to that of Sylla; but it is not to be understood that the ancient city could contain half the inhabitants within its walls. Divided into *tribus urbanæ* and *rusticæ*; the former of which extended to the distance of two or three miles without the gates. Till the period of the empire no one was permitted to appear in armour within the city, and many disputes were occasioned by this regulation. Marble columns were not much in use before the reign of Augustus; the native stone is made use of in the tomb of Scipio. Near seventy modern tribunals now exist in Rome, and frequent disputes occur about their decisions: appeals are made to three *conservatori* and a senator, who sit in the capitol. In the celebrated *bassi relievi* of Marcus Aurelius, the front of the temple of Jupiter that stood on the Capitoline Hill is represented. It was usual to mark the years and age of the city by driving a nail (*clavum figere*) into the door of the temple; and the nails are visible in this bas relief.

The triumphal arch of Septimius Severus was erected in honour of his victory over the Parthians, and a representation of the battering ram is upon it, the only one known: order composite. The form of the Greek forum was square, that of the Romans bore the proportion of three to two. The Corinthian column was originally fluted down to the bottom: its alteration is said to have arisen from the circumstance of some soldiers leaning their spears against it after a battle: and the idea of Corinthian capitals is also said to have been taken from a basket lying amongst plants of the *acanthus*. One column only remains of the Temple of Jupiter *custos*. There was originally a marsh between the Circus Maximus and the Forum, with depth of water sufficient to carry vessels; described by Ovid, in his *Fasti*: *Forte revertebar, &c.* The *Via Nova* was a continuation of the *Via Sacra*. The *Cloaca Maxima* was made by Tarquinius Superbus as a drain to the city, and was considered as the greatest work of those times; it is above thirteen feet in height and width, and extends about a quarter of a mile.

A little further under the Palatine Hill was a temple dedicated to Romulus: the altar is now visible on the outside: the ancient custom of bringing children hither to be cured of the rickets is still continued: St. Theodore is now the acting physician. Over this temple were performed the *Lupercalia*, as described by Ovid. Romulus and Remus are, according to ancient tradition, said to have been found in this marsh.

The grove and temple of Vesta were situated in this part of the forum. A little further is the *Boarium*,

supposed to have been originally the *Ara Maxima*, dedicated to Hercules for having destroyed Cacus. Adjoining it is an arch erected by the merchants to the emperors Severus and Caracalla. Near it is the *Cloaca Maxima*, and the *Fons Juturnæ*, where the apparition of Castor and Pollux is said to have been seen; and is mentioned by Pliny.

The temple of JUPITER STATOR stood also in the neighbourhood of the aforesaid antiquities. There Romulus halted his army, when driven the whole length of the forum by the Sabines; [*Livy, lib. 1, 12,*] and vowed, in case of victory, a temple to Jupiter. *At tu, pater deûm hominûmq; hinc saltem arce hostes; deme terrorem Romanis fugamque fœdam siste. Hic ego ubi templum Statori Jovi, quod monumentum sit posteris, tuâ præsentî ope servatam urbem esse, voveo.* Three fluted columns of the Corinthian order indicate the site and style of this votive building. At a little distance the emplacement of an ancient temple, dedicated to the god Neptune, is occupied by a modern church, which still retains within its walls many fine antique columns. The rape of the Sabine women took place at the celebration of the feasts in honour of this god, who is styled by Livy *Neptunus Equestris*; lib. 1, 9. Turning to the left we observed the ruins of the *Circus Maximus*; some of the *fornice*s are still remaining: it extended above four *stadia* in length, each of which measures about half a quarter of a mile: it lay between the Aventine and Palatine hills, and is well described by Dyonisius.

The circumference of the ancient walls was eleven miles; of the modern, thirteen. The Arch of Constan-



tine was erected in commemoration of his victory over the tyrant Maxentius. The arts being on the decline, the ornaments were taken from Trajan's Forum to decorate it. This Forum was originally adorned with four triumphal arches, surmounted by cars and horses of bronze, none of which now remain at Rome. Appius Claudius paved the *Via Appia* as far as the city of Capua. The emperor Trajan continued it to Beneventum, where a fine triumphal arch, erected to his memory, still is preserved. At the end of the *Via Triumphalis*, and at the commencement of the *Via Sacra*, stood the colossal statue of the emperor Nero, from which the amphitheatre derived the name of *Colosseum*. Close to the road side are the remains of a fine aqueduct which conveyed water to the Palatine hill. On the left of the triumphal arch of Severus is a church, said to have been formerly a temple of Saturn, where the public treasury was kept. No columns remain of the portico which was restored by Hadrian; the modern building still bears the name of St. Adrian. The ancient Forum consisted of one temple, one *basilika*, and one portico; the first was appropriated to religious causes and uses; the two next to civil. The first *basilika*, called Portia, was built by one of Cato's family.

The entrance to the Forum was from the *Via Sacra*, under an arch dedicated to Fabianus. Tiberius pulled down the front of the temple of Castor and Pollux, to ornament his own palace. Architects usually made the frieze plain, when the architrave was enriched, and *vice versâ*. The three Corinthian columns now remaining are supposed to have belonged to the



*Comitia*, to which authors say there was an ascent by steps: these are not much sunk in the earth.—Temple of Faustina, wife of Antonine, and mother of Marcus Aurelius; portico entire, of Cypoline marble, brought from Africa: order Corinthian. They must have been fifty feet in height, including base and capital: their diameter is five feet.—Temple of Romulus and Remus, restored by S. Severus; the ancient doors of bronze still remain. Each of the brothers had his temple, and two modern saints still retain the same honour.—There was anciently in the forum a statue of Marsyas, which it was the custom to crown, on the completion of a person's wishes; and scandalous tradition asserts that Julia, wife of Augustus, performed this ceremony on her return one night from the *fornices*.—There was a temple to *Venus Cloacina*, near to the *Cloaca Maxima*.—On the Citadel was a fine temple dedicated to Concord; two also to the Sun and Moon, designed by the emperor Adrian, and criticized by the celebrated architect Apollodorus; for which offence he was banished. During his exile the emperor built this temple, and informed Apollodorus, that although he was absent, yet a specimen of good architecture could be seen at Rome, and asking his opinion, was told, “that if the “figures of the deities, who were represented in a sitting posture, were to rise up, they would find it a “difficult matter to get out of the temple.” *Etenim, inquit, si Deæ surgere, atque inde exire voluerint, non poterunt.\** This unfortunate speech was the cause of the architect's death.

\* I find this anecdote in Dion Cassius, as relating to a temple of the goddess Venus at Rome. Lib. 69, cap. 4.

The next ruin is the temple of Peace, only one half of which is now remaining, and as it differs so materially in its design from any of the other temples at Rome, it may have originally formed a part of Nero's golden palace, and have been converted afterwards into a temple. That dedicated to *Pax* was celebrated amongst the ancients for its fine pictures, one of which by Protogenes was rendered interesting by the anecdote recorded of it by Pliny, lib. 35. The painter, unable to satisfy his own ideas respecting the foam issuing from the panting jaws of a dog, threw his brush at the canvas in anger, and thus produced the effect denied to art. *Postremo iratus arti, spongiam impegit in viso loco tabulæ, fecitque in pictura fortuna naturam.* This fine temple was consumed by fire during the reign of the emperor Commodus.

The arch of Titus was erected after his conquest of Judæa, and was the first trial of the Composite Order. When the sculpture of figures began to decline in excellence, so did that of letters. After the death of Augustus, the Romans made use of triangular bricks in their buildings. Nero's palace and gardens extended as far as the baths of Titus. Martial tells us that there were marshes on the spot where the Colosseum now stands, and by the same poet we learn that the whole adjoining tract of ground was occupied by the demesne of Nero.

*Hic ubi sidereus propius videt astra Colossus,  
Et crescunt mediâ pegmata celsa viâ,  
Invidiosa feri radiabant atria Regis,  
Unaque jam totâ stabat in urbe domus.*

*Hic, ubi conspicui venerabilis amphitheatri*

*Erigitur moles, stagna Neronis erant.*

*Spectaculorum liber, Epigramma 2.*

The Colosseum, or Amphitheatre, was the joint work of the emperors Vespasian, Titus, and Domitian, and called Flavian, from their family: it contained seventy or eighty thousand spectators; an awning was drawn over the top to protect them from the changes of weather. Wild beasts were prevented from hurting those in the lower seats by means of ivory balls suspended on a pivot. The spectators were arranged as to their seats in the following order: senators, consuls, and vestals; patricians, equestrians, citizens; women and plebeians. The emperor sat in the centre of one of the sides. The people were divided into *curiæ*, and places were allotted to them accordingly; those who came too late were called *excuneati*. The senators had a net work of bronze over their heads. There was one staircase to ascend, another to descend, and another leading to the *vomitoria*. Long diameter 625 feet, short diameter 517 feet, height 164 feet.—*Note.* The rust of iron causes stone to decay, not so that of bronze.

**PALATINE HILL.** So called by Evander, from Pallantium, a town in Arcadia, from which he came. Under this hill, then probably uninhabited, were found Romulus and Remus, the subsequent founders of the city of Rome.

It was afterwards honoured with the residence of the emperors. Augustus, having bought the houses of Crassus and Hortensius, laid the foundation of the



Imperial Palace, which was continued by Tiberius, and increased by Caligula. It was afterwards extended by Nero from the forum to the baths of Titus; all of which was restored to the public by Vespasian, Titus, and Domitian, who erected the Colosseum on a part of the ground.—*Careatides* were so called from the girls of Carea.—The celebrated temple of Apollo was on the hill; and many fragments of it are dispersed, which may be distinguished by griffins in the frieze. Poets recited publicly in it: thus mentioned by Propertius,

- - - - - *Aurea Phæbi*  
*Porticus a magno Cæsare aperta fuit.*

This portico and the adjoining temple were decorated with fine paintings, and a colossal statue of Apollo, in bronze. Close to the house of Augustus grew the bay trees, from which crowns were made to decorate the fronts of heroes, &c. Domitian was the last emperor who restored the palace. Many baths and other apartments have been lately discovered, beautifully ornamented with painting, gilding, &c. The great hall, discovered in 1720, measuring 150 feet by 100, is as large as the nave of St. Peter's. The ancients were so much accustomed to bathe by torch-light, that when they had the opportunity of admitting day-light into their bathing apartments, they continued to prefer their old custom. Many of the fine buildings remained perfect for several years after the time of the emperors. The last demolishing stroke was applied to this building by the Normans, in the twelfth or thirteenth century, out of revenge to the Pope; who, contrary to his pro-



mise, gave assistance to the King of Naples, when at war with that people.

The original Forum having, owing to the increase of population, been found insufficient for transacting the business of the citizens, Cæsar added another forum, and dedicated it to Venus; Augustus another, and dedicated it to Mars; Domitian another, which was completed by Nerva, and still bears the name of that emperor. It was surrounded by walls of an immense height, some of which are still visible; as well as the façade of a temple sacred to Minerva, ornamented with a statue of that goddess, and a rich bas relief on the frieze. In Cæsar's forum was a colossal statue of that emperor, and three fine Corinthian columns. A little further are the remains of a semicircular building, vulgarly called the baths of Paulus Emilius: they are decorated with a corridore, and niches for statues. But the forum of Trajan seems to have exceeded all the rest in magnificence: it was the work of the celebrated architect Apollodorus, and its site is still marked by the rich and stately column that stands within its area. It was erected as a memorial of gratitude to that great emperor for his splendid victory over the Dacians, and his ashes were deposited within it. The whole column is richly sculptured with bas reliefs, representing the transactions of that famous war; and according to tradition, the summit was crowned with a gilded statue of the emperor. This pillar was composed of thirty-four blocks of marble, placed over each other like so many cheeses, and perforated so as to admit access to the summit. It bore the following antique inscription :

SENATVS POPVLVSQVE ROMANVS  
 IMP . CAES . DIVI . NERVAE . F .  
 TRAIANO . AVG . GERM . DACICO . PONT .  
 MAXIMO . TRIB . POT . XVII . IMP . VI . COS . VI . PP .  
 AD . DECLARANDVM . QVANTAE . ALTITVDINIS .  
 MONS . ET . LOCVS . TAN                      BVS . SIT . EGESTVS .

It appears by the historian Dion that the ground on which this column as well as the forum of Trajan were placed, was originally hilly, but made level by art. *Clivus surgebat, quem effossa quoquoversus terra, ita complanavit, ut undique columna conspiceretur, forumque deinde in areæ modum æquatum mansit.*

Venuti supplies the vacant letters in the last line with *tantis operibus*; Donati with *tantis ex collibus*.

This forum was ornamented with triumphal arches, colonnades, and statues, and was the admiration of every beholder. The historian Ammianus Marcellinus mentions the effect it produced on the emperor Constantius. *Cum ad Trajani forum venisset, singularem sub omni cælo structuram, ut opinamur, etiam numinum assensione mirabilem, hærebat attonitus per gigantæos contextus circumferens mentem, nec relatu effabiles, nec rursus mortalibus appetendos.* A bronze effigy of Pope Pius Sextus supplies the place of that of Trajan on the summit of the column, and an inscription on the base by the same pontiff consecrates it to the blessed apostle St. Peter.

Not far from this forum is a sepulchral memorial erected to C. Publicius Bibulus, which deserves notice from the circumstance of its marking the ancient boundaries of the city; for by the laws of the twelve tables,

burial within the walls of the city was not allowed. *In urbe ne sepelito neve urito.* It is to be presumed, therefore, that this sepulchre stood originally *without* the city walls ; but when the emperor Trajan extended them, it of course became enclosed, and the emperor was the first person who was interred *within* them.

At Monte Cavallo are two colossal statues, with horses, said to represent Castor and Pollux, and to have been the work of the celebrated sculptors Phidias and Praxiteles. On each figure the lock of hair rises upwards, as denoting them to be descendants from Jupiter. The pedestals, on which these groupes stood, were turned to a contrary direction a few years ago by a very ingenious and almost incredible manœuvre. On that part of the Quirinal hill, where the baths of Constantine were built, was formerly a temple of Health, and one dedicated to Quirinus, from whom the hill took its name : its modern title is derived from the horses. Near this place was the Circus of Flora.

Appius Claudius constructed the first aqueduct about A. U. 440 ; at which period baths were introduced, which at first were only private. At a later period they were constructed for the use of the public by Agrippa.

The baths formed by the emperor Dioclesian present a noble and satisfactory specimen of the buildings appropriated to similar purposes ; their exterior walls are in a great measure perfect. At each end was a temple, the one dedicated to Apollo, the other to Æsculapius ; the former, now St. Bernardo, is very beautiful and perfect. Between these temples is a semicircular



building, where the exercises were probably performed after the use of the bath: they are sufficiently spacious to accommodate two thousand people. These magnificent baths were supplied with water that was brought to Rome, A. U. 612, by Quintus Marcius, and called from him the *Aqua Marcia*. It was conveyed from beyond Subiaco, the great distance of sixty-one miles, fifty-four of which were under ground, and the remaining seven above ground. A part of these baths was converted by Michel Angelo into a christian church, distinguished by the name of *La Madonna degli Angeli*, and annexed to a monastery of Carthusian friars. It contains the tombs of the celebrated painters Salvator Rosa and Carlo Maratti; and eight fine granite columns attest the ancient magnificence of this splendid building. The quadrangle attached to this convent is striking, and deserves notice.

St. Agnes *fuor' delle Mure* is supposed to have been one of the churches built by Constantine; it possesses many fine antique pillars of various orders, and a very perfect *candelabrum*. Adjoining it is a round temple, called the Mausoleum of St. Constance; it was supposed to have been once dedicated to the god Bacchus, from its bronze mosaic ceiling representing vines, &c. Here is a magnificent sarcophagus of porphyry, and the largest in Rome, ornamented with bas reliefs of boys with vines, &c. Near this place are the ruins of a *castrum prætorium*. Continuing my excursion on the *Via Nomentana*, which leads into the Sabine country, the *Mons Sacer* was pointed out to me on the right; and as many of the ruins throughout Italy are rendered more



interesting by the history and anecdotes attached to them, than by their present state and appearance, I shall insert from the life of Coriolanus by Plutarch, an anecdote relating to the *Mons Sacer*. At a time when the enemy had invaded the Roman territories, so great a dissention prevailed amongst the commonalty, that when the consuls called upon such as were able to bear arms to give in their names, not a man stepped forward. The senate assembled, debated, but came to no conclusion: the commotion became so general, that the commonalty rose, and encouraging each other, took possession of the *Mons Sacer*, near the river Anio; but did not proceed to any open act of violence. It was on this occasion that Menenius Agrippa, who had been selected by the senate to treat with the people, made use of the following illustrative fable. "The members of the human body once "mutinied against the belly, and accused it of lying "idle and useless, whilst they were all labouring and "ministering to satisfy its appetites; but the belly only "laughed at their simplicity in not knowing that, "though it received all the nourishment into itself, it "prepared and distributed it again to every part of the "body. Just so, my fellow citizens," said he, "stands "the case between the senate and you. For the necessary counsels and acts of government are productive "of advantage to you all, and distribute their salutary "influence among the whole people." A little further is an old bridge over the Anio, supposed to have been built about the time of Belisarius.

On our return homewards we visited the site of the *Circus of Flora*, on one side of which Sallust had a fine

villa and gardens. This circus was made use of by the Romans at times when the rising of the river rendered the *Circus Maximus* unserviceable. Adjoining to it was a temple dedicated to Venus Ericyna; thither the Roman matrons carried the symbols of Priapus, adorned with garlands of flowers, and deposited them within the sacred walls.

The next object of our antiquarian pursuit is the Esquiline hill, the largest of the seven on which the city of Rome is built. It was formerly honoured with a temple sacred to **JUNO LUCINA**. The poets Virgil and Propertius, as well as that distinguished patron of the arts, Mecænas, had houses upon it. In the church of *St. Maria Maggiore* we see a model of the ancient basilika, and within it a costly chapel belonging to the Borghese family. Before it is one of the two Egyptian obelisks that were found in the mausoleum of Augustus: the other is designed for the area at Monte Cavallo. Behind it is a fine column of the Corinthian order, which belonged formerly to the Temple of Peace. The ancient city did not extend far beyond this church. On the outside of the walls was the *Campus Esquilinus*, the burial-place for the common people; from whence down to the forum ran the *Via Scelerata*, so called from the inhuman conduct of Tullia, in driving over the dead body of her father. In this district were the palace and baths of the emperor Titus; not so large as those of Dioclesian, but similar in their plan. The subterraneous vaults retain some curious specimens of antique paintings, from which Raphael is supposed to have borrowed some hints in the composition of his

arabesques. The fine group of Laocoon and his two sons were found amongst these ruins. I observed nine very large reservoirs. Near to the church of St. Eusebius is a ruin called the Castle of the *Aqua Marcia* before described, by which the baths of Titus, as well as those of Dioclesian, were supplied with water. The trophies of Marius, now deposited in the capitol, were found here.

Between these baths and a gate of the city called *Porta Maggiore*, is a pretty little circular temple, attributed to MINERVA MEDICA, from the circumstance of finding within, or near to it, a statue of that deity, with the serpent of Æsculapius at her feet. In the same vineyard is the *columbarium*, or sepulchral vault of the family of L. Arunzius, who was consul under the emperor Tiberius. We now come to the *Porta Maggiore*, which originally formed a part of the magnificent aqueduct by which the emperor Claudius conveyed water to the imperial city. Three different inscriptions record the author and restorers of this grand work: the first is to the memory of Claudius the founder; the second records the repairs done by Vespasian; and the third those by his successor Titus. The *Viæ Prænestinæ* and *Labicanæ* issued from this gate.

In the gardens of the church called *S. Croce in Jerusalemme*, which is supposed to have been an old basilika, are the ruins of a temple dedicated to Venus and Cupid; and near it is the *Amphitheatrum Castrense*, which intersects the line of the city walls, and was, perhaps, built by Aurelian at the time when he extended their circumference. The statue of Venus, preserved in the Vatican, was found here.



Following the line of the city walls, and passing by the *Porta Latina*, from whence issued the *Via Latina*, we come to the *Porta St. Sebastiano*, from whence the *Via Appia* proceeded on its course through the Pomptine Marshes to Capua and Brundisium. The modern road to Naples also issues from this gate under a triumphal arch, which is supposed to have been the one mentioned by Suetonius, as having been decreed by the senate to Drusus. *Druso senatus marmoreum arcum cum trophæis Viâ Appiâ decrevit.* Following the course of this celebrated causeway, we observe a square sepulchre on the left side of it, which is said to have been the one erected to the memory of Horatia, the sister of the Horatii, as no other of a similar form occurs near this place; and the historian Livy records her having been killed by her brother *ante portam Capenam*, the ancient name of this gate, and mentions the tomb as *sepulchrum constructum ex quadrato lapide.* Further on the same road was the burial-place of the Servilian family, and an old basilika, now converted into the modern church dedicated to St. Sebastian, which is celebrated for its extensive subterraneous catacombs. At a short distance from hence, at *Capodi Bove*, so called probably from the Doric frieze of bulls' heads that surrounds the building, is the magnificent sepulchre of Cecilia Metella, which owes its preservation to its solid mode of construction, the walls being 35 feet in thickness. On a tablet is the following inscription, CAECILIAE . Q. CRETICI F. METELLAE CRASSI. From hence came the superb sarcophagus of marble, which is now preserved in the Farnese palace.



Opposite to this grand tomb was the Circus of Caracalla, which still remains sufficiently perfect to convey to the spectator a satisfactory idea of this kind of building. The *meta*, or goal, *fervidis evitata rotis*, still remains. An obelisk which once decorated the area has been transported to the Piazza Navona; near it was a temple built and dedicated to Honour and Virtue, by Marcellus; and another sacred to the Muses, now consecrated to St. Urban. Under the hill on which it stands were the remains of the grotto of the nymph Egeria, so often mentioned by the classical authors, and thus by the poet Martial:

*Defluit incerto lapidosus murmure rivus*

*Sæpe, sed exiguis haustibus inde bibi;*

EGERIA est, quæ præbet aquas, Dea grata Camænis,

*Illa NUMÆ conjux consiliumque fuit.*

The celebration of games is still continued on this spot, and about the same season as formerly. Further on is a little temple ascribed to the god Ridicule; but it was more probably dedicated to the river Almo, on whose banks it is situated, and which was sacred to the goddess Cybele.

Returning towards Rome, we visited the site of the mausoleum of the Scipio family, which remained undiscovered till within these few years. The inscriptions and sarcophagus have been transported to the Vatican, and a full description of them with engravings has been given by Piranesi. The next object of attraction were the baths of Caracalla, which, from the grandeur of their remains, appear to have merited

the distinguished title of *opus egregium*, given them by Eutropius: they were situated on the *Mons Aventinus*. In following the line of the city walls, we come next to the Porta St. Paolo, leading to the fine old church dedicated to that saint, which has been already described. Adjoining it is the tomb of Caius Cestius, forming a part of the city walls, and assuming the unusual form of an Egyptian pyramid: the interior of this mausoleum was richly adorned with stucco work, and the following inscriptions elucidate its history.

NO. 1.

C . CESTIVS . L . F . POB . EPVLO , PR . TRIB . PL .  
VII . EPVLONVM.

NO. 2.

OPVS ABSOLVTVM EX TESTAMENTO DIEBUS CCCXXX .  
ARBITRATV . PONTI . P . F . CLAMELAE .  
HÆREDIS . ET , PONTI . L .

Immediately adjoining this tomb, and within the walls of the city, is the burial-place appropriated to foreigners and protestants; and at a short distance is the *Monte Testaceo*, an eminence formed entirely of pottery.

Pursuing our walk homewards, we find an interesting continuation of antique relicts. The first is the Temple of Vesta, situated on the banks of the river Tiber, and alluded to by Horace in the following lines:

*Vidimus flavum Tiberim, retortis  
Littore Etrusco violenter undis,  
Ire dejectum monumenta regis  
Templaque Vestæ.*

It was circular in its form, and was surrounded by fluted columns of the Corinthian order, which are much injured in their appearance by the intercolumniation of wall. It boasts of high antiquity, having been erected by Numa Pompilius, and repaired, or perhaps rebuilt, by the emperor Domitian. It now bears two modern names, *St. Maria del Sole*, and *St. Stefano delle Carozze*. At a short distance is another very ancient temple, that owes its origin to Servius Tullius,\* who dedicated it to *Fortuna Virilis*; it now bears the name of *St. Maria Egiziaca*. It is the only antique temple in Rome that affords specimens of the Ionic pillar; it is built of the common stone of the country, and has been covered with stucco. The church of *St. Maria in Cosmedin* is supposed to occupy the site of a more ancient temple dedicated to *Pudicitia*. The palace occupied by Pontius Pilate was also in this district; as well as the *Pons Sublicius*, where Horatius Cocles distinguished himself; and the *Pons Palatinus*, or *Senatorius*.

The *Campus Martius* contains many interesting fragments of antiquity. A theatre raised by Augustus, and dedicated to Marcellus. The church of *St. Niccolò in Carcere*, raised on the ruins of the prisons of the Decemviri; and a temple dedicated to *Pietas*. The *Forum Olitorium*, or herb market; the portico of Octavia, built by Augustus in honour of his sister Octavia, and restored by Septimius Severus and Caracalla. There are also some fine remains of a temple dedicated to JUNO

\* *Servius, duobus templis conditis, altero Bonæ Fortunæ, ob perpetuum ejus favorem in Foro Boario, altero Fortunæ Virili, sicut hodieque cognominatur in ripâ Tiberis, proventus jam etate. Dionys. Halicarn. lib. 1.*

REGINA, with an inscription recording its restoration by Septimius Severus. In this district was also the Circus Flaminius; and a temple sacred to Bellona, in which it was the custom to declare war. Of the Theatre of Pompey there are not many vestiges remaining: this building was erected about the year of Rome 699, and was the first theatre established within the city. Annexed to it was a *Curia*, in which causes were tried; and it is supposed that the fine statue of a consul in the Spada palace was the representation of Pompey, at which Cæsar fell.

The *Cancellaria* does credit to the taste of Bramante the architect; it was built with stones brought from the Colosseum, and with pillars conveyed from Pompey's portico. The Piazza Navona still retains the form, though it has lost its ancient title of *Circus Agonalis*: it is decorated with an obelisk brought from the Circus of Caracalla; and a fine fountain, with river gods, from the designs of Bernini. During the summer it is occasionally flooded, and carriages drive round it. The architecture of the Roman university, *La Sapienza*, is good. *La Minerva* is supposed to be built on the site of a temple sacred to that goddess: before it is an obelisk supported by an elephant.

We now come to the celebrated *Pantheon*, called in modern times the Rotunda. From the majestic grandeur and simplicity of its architecture, it excites universal admiration. It bears on the frieze of its portico the following inscription, recording the name of its noble founder:

M . AGRIPPA . L . F . COS . TERTIVM . FECIT.



Another inscription records the names of those who contributed towards its reparation. Agrippa was desirous of dedicating it to Augustus; but on the refusal of that emperor, he consecrated it to Cybele, Jupiter Ultor, and Mars. Within its walls every lover of painting will pay a tribute to the memory of Raphael.

The *Dogana*, or Custom-House, presents in its façade a rich colonnade of antique building, said to be the temple of Antoninus Pius.—A noble column, erected by the senate to the memory of Marcus Aurelius. Near it was the Amphitheatre of Statilius Taurus. The *Comitia tributa* were held in a place called the *septa*: The *Comitia curiata* in the forum. The modern courts of justice are built upon the site of the above-mentioned amphitheatre.—Pedestal of a column, erected to the memory of Antoninus Pius; and near it the ancient pillar of granite lies prostrate. Near this was the *bustum*, where dead bodies were burned. In this district also are the fragments of the great solar obelisk brought from Egypt by Augustus, and dedicated by him to the sun.

IMP . CAESAR . DIVI . F . AVGUSTVS . PONTIFEX . MAX-  
IMVS . IMP . XII . COS . XI . TRIB . POT . XIV . AEGYP-  
TO . IN . POTESTATEM . POPVLI . ROMANI . REDACTA .  
SOLI . DONVM . DEDIT. An entire column lies neglected under a neighbouring shed. The mausoleum of Augustus, and of the Julian family, was in former days a most magnificent structure: between it and the *Porta del popolo* was a grove of poplar trees, from which that entrance into the city derived its name. Two grand obelisks were appendages to this sepulchral monument; one of these has been raised near the

church of St. Maria Maggiore; and it is intended to erect the other at Monte Cavallo.

P. S. Such were the *memoranda* taken during my perambulation of Rome, and its immediate environs: a *rudis indigestaque moles*, I confess; without order, method, or connection; tending, indeed, to much general information respecting the antiquities of Rome; but very little towards the geography and site of the imperial city. Let me again recommend the new plan I proposed, of subdividing the general survey of Rome into seven quarters, distinguished by as many hills; by which method of arrangement the examination of each district separately will be rendered much more satisfactory and instructive.

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## DEPARTURE FROM ROME.

A. D. 1787. Saturday 17th February. Bidding once more a reluctant farewell to Rome, I again directed my course toward Florence, but varied my route, by passing through Siena. The first object which attracted my notice was the Ponte Molle, formerly called *Pons Æmilius* and *Milvius*, and celebrated as the scene of action between Maxentius and Constantine, which terminated in the defeat of the former. The triumphal arch of Trajan was robbed of its ornaments, to decorate that which was erected to Constantine in honour of this victory. Beyond the bridge the road to Florence divides into two branches; one, by the way of Perugia, turns off to the right, and follows the course of the ancient

*Via Flaminia* ; while the other, by Siena, pursues the track of the *Via Cassia*, a great part of which is still visible by the side of the modern road. At the distance of about four miles from Rome, I saw a sepulchral monument, vulgarly attributed to the emperor Nero ; but I believe without much foundation. I noticed an inscription, which probably would ascertain the family to whom it belonged, but had not time to copy it.

About a mile and a half from Storta, the first post, stood the ancient city of *Veii*, celebrated for its long and obstinate defence, when besieged by the Romans. It stood on the spot now called *l'Isola Farnese*, and various fragments of antiquity, coins, &c. are daily dug up. Near Baccano, the second post, I caught a fine view of the *Campagna* of Rome, with St. Peter's, sixteen miles distant. Between Baccano and Monte Rossi much of the *Via Cassia* remains entire ; and on the right appears the mountain Soracte, mentioned by Horace as capped with snow.

*Stans nive candida*

*Soracte.*

From Rome to Monte Rossi the road is good ; but from Monte Rossi to Ronciglione, rough. Near the former place is a small lake, supposed to be the *Lacus Vadimonis*, mentioned by Livy. Between Ronciglione and Viterbo the road improves, and leads over the Monte Cimino of Virgil.

*Et Cimini cum monte lacum, lucosque Capenos.*

It is still clothed richly with wood, and from its summit a distant prospect opens to the right. The lake



lies in the bottom, on the opposite side; and has derived the name of *Lago di Vico*, from a small village on its border. It was probably once the crater of a volcano, for its banks are formed of lava; and from the present appearance of the vale around, I imagine its dimensions were formerly much larger. Indeed the whole adjoining country bears evident marks of having undergone great revolutions from the agency of fire. As there is no post-house on the road, the couriers are obliged to deviate a mile from the direct line. I descended to Viterbo, a moderate sized town, belonging to the Pope, and anciently called *Fanum Voltumnæ*. I found its inhabitants enjoying all the gaieties of the carnival; but though many of each sex were parading the streets *en masque*, few seemed to enter into the spirit of the characters they had assumed, or to contribute to the amusement of others. The Italians have a peculiar partiality for the character of *Punchinello* in which many make their appearance every carnival; and if I may judge from the crowd of followers, one who figured on this occasion was a merry and a witty fellow. In this season of general festivity, some who could not afford to wear a mask on their faces, at least put it on their feelings; for I observed a poor beggar, in whose countenance famine, misery, and wretchedness were strongly marked, assume a momentary air of gaiety, and partaking of the general merriment around him, endeavour to move the compassion of the spectators by turning into ridicule his own defects and misfortunes. The horse races, without riders, are conducted here in the same manner as at Rome.



From Viterbo I went to Montefiascone, the *Mons Faliscus* of the Romans. It is the see of a bishop, and celebrated for the wine produced in its neighbourhood. In the church of St. Flavian is the monument of a German bishop, who, being on his journey to Rome, sent forward his servant with orders to write the word *Est* over the door of the inn where he found the best wine. The *avant-courier* stopping at this place, deemed the wine so excellent, that he wrote *Est* thrice over the door; and the master found his taste so just, that he drank himself to death. His tomb is in the pavement of the church. He is represented with a mitre on his head, and on his side, two escutcheons, and two glasses; at his feet is an inscription in gothic characters, and on a stone adjoining, the following: EST . EST . EST . PROPTER NIMIUM EST, IOHANNES DE FOUCRIS DOMINUS MEUS MORTUUS EST. Tradition reports that this memorial was written by the bishop's servant; but I myself doubt much of its authenticity, as appearances speak strongly against the probability of the whole story. The inscription EST, EST, EST, is on a detached stone, and the characters are of a more modern date than those on the real sepulchral slab, on which the episcopal effigy is portrayed. These points might, however, be easily determined by deciphering the true inscription. This singular tomb was opened last July, by order of the bishop; and I was informed that some fragments of gilt glass were found in the coffin.

From Montefiascone I descended to Bolsena, enjoying a view of its spacious lake on my left, the banks of which are rendered picturesque by a profusion of

noble and luxuriant oak trees. A part of my carriage being broken, I was delayed an hour at the post-house; which was pleasantly employed in taking several views around this interesting spot. The circumference of the lake is estimated at thirty miles, and like many others in Italy, it has probably been formed by a volcanic eruption, for the soil is a composition of lava and tufa. These materials are so abundant, that most of the houses are built with them. The ancient title of this piece of water was *Lacus Vulsiniensis*. It contains two islands, one called Martana, the other Bisentina; the first of which was the place where Amalasuntha, the learned queen of the Ostrogoths, passed the period of her banishment, and where she was murdered by her ungrateful cousin Theodatus. On a hill between the lake and the modern town of Bolsena are the ruins of the ancient *Vulsinium*, a city of Etruria; which, according to Pliny, was destroyed by lightning.

In this town was said to have happened the miracle of the consecrated host, which shed blood, while the priest; who doubted of the real presence, was performing mass before Pope Urban the Fourth. This forms the subject of one of Raphael's famous pictures in the Vatican.

At the post-house of Bolsena my postillions quarrelled with some of their companions, and had they not been fortunately separated, I should have been an eye-witness of one of those bloody scenes, which are frequently occasioned in this country by a violent irritation of the passions. The Italian, on whose dark brow malice is strongly marked, and whose breast harbours the seeds of sudden and deadly revenge, as naturally recurs

to his stiletto, as an officer, when insulted, lays his hand on his sword, or a sturdy Englishman clenches his fist to avenge his wrongs. Three or four persons were engaged in this dispute, and I observed each, as if by natural instinct, put his hand to the pocket in which his knife was secured; but the interposition of the bystanders prevented an appeal to these instruments of vengeance.

From Bolsena I passed through the ruined village of *St. Lorenzo Vecchio* to that of *St. Lorenzo Nuovo*, lately built in a regular manner. A good road leads from Viterbo to this place. In the course of my journey to Radicofani I several times crossed the river Pallia; which after heavy rains becomes dangerous, and even impracticable. I mounted a steep ascent to Radicofani, where there is a tolerable inn, much frequented as a halting place on this road. The whole face of the country exhibits a most barren and desolate appearance, and bears evident marks of having undergone an entire revolution by volcanic fire. Near Radicofani are the baths of *St. Filippo*, the springs of which possess a strong petrifying quality. At a short distance to the right is Chiusi, the ancient *Clusium*, capital of the territories of Porsenna. The road, though in some parts hilly, yet continues good to Siena. At Buonconvento the emperor Henry the Seventh was poisoned with a consecrated host, by a Dominican friar, and buried at Pisa in the year 1313.

SIENA, anciently *Sena Julia*, and now the capital of the Sieneſe, yields only in size to Florence. It is situated on an eminence, in a pure and wholesome



air, and commands an extensive view. Originally a Roman colony, it still bears for its arms the device of Romulus and Remus suckled by a wolf, several of which are sculptured on pedestals in different parts of the city. For many successive years it continued to enjoy its independence and republican honours. About the year 1541, it became a prey to the foreign factions of France and Spain, which then divided Italy. In 1554, it was ceded by the emperor Charles the Fifth to his son Philip, who in the following year relinquished it to Cosmo the First, grand duke of Tuscany; and since that period it has continued annexed to the Tuscan dominions. Formerly the population amounted to above an hundred thousand; but it has never recovered from the desolating effects of a plague, which many years ago swept off a large portion of the inhabitants, and the number is now reduced to seventeen thousand.

This city possesses many attractions; and for the young and inexperienced traveller, who wishes to make himself master of the Italian language, and to enjoy the society of the natives, no situation more eligible can be chosen. Here the language is spoken in its greatest purity; and strangers, particularly Englishmen, are received with every proof of attention and regard. From the lofty situation of this city the summer heats, which are so offensive to strangers, are avoided. The lovers of painting and drawing will find ample amusement in the specimens of ancient art which it still possesses, and in the picturesque views with which its vicinity abounds.



When I adverted to the revival of the art of painting in Italy, I stated that although in justice the palm of superior excellence ought to be given to the Florentine school, yet it could not with equal right sustain the claim of precedence. Vasari, who wrote the *Lives of the Painters*, was himself a Florentine, and therefore, from an unwillingness to admit the priority of a rival republic, places his own countryman Cimabue at the head. But in reality this honour is due to Guido, of Siena, who was born in 1191 ; for Cimabue was not born till 1240. In the church of St. Domenico is a corroborating record of this fact : a picture painted by Guido da Siena, bearing the date 1221, and these lines :

† *Me Guido de Senis diebus depinxit amenis,  
Quem Christus lenis nullis velit agere penis.*

In this church a chapel is pointed out as the place where Christ is said to have espoused St. Catherine of Siena.

The *Duomo*, or cathedral church, claims particular attention, as one of the finest buildings in Italy, and in some respects *unique*. A sketch of its history may not, therefore, be unacceptable. This metropolitan church occupies the site of a heathen temple, dedicated to the goddess Minerva. It was consecrated for the christian worship by Pope Alexander the Third, in 1169. In 1250, the choir was faced with black and white marble, and in the succeeding year the rest of the edifice. The marble pulpit was erected in 1266 ; and in 1284, the façade towards the Hospital, executed, after the design of Nicolo da Pisa, by the three sculptors Lapo, Donato,

and Goro, who on that account were declared citizens of Siena. Duccio of Siena began the picture for the high altar, and completed it in 1310, having received sixteen *soldi* a day for his labour. This picture now stands by the side of the altar St. Ansano, and is coloured on the back. In 1333, the marble façade was perfected, and adorned with various devices. In 1338, at a period when the population of Siena amounted to one hundred thousand souls, the inhabitants began to enlarge their cathedral; but the fatal mortality of 1348 put a stop to their works, and the funds which had been raised for the execution were applied to other purposes more necessary. The particular curiosity, of which this church may justly boast, is its elegant mosaic pavement. Duccio of Siena, in 1350, began that part of it, which is beneath the altar of St. Ansano. In 1424, the pavement under the three steps of the high altar, representing David, Sampson, Moses, Judas Maccabeus, and Joshua, was completed; and forty years afterwards Matteo da Siena proceeded to embellish the part under the altar, of the crucifix, with the history of the martyrdom of the Innocents. The twelve sybills were added in 1483; and in 1500, Domenico Beccafumi, alias Mecarino, completed this magnificent pavement, by executing the middle part, next the pulpit.

Many other interesting particulars, respecting the paintings and decorations of this cathedral, may be collected from the *Diario Senese*, by Gigli, and the *Lettere Senesi*, by Della Valle; from whom I have drawn the preceding account of this most beautiful work in mosaic. The style differs entirely from that adopted

by the Greeks and Romans, who invariably used small square *tesseræ*, of various colours; whereas these at Siena are large pieces of marble artfully inlaid, and resemble, in effect, drawings in black and white chalk. This exquisite work is held in proper estimation by the *curatores* of the church, is kept covered with planks, and displayed only on particular occasions. A beautiful and perfect portion is to be seen under the bishop's pulpit.

The library is rich in missals, which are splendidly illuminated. They are used in the daily service of the choir. The walls, painted in fresco in the time of Raphael, are still very perfect; representing the history of Æneas Sylvius, who was afterwards pope, under the title of Pius the Second. The artists are said to have been Pietro Perugino, Raphael, Bernardin, and Pinturicchio. In the parts nearest the windows are the portraits of Raphael, as a boy, and in a more advanced age. These fresco paintings are the freshest I have yet seen in Italy, and exhibit the costume of the times with the greatest accuracy.

In the church of St. Martino Vescovo is a fine picture by Guido Reni, representing the Circumcision; and another by Guercino, in his dark manner. In St. Raimondo are the best works of the fraternity of painters belonging to the Vanni family; and among the rest, one, the joint composition of the three brothers. St. Augustine contains a good painting by Carlo Maratti. Opposite is a Crucifixion, by Pietro Perugino, and at the farther end of the church, a Temptation of St. Anthony, by Espagnoletto.



On Wednesday February 21st, I quitted Siena, and arrived at Florence in eight hours, after traversing an uneven country, producing an abundance of corn, wine, and oil.

April 30th. After a very pleasant *sejour* at Florence, I again began to journey, and sleeping the first night at *Le Maschere*, reached Bologna on Tuesday evening. Between these two cities the greater part of the country is Alpine. The only good inn is *alle Maschere*; but as there is no post-house, it is necessary to retain the horses. Its situation is elevated, and commands a delightful prospect. The country afterwards becomes very dreary and desolate; and the spring, which I had left behind in all its beauty, had not yet shed its genial influence on these mountains. Adjoining to Feligara are the limits of the Papal and Tuscan territories, and near the petty village of Pietra Mala is a small volcano, which at times emits flames, and is very visible by night. Proceeding onwards I caught a pleasing view of the extensive plains of Lombardy, bearing the appearance of a distant sea. The whole way between Florence and Bologna is tedious and uninteresting, though some amends are made by the goodness of the roads, and of the post-horses.

BOLOGNA, formerly *Felsina*, was one of the twelve ancient cities of Etruria, and afterwards a Roman colony, under the name of *Bononia*. On the decline of the Roman empire it underwent the general fate of Italy, and after many vicissitudes became a republic. In this state it continued many years, till reduced by the internal factions of the Guelphs and Ghibelins, it threw itself under the protection of the Holy See in 1506,



with the reserve of certain privileges, namely, that it should be governed by a legate, and depute an envoy to the court of Rome; that no citadel should be kept up, and that the estates of the citizens should not be subject to confiscation.

The city is both extensive and populous; the number of inhabitants is stated at one hundred thousand, and their trade is flourishing. Most of the houses are built with porticos, and exhibit a handsome appearance. The two towers, Asinelli and Garisendi, are remarkable objects; the first for its altitude, the last for its leaning position.

The lover of art will find a rich treat in examining the beautiful productions of the Bolognese school, which are dispersed in great abundance throughout the churches and palaces of the city. I shall recapitulate those which appeared most worthy of attention.

In the church of St. Petronio is a picture by Parmeggiano. Also the celebrated meridian line, traced by Cassini.

In St. Paolo, a fine picture representing a chorus of Angels, by Ludovico Caracci; and St. Gregory interceding for the souls in purgatory, by Guercino, the colouring very dark and hard. The high altar, and two statues, by Algardi.

The church of St. Margarita. A good picture by Parmeggiano, representing the marriage of St. Catherine. A picture by Guercino, dark and damaged; and another by Elizabetha Sirani.

The church of St. Catharina. Two pictures by Ludovico, and one by Annibale Caracci; the two

first representing the Assumption, and Christ triumphant, the latter the Resurrection; but hung in too high a situation to be seen with advantage.

The high altar of the church of St. Antonio Abate is adorned with an excellent picture, by Ludovico Caracci, representing the preaching of St. Anthony.

In the church of St. Domenico is the Murder of the Innocents, by Guido Reni; and a Cupola painted by the same artist. St. Giacinto and St. Raimondo, by Ludovico Caracci; and St. Thomas writing, by Guercino. The brothers Agostino, Ludovico, and Annibale Caracci, lie buried here.

The church of St. Giovanni in Monte boasts of the beautiful St. Cecilia, by Raphael, in his best manner. Also a large subject by Domenichino; St. Francis adoring the cross, by Guercino; and two ovals of St. Jerome, and St. Joseph, by the same artist.

Church of St. Salvatore. A good picture of the Assumption, by Agostino Caracci; a little Christ by Guido, very fine; in the sacristy a St. Sebastian, by the same artist, unfinished; and a painting by Benvenuto Garoffali.

The church of St. Agnese contains the beautiful picture by Domenichino, representing the martyrdom of that saint, one of the ablest works of that great artist.

St. Michele in Bosco, in the suburbs, commands a pleasing view of the city and adjacent country. It now can boast only of a painting by Guercino; but the walls of its cloister were once enriched with the works of Ludovico Caracci, and Guido, now almost obliterated.

In the adjoining church of the Capuchins is a crucifixion, by Guido, one of his best performances, but rather damaged.

The church of *Gesu e Maria*. A beautiful picture of the Circumcision, by Guercino; and a small subject, by the same artist. Also a painting by Albano.

The church of *St. Ludovico ed Alessio*. A subject by Annibale Caracci, which is esteemed the best of his works in Bologna.

*St. Giovanni Batista*. A fine picture, representing the birth of *St. John*, by Ludovico Caracci.

The Chartreuse a large and handsome building, without the city, contains some good pictures. Among these are, the Communion of *St. Jerome*, the master-piece of Agostino Caracci, from which Domenichino appears to have borrowed some hints in his picture of the same subject at Rome. A large painting, by Guercino, and several by Ludovico Caracci, but not in his best style. In a chapel are five beautiful little oval pictures, in one frame, by Ludovico Caracci, Guido, and Albano; also the portrait of a Carthusian Monk, by Guido; and two resemblances of Death's heads, by Ludovico Caracci and Guido.

In the church of *St. Pietro Martire* is the master-piece of Ludovico Caracci's pencil, and one of the most exquisite pictures in the world. The subject is the Transfiguration.

The church of *St. Leonardo* contains two pictures by the same master, one of which is in his grand style; and the church of *Li Scalzi*, one of his inferior performances.

The Mendicanti. A fine painting by Guido Reni, representing Job on a throne, with various figures offering him presents; the colouring pale. Also another by Guido, in a darker tone of colouring: the boys fine. Christ calling Matthew, by Ludovico Caracci; one of his best works. In the ceiling of the sacristy, a painting by Ludovico Caracci; of which the cartoon is preserved in the Zambeccari palace. Also a fresco said to have been his last work.

In the church of St. Gregorio. Three pictures by Annibale Caracci, Ludovico Caracci, and Guercino; all of which are dark, or in bad condition.

In St. Giorgio. Two paintings by Ludovico and Annibale Caracci; and the Baptism of Christ, by Albano.

The church of the Cappuccini contains the most pleasing picture I have seen of Albano, at Bologna.

Church of the Convertite. A subject by Ludovico Caracci.

Madona di St. Colombano. A fresco, by the same artist, and his scholars.

In the sacristy of La Madona di Galiera is a collection of paintings by Guido, Albano, and Guercino. Also two by the Caracci; and a fresco of Christ shewn to the people, by Ludovico Caracci. A small highly-finished picture, by Guercino, deserves particular notice.

Having pointed out the most distinguished specimens of ancient painting extant in the churches of Bologna, I shall now enter the mansions of the great, to perform the same agreeable task.

Palazzo Zambeccari. A large cartoon, by Ludovico Caracci; a friar's head, by Guercino; St. Paul the



first hermit, by the same; Abraham visited by the angels, a small highly-finished picture, by Ludovico Caracci; a friar's head, by Domenichino; St. Peter, by Guido, in his second manner, bold and masterly; a sketch on paper, by Titian, of St. John in the wilderness; and a landscape by Guercino, in which are introduced a shepherd boy with a lamb, a simple and pleasing composition.\*

In the Palazzo Monti is a small picture by Albano, in his best manner, representing the story of Apollo and Daphne.

The Casa Boschi contains a few good paintings, among which is a study of three laughing heads, by Annibale Caracci; a small painting, by Schidoni, which appears to have been the model of a larger at Naples; a St. Francis with a cross, by Ludovico Caracci; &c.

The Palazzo Caprara is a handsome building, and contains some good paintings. A Sibyl and a Prophet, by Guercino; the portrait of Ludovico Caracci, by himself; a dance of boys, by Albano; St. Peter, by Guido; and a portrait of Luther, by Hans Holbein.

The Palazzo Tanari. An Assumption, by Guido, a good picture, but in his dark manner; a St. Augustine, by the same, very black; a Holy Family, by Guido, also dark; a copy from Parmeggiano, by Ludovico Caracci; and some works of his brothers. Also

\* At the time when I took these notes, I little thought that the two last pictures would at a future period grace my own gallery at Stourhead. I purchased them during my last journey into Italy, in the year 1791.

a good collection of drawings, among which I was much pleased with one, by Guercino, representing two boys with a cask containing grapes.

The Palazzo Aldovrandi is one of the most elegant palaces in Bologna, but it is not rich in paintings. In a lower apartment, however, there is a fresco, by Guercino; which deserves notice, from the circumstance of its having been taken from the wall and transplanted on canvas.

The Palazzo Favi. Some fresco paintings, by the Caracci fraternity; and some good studies by Annibale.

The Casa Malvezzi contains a few good pictures.

The Institute is a fine building, and enriched with a collection of drawings, antiquities, fossils, minerals, anatomical preparations, &c. The library is spacious and handsome, well stored with printed books and manuscripts. The librarian possesses a very beautiful but unfinished picture, by Baroccio, which came from the sacristy of the cathedral church at Milan.

In the Palazzo Publico are two excellent pictures by Guido, one representing the Madona in the clouds, and the saints, protectors of the city, beneath; the other, Sampson after his defeat of the Philistines; the colouring warm and harmonious, the drawing correct, and the general effect impressive. St. John in the wilderness, said to be by Raphael: the same subject as those at Florence and Paris; but this picture is hard in its colouring, and does not appear to bear the marks of originality.

I shall close my account with the Zampieri palace, which contains the best collection in Bologna. In the

first apartment we admire the works of the three Caracci; a boy's head, by Schidoni; an angel, by Guido; a dance of boys, introduced into a landscape, by Albano. In another apartment is the much-esteemed subject of St. Peter and St. Paul, in the strongest style of Guido; and the beautiful picture of Abraham putting away Agar, by Guercino, who also painted the ceiling. There are, besides, an Assumption, by Guido, on copper, when only sixteen years of age; a copy, by Guido, of the St. Cecilia of Raphael; the portrait of Ludovico Caracci, by himself; a copy of Correggio's St. Jerome, at Parma, attributed to Ludovico Caracci; a fine portrait of an old woman, by the same; the Woman taken in Adultery, by Agostino Caracci; the Samaritan at the well, by Annibale Caracci; the Canaanite, by Ludovico Caracci; and the Paralytic, by Guido.\* Also a picture, much esteemed as the production of Raphael, *ma dubito*. Several good frescos, by Annibale Caracci; and a fine ceiling, by Guercino.

Friday 4th May. Quitting Bologna, I slept at *Cento*, a small town, remarkable as the birth-place of Guercino, whose works figure so conspicuously in the churches and palaces throughout Italy. A few of his performances still adorn his native town, and perhaps his masterpiece yet remains in the church of *Il Nome di Dio*; it represents Christ appearing to the Virgin Mary, and has been engraved by Strange; who is said to have offered 1500*l.* for it. In St. Pietro are other works of this master, one of which is excellent. The churches

\* Of these four small pictures, which are equal in size, I prefer that by Agostino Caracci. It has been engraved by Bartolozzi.



of the Capuccini and Lo Spirito Santo contain also specimens of his pencil. But the largest collection of his works is in the Santissimo Rosario. An entire chapel is painted by him, containing four subjects. In the ceiling are the figures of St. John, St. Francis, and the Padre Eterno; under which he intended to represent the effigies of himself and his two sons, Giovanni and Francesco Barbieri. There are also a St. John in the Desert, a St. Jerome, a Madona and child, and a good picture, by Gennari. In the churches of St. Servi, St. Biagio, St. Agostino, and the Jesuits, are more of Gennari's works; besides some of his fresco paintings in private houses. The Gennari were good artists, and followed the style of Guercino.

From Cento I proceeded to Ferrara, through a flat and marshy country, and upon a causeway raised considerably above the level of the soil. Ferrara is a large and handsome city, seven miles in circumference; but rendered melancholy by the deficiency of population. When belonging to the noble family of Este, it flourished in riches and splendour; but on reverting to the papal see, after the death of Duke Alphonso the Second, it experienced a rapid decline. Its streets are wide, long, and straight, flanked with many handsome palaces, and public buildings. Of these one is built with marble, squared in the shape of diamonds. The churches contain some good paintings, by artists of the Ferrarese school, particularly Scarsellino, Bonnoni, Dosso, and Benvenuto Garoffalo. At Ferrara I hired a large covered vessel to convey me to Venice, where I arrived on Tuesday 8th of May.



VENICE.—The interesting history of this celebrated republic, and its very singular situation, excited my curiosity in the strongest manner; and I know not that I ever felt myself more “on the tiptoe of expectation,” except on entering the gates of imperial Rome. Novelty is always pleasing, especially when it presents objects, persons, and manners, totally different from those which we have been accustomed to contemplate. At Venice all is novelty, all singularity, all grandeur. The situation of a fine city, rising as it were out of the waves, streets converted into canals, carriages into gondolas, blue coats into scarlet cloaks, black dominos, and masks, and women habited like men, must forcibly strike the attention of an English traveller. The natural sensation of wonder and surprise occupied my mind on entering the canal which led to my hotel; sensations which will probably maintain their ground during my stay, and scarcely subside with my departure.

Once more I must resume the monotonous pen of description, to trace my usual round through palaces and churches. But however monotonous may seem the perusal of such general descriptions of pictures and statues, which convey no satisfactory idea of their several merits and defects at a distance, the eye of a spectator feels no such monotony. It is interested by the endless varieté of what must appear uniform in description; discriminates each different style of painting: and is gratified in beholding the various processes adopted by successive masters, to give beauty, harmony, and effect to their works.

The three great schools of painting had each their peculiar style. The finest works of the Florentine and Bologna schools have been already noticed ; and a new scene is open for observation in that of Venice, to which the two former must yield in excellence, and beauty of colouring.

Under the skilful guidance of Signor Sasso, to whom I had been recommended, as to an excellent judge of painting, I began my tour among the productions of art. My first visit was paid to the

Barbarigo Palace, which contains the greatest number of the works of Titian. Of these the most striking is a Magdalen ; which from its beauty has been frequently copied and imitated. The subject of Prometheus, with the vulture feeding on his liver ; the unfinished model of a picture, painted on a larger scale, for the King of Spain, is executed with great spirit. —Venus at her toilet, very fine.—An Angel and a boy, which seems to have been the original idea of his Tobit and the Angel.

In the Pisani Palace is the celebrated historic painting of Alexander and the children of Darius, by Paolo Veronese ; a most interesting composition, and very brilliant in its colouring. This work was executed while the artist was confined by illness in the Pisani palace ; and being completed, was rolled up, and laid aside in some remote corner, with a memorandum expressing his wish that the family would accept it as a mark of his gratitude. This exquisite performance was not discovered till some time after the painter's decease.

In the Soranzo Palace is a good picture, by Paolo Veronese, and another by Giacomo Bassan.

In the house of Mr. Strange is a fine picture, by Giorgione, said to be the best work of that master in Venice. The price asked for it is 1000 zecchins.

The Casa Farsetti contains many paintings by the Flemish artists; an Herodius, by Titian; and an half-length portrait, by Rembrandt, in high preservation.

Casa Vidmanni. A fine portrait, by Paris Bordone; the sketch of a Venus, by Titian; a Susanna, and a St. Francis, by Ludovico Caracci, &c.

The Casa Renier. A Crucifixion, by Tintoret; and under it a picture by Giovanni Bellino.

In the Doge's Palace and the public offices are several pieces by Titian, Paolo Veronese, Tintoret, the Bassans, &c. In the public library is a collection of antique statues, inscriptions, &c. &c.

By the preceding scanty catalogue we perceive how ill the Venetian palaces are furnished with works of art. Let us now proceed to the churches, where the most valuable specimens of the Venetian school are still, though in many instances badly, preserved.

The church of St. Andrea contains a picture of St. Jerome, by Paolo Veronese.

St. Maria Maggiore. A St. John in the Wilderness, by Titian; in which the painter, instead of the youthful and handsome appearance usually given to that holy personage, has assigned him an austere and masculine character, suited to the dreary scenery amidst which he is placed.\*

\* I before mentioned a similar subject by Titian, in the Zambecari palace at Bologna, which I purchased. In that sketch the Saint is



**St. Sebastiano.** A pleasing picture, painted by Titian when advanced in life, and many performances of Paolo Veronese, in his best manner. One of these, on the left side of the altar, seems to have been executed about the same period as the Alexander and Darius in the Pisani palace. There is also a very masterly representation of the patron saint, painted on pannel.

In Ogni Santi are many other works of the same artist; and in St. Nicoletto dei Frari is a ceiling painted by him.†

In the church of Li Frari are two large and fine pictures, by Titian. One, indeed, is so dark, that its excellencies are scarcely perceptible; but the other is brilliant and beautiful. The former, at the altar, remains in its original state: the latter, belonging to the Pesaro family, has been well cleaned; it contains a group of portraits, painted *ad vivum*, which Vandyke repeatedly copied, and was never satisfied with admiring them.

The church of St. Rocco contains several subjects by Tintoretto; but his best performances are in the Scuola di St. Rocco. Among these the Crucifixion may be esteemed his master-piece. Agostino Caracci made a drawing of it. There is also a good picture, by Titian, suspended too high; and another, by Ludovico Caracci, which has been injured by cleaning.

represented sitting under a tree; but as the lamb retains the same position in both pictures, I am inclined to think that my sketch on paper was Titian's first idea.

† I afterwards purchased of Mr. Morison, at Rome, the original design in oils for this ceiling.



In the church of La Carità is a good picture, by Leandro Bassan; and in the Scuola della Carità, a fine historical piece, by Titian, but damaged by cleaning. The portraits are well executed, particularly that of an old woman, in the fore ground.

The church and sacristy della Salute are enriched with paintings and ceilings, by Titian, in a bold and masterly style.

The ceiling of the church dell' Humiltà is painted by Paolo Veronese. It contains a picture by Giacomo Bassano.

The architecture of St. Giorgio, by Palladio, deserves commendation. The church possesses a good work of Giacomo Bassano; and a tolerable one by his brother. In the refectory is a large painting, by Paolo Veronese, when young, in which the portraits of many celebrated men are introduced.

The church of St. Zaccharia contains one of the best works of Giovanni Bellino, the master of Titian and Giorgione. Also a beautiful picture, by Paolo Veronese, in good preservation.

In the Madona dell' Orto are paintings by Tintoret, in one of which he has imitated the manner of Paolo Veronese. Also one of Pordenone's best performances, which I do not much admire.

St. Massiliano, besides an excellent picture by Tintoret, possesses a very beautiful one by Titian, representing Tobit and the Angel, in the sacristy.

St. Catharina may boast of one of the best performances of Paolo Veronese, in his best manner; the Marriage of St. Catharine.

The Mendicanti. A good picture, by Guercino; the only one, I believe, by that artist in Venice.

Sta. Maria Nuova. A St. Jerome, by Titian, so dark that it is impossible to discern either the beauties of the figure, or of the landscape.

The church of the Jesuits contains a large picture, finely executed, by Titian, representing the martyrdom of St. Lorenzo. A repetition of this, a little varied, graces the high altar of the Escorial, in Spain. In the same building are also some of the works of Tintoretto. The walls are richly inlaid with verd antique marble, and one of the altars is of lapis lazuli.

In the *Fondaco dei Tedeschi* is a half-length figure of our Saviour, by Titian; and in St. Salvador are two other performances of the same artist, executed after the advanced age of ninety. The subjects are the Transfiguration, and the Annunciation. In Santa Maria Formosa is a fine picture of St. Barbara, by Palma Vecchio, surrounded by four of a smaller size.

The church of St. Giovanni and St. Paolo boasts of the master-piece of Titian's pencil; a most beautiful and interesting picture, well known by the title of St. Pietro Martire.\*

In the *Sala del Gran Consiglio* are several fine historical paintings, by Palma Giovane, Leandro and Francesco Bassano, Tintoretto, Paolo Veronese, and others. In the *Consiglio di dieci*, an excellent picture by Leonardo Bassano; and ceilings and *chiar' oscuros*, by

\* This with many others was among the spoils of the Corsican Verres, and now graces the Louvre. I was so fortunate as to procure a very old and fine copy of this picture, of reduced size.

Paolo Veronese. The *Sala di Quattro Porte* is decorated with a ceiling, by Tintoretto; and a beautiful figure of Faith, by Titian. The *Sala de' Pregadi* contains several paintings by Tintoretto, and a fine specimen of Palma Giovane. *L'Anti Collegio* possesses a good Giacomo Bassano; and the story of Europa, well painted by Paolo Veronese. *L'Anti Segreto* is ornamented with the Supper of Emmaus, by Titian. I also observed on a wall an excellent head of St. Cristoforo, in fresco.

The *Scuola di St. Marco* contains some of Tintoretto's best works, the largest of which I prefer to any I have yet seen by that master. Also a good historical piece, by Paris Bordone; and a large painting by Giorgione, indifferent, and injured by cleaning.

In the church of St. Pietro Martire, at Murano, is a Holy Family, thus dated, "*Andreas Mediolensis, 1495.*" This artist was a scholar of the great Leonardo da Vinci.

The church of Gli Angeli possesses an altar-piece, which is one of the best works of Pordenone; and a good picture, by Paolo Veronese. In St. Francesco della Vigna is another subject by the same artist, similar in composition to that in the church of St. Zaccaria, which has been engraved by Agostino Caracci. On the wall of the sacristy is another picture, damaged; and the original design for the picture of the Last Supper, which was presented to Louis the Fourteenth of France.

So much for the pictures and churches! Let us now explore the interior of this singular aquatic city, which presents a curious mixture of the magnificent and the



grotesque, especially in its architecture. In gliding along its canals, in the luxurious gondola, we cannot but be struck with the singular character which its buildings display ; and while we admire the good taste of a Palladio and a Sansovino, we find ample matter for condemnation in the style of their unworthy imitators. I had so often heard and read of the Rialto bridge, that I experienced considerable disappointment at seeing it ; for the span of the arch is not so bold as I had been led to imagine, and its effect is much injured by the buildings with which it is loaded. The Palace of St. Mark, and the surrounding edifices, present the finest *coup d'œil* in Venice ; and the appearance was much heightened by the vast concourse of people, who are attracted hither at the annual fair.

The ancient church of St. Mark, built in the form of the Greek churches, and richly decorated with mosaic, is one of the principal ornaments of this grand square. Its steeple commands a highly interesting and comprehensive view of the whole city, of the Lagunes, &c. &c. Over the portal of the church are four brazen horses, said to have been the work of Lisippus. They originally decorated the arch of Nero at Rome, afterwards those of Trajan and Constantine ; were next removed to Constantinople, and from thence transported to Venice.†

The grand and long-established ceremony of the marriage of the Doge with the Adriatic causes a great influx of foreigners hither, previous to the Feast

† These horses have lately made a third journey, as I have been informed, to Paris.



of the Ascension. It resembles, in some degree, the Lord Mayor's shew; but the majestic form of the Bucentaur, and the singular construction of the gondolas, render the spectacle more striking to an English eye. The procession rows about five miles to a place called Lido, where high mass is performed. Then follows the ceremony of the marriage. The doge first pours some consecrated water into the sea, and afterwards dropping a ring into it, repeats these words: *Desponsamus te, Mare, in signum veri et perpetui dominii.* "We espouse thee, O Sea, in sign of our real and "perpetual dominion over thee." In the evening the nobility and others assemble at the Zucca, where the number of gondolas racing with each other produce a very gay and animated appearance.

On this particular day the nobility and foreign ministers are permitted to appear in larger boats than usual, and to decorate them with more gaudy trappings; but the sumptuary laws of the republic enjoin that the bodies of the vessels should invariably be black. This gives them a very funereal appearance, though it restrains expensive emulation.

The arsenal is spacious, but badly kept. From the aquatic situation of the Venetians, it might be naturally thought that their principal attention would be directed to their naval, not their military, department. I was therefore surprised to find the latter the great object of their solicitude. The armoury contains arms for 80,000 men, which are agreeably arranged in four large rooms, and kept in good order.

The docks are very conveniently disposed about a large square bason of water, twenty or thirty feet deep. At this time there are within the docks eighteen men of war, pierced for eighty-four guns each. They are more than half finished, and built with fine timber, though defective in their architecture. This extensive armament naturally excited my curiosity, for I believe no other nation in Europe, Britain not excepted, can boast of such a spectacle; but I could obtain no satisfactory answer relative to the motive for their construction. Two thousand four hundred men are constantly employed in this arsenal; and, perhaps, these ships were built merely to find them work. In the sea service I was informed that commands are given to noble Venetians only; but foreigners are admitted into the ranks of their army. The two lions before the arsenal are of Grecian workmanship, and were brought from Athens.

From Venice I traversed a flat country to Padua. This city is large, though thinly inhabited. The principal objects worthy the notice of a traveller are,

The *Gran Salone*, painted by Giotto, the Florentine, and his scholars. It contains a statue, and an inscription, to the memory of the celebrated historian Livy, who is thus commemorated. *T. Livius Patavinus, historicorum Latini nominis facile princeps, cujus doctrinam et lacteam eloquentiam ætas illa, quæ virtute pariter ac eruditione florebat, adeo admirata est, ut multi Romani, non ut urbem rerum pulcherrimam, aut urbis et orbis dominum Octavium; sed ut hunc virum inviserent aut direntque, a Gadibus projecti sint. Hic res omnes, quas*

*Populus Romanus pace belloque gessit, quatuordecim De-  
eadibus, mirâ styli facilitate complexus, sibi ac patriæ  
gloriam peperit sempiternam.*

According to Keysler, the following words are legible on the scroll, or book, in the hand of the statue. *Parvus ignis magnum sæpe suscitât incendium. Excessit a vitâ VII. Tiberii Cæsaris, anno ætatis verò suæ LXVI.*

The church of St. Antonio contains a good picture by Paolo Veronese; and some fine bas reliefs, in bronze, by Donatello, the Florentine, and D. Velano of Padua. In the *Scuola di St. Antonio* are three fresco paintings, by Titian, in good preservation. The sacristy of the *Chiesa degli Eremitani* is adorned with an excellent picture of St. John, by Guido, which is not seen to advantage, because it is covered with a glass. There is also a chapel, painted by Andrea Mantegna.

Adjoining this church is a circular piece of ground enclosed, and called the *Arena*, a name probably derived from an amphitheatre originally on the spot. At one side is a small church, painted by Giotto. The numerous country-houses, which are scattered about the vicinity of Padua, give it a very cheerful appearance. The fair, when concluded at Venice, is resumed here, and followed by the same scene of gaiety and amusement.

My next journey was to Vicenza, another large town belonging to the Venetian republic. Its situation is pleasant; the neighbourhood fertile, and less flat than the country I had recently seen. It possesses a few good pictures, worthy of the traveller's notice.



In the church of *La Madonna del Monte*, to which there is an ascent of half a mile by a handsome portico, is a Supper, by Paolo Veronese. Another, by the same master may be seen in the church of St. Corona. The Casa Capra contains a picture, representing the death of Dido, similar to that in the Palazzo Spada, at Rome.\* It is dignified with the title of an original, by Guercino; but appeared to me only an indifferent copy. Though Vicenza is not rich in paintings, either within its religious or private buildings, it may justly boast of its architecture, by Palladio. The *Rotunda*, without the town, is at once an elegant and convenient house, and has the advantage of being placed in a delightful situation. For beauty and correctness of design, the Triumphal Arch may vie with many ancient structures. The Palazzo Publico is a fine building. The bridge of St. Michele also deserves notice; as well as the Olympic Theatre, fitted up after the manner of the ancients, and ornamented with the busts and statues of the most celebrated emperors, poets, &c. of antiquity.

From Vicenza I continued my journey to Verona, one of the largest towns in Italy, though thinly peopled. The walls have been extended at different periods, till they now embrace a circumference of seven miles. Its present population is estimated at about fifty thousand. It is situated on the Adige, and the environs afford many delightful views. The principal article of trade in this part of Italy is silk; but rice is

\* I have a very fine copy from the original at Rome, and of the same size, in my collection at Stourhead.



grown in the low lands, towards Mantua. Padua, Vicenza, and Verona, are governed by a Podestà from Venice. Like the town I last left, Verona cannot boast of its rich store of pictures. In the cathedral, however, is one by Titian; and in St. Giorgio two by Paolo Veronese, one of which at the high altar pleased me very much. Dutens, in his *Itinerary*, mentions a Raphael in the church of St. Celso; but this convent being suppressed many years ago, the picture has either been sold, or is secreted by the nuns. At the Capucins, a painting of St. Antonio is shewn as the work of Guercino. Of this, however, I beg leave to doubt. I understood there were some tolerable private collections in the city, but I did not visit them. Verona displays a few examples of Palladio's architecture; but more of another artist, Michel San Michieli. The beautiful façade of the theatre, by Palladio, deserves the first notice: it is supported by six large Ionic columns, of fine proportions. Close to it is an unfinished building, by Michel San Michieli, which was intended for the captain of the guard. The *Porta del Pallio*, and the *Cappella Pellegrini*, in the church of St. Bernardino, are the most beautiful specimens of this architect's skill. Four bridges cross the river Adige. A part of one appears to be antique; but the *Ponte del Castello Vecchio* is the most remarkable, both as a fine structure and picturesque object. It consists of three arches, one of which is fifty-six feet wider in span than the Rialto at Venice. It is opened only one day in the year.

This city is also rich in antiquities of a more early date, at the head of which I shall place the Amphi-

theatre, the best preserved building of the kind in Italy : its form is oval and entire, as are the seats, which rise in gradation, from the *arena* to the summit. The good preservation of this structure does great credit to the Veronese. It conveys a very satisfactory idea of the plans of those ancient buildings which were appropriated to the public feasts and spectacles of the Romans. It will contain fifty thousand spectators, and has been twice filled, even in modern times, when the Emperor and the Pope passed through Verona, on a visit to each other, and when a *tauromachia* or bull-fight was exhibited. Vestiges are yet visible of three Roman gates, one erected in the time of Galienus, now bearing the name of *La Porta di Bosari* ; another, inscribed with the name of the architect L. VITRUVIUS CERDO ; and a third, in the *Via di Lioni*, called *La Porta del Foro Judiciale*. They all bear evident marks, that at the time of their erection the arts were in a declining state. The paintings of Verona will occupy but little space in my pages ; for those which attracted my notice were only two, the one by Paolo Veronese, in the church of St. Giorgio ; the other by Titian, in the cathedral.

The neighbourhood of Verona will afford much gratification to the lover of natural curiosities, particularly the mountains of Bolca and Vestena, which are about twenty miles distant. The stone of which these hills are composed, is slaty and volcanic ; the strata rise in angular columns, resembling those of the Giants' Causeway in Ireland. On splitting these stones, the perfect skeletons of a great variety of fish and plants are discovered ; one side presenting the projecting

parts, and the other the impression. It is also worthy of remark, that among this great variety of specimens, there are very few of the fish now found in the Mediterranean, and none of those belonging to the Northern seas. Some resemble those of the South Sea, and among them have been found some species of the Brazils and Otaheite, others still remain unknown. During the last twenty years, a rich collection of these curiosities has been formed by Signor Bozza, an apothecary, at Verona, who is ever ready to shew them to foreigners on application. One is particularly curious, and exhibits an eel in the act of swallowing another of the same species.

At the distance of twelve miles from Verona is another curiosity, called *Il Ponte Naturale di Veja*. It is, as the name expresses, a large natural arch, in the mountains, answering the purpose of an artificial one, for it is traversed by the road.

From Verona I proceeded to Brescia. The road was in general good, the country flat and well cultivated. For some way I skirted the bank of the *Lago di Garda*, which was backed by the lofty Alps, and presented many picturesque views. Its length is thirty-five miles, and its breadth fourteen.

Brescia, though less than half the size of Verona, is much more populous. The inhabitants are industrious, and carry on a considerable trade, in manufactured silk, iron, and fire-arms. The women are handsome. Weapons of every sort are forbidden to be carried. Within the churches are a few good pictures. In St. Nazaro e Celso are five in one frame, by some attributed to Titian, by others to Giorgione. At the Carmelites,



a Guercino ; in La Carità, a little chapel, resembling the Santa Casa of Loreto. The Church of St. Affra contains a picture by Paolo Veronese, and another by Giacomo Bassano. The cathedral is a beautiful building, of the Corinthian order, but unfinished. In the city are many handsome palaces ; some of which, as I was informed, contained collections of pictures. Some detached ruins, as well as inscriptions, found here, prove the antiquity of the place. It is agreeably situated at the foot of mountains, and supplied with excellent water. I observed several women in the streets afflicted with those swellings in the neck, which are known in Switzerland by the name of *goitres*.

From Brescia I went to Milan, by the new and shortest road, leaving Bergamo on the right. The country is flat, and well cultivated. In the preceding part of my tour, I have already noticed the principal buildings and best pictures in Milan. I ought, however, to observe, that the Ambrosian Library contains the best performances I have yet seen of Giacomo Bassano ; and several good paintings by Bernardino, a scholar of Leonardo da Vinci, who imitated his master so closely, that I have no doubt many of their works are confounded. At *l'Ospedale* is an Annunciation, by Guercino. At *La Vittoria*, two landscapes, by Salvator Rosa and Francesco Mola. In *St. Antonio Abate dei Teatini* is a *præsepia*, attributed to Annibale Caracci, but placed in so bad a light that I could not distinguish it. The archiepiscopal palace contains some good pictures, and two rooms filled with small landscapes.



During my stay at Milan I made a short excursion to the Villa Simoneta, where there is a remarkable echo, which repeats the explosion of a pistol between forty and fifty times.

Leaving Milan I passed through Novara, a fortified town belonging to the King of Sardinia, to Turin. The roads are flat and good, the posts well served, and contrary to custom, the postilions civil and reasonable. During the whole way I enjoyed a beautiful view of an extensive range of the Alps, clothed with snow. I crossed several rivers, particularly the Sessia and the Doria, sometimes by fording, at others by bridges of boats.

TURIN, the capital of Piedmont, and the residence of the King of Sardinia, is delightfully situated on the banks of the Po ; sheltered towards the north by the rugged Alps, and towards the south by a range of smaller hills, better cultivated. The city is small, not exceeding a league in circumference, but well peopled. From the straightness of the streets, and the good architecture of the houses, it is one of the prettiest towns in Italy. During this my second visit, I went to the Superga, a magnificent church of the Corinthian order, placed on a lofty hill, five miles from Turin, and commanding a most extensive view. It was built by order of Victor Amadeus ; who from this height surveyed the French army besieging his capital, previous to the battle of Turin, and made a vow to found a church, if he obtained the victory. This circumstance is commemorated in the following inscription :

VIRGINI GENITRICI  
 VICTORIUS AMADEUS  
 GALlico BELLO VOVIT,  
 PULSO HOSTE, FECIT, DEDICAVITQUE.

The dome is lofty and of good architecture. Beneath is the mausoleum of the royal family of Savoy and Sardinia. Twelve canons are resident here; they are comfortably lodged, and enjoy the advantages of a good library.

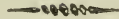
The *Venerie*, one of the royal country seats, three miles from Turin, is a handsome building. It is ornamented with one of the lightest and most beautiful galleries I ever saw. The stables and orangerie are good.

I again visited the royal palace within the city, which is enriched with a large and good collection of pictures, both of the Italian and Flemish schools; the latter of which predominate. Among these are a beautiful Guercino; several by Albano; two by Paolo Veronese; and others by Salvator Rosa, Guido, Schidoni, Bassano, Rubens, Vandyke, Gerard Dow, Rembrandt, Both, Teniers, &c. &c. A whole length portrait, on horseback, by Vandyke, merits attention; though the fore legs of the horse are ill drawn. In the gallery of Flemish paintings is a charming piece by Teniers, representing a shepherd, with cows and a flock of sheep; also a sick woman and attendants, by Gerard Dow; two or three by Rembrandt, &c.



ITINERARY  
FROM TURIN TO CALAIS,

BY  
LYON AND PARIS.



<i>Stages.</i>	<i>Posts.</i>	<i>Inns.</i>
Rivoli - - - - -	1 $\frac{1}{4}$	
St. Ambroise - - - - -	1 $\frac{1}{4}$	
La Jacconniere - - - - -	1	
Susa - - - - -	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	Good.
Novalese - - - - -	1	Tolerable.
Tavernette - - - - -	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	Bad.
Lanslebourg - - - - -	1	Tolerable.
Bramant - - - - -	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	Bad.
Villaroudin - - - - -	1	Ditto.
St. Andrea - - - - -	1	Ditto.
St. Michele - - - - -	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	Good.
St. Jean de Maurienne - - -	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	Ditto.
La Chambre - - - - -	1	Tolerable.
Aypierre - - - - -	1	Bad.
Aiguebelle - - - - -	1	Good.
Maltaverne - - - - -	1	Bad.
Montmelian - - - - -	1	Tolerable.



<i>Stages.</i>	<i>Posts.</i>	<i>Inns.</i>
Chambery - - - - -	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	Good.
St. Jean de Coux - - -	1	Bad.
Echelles - - - - -	1	La Croix Blanche.
Pont Beauvoisin, (confines of France and Savoy,) - -	1	Tolerable.
Au Gas - - - - -	1	
La Tour du Pin - - - -	1	
Bourgoin - - - - -	2	
La Verpilliere - - - -	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	
S. Laurent des Murs - - -	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	
Bron - - - - -	1	
LYON - - - - -	1	
La Tour - - - - -	1	
Aux Arnas - - - - -	2	
Tarare - - - - -	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	
A la Fontaine - - - - -	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	
St. Symphorien - - - -	1	Neat.
Roanne - - - - -	2	Good.
St. Germain - - - - -	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	
La Pacaudiere - - - - -	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	
St. Martin d'Estreaux - -	1	
Droiturier - - - - -	1	
La Palice - - - - -	1	Tolerable.
St. Geran - - - - -	1	
Varennnes - - - - -	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	
Bessay - - - - -	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	
Moulins - - - - -	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	Good.
Villeneuve - - - - -	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	
St. Imbert - - - - -	1	

<i>Stages.</i>	<i>Posts.</i>	<i>Inns.</i>
St. Pierre le Moutier	- - 1	Good.
Magny - - - - -	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	
Nevers - - - - -	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	Good.
Pougues - - - - -	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	
La Charité - - - - -	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	Good.
Pouilly - - - - -	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	
Cosne - - - - -	1 $\frac{3}{4}$	Good.
Neuvy - - - - -	1 $\frac{3}{4}$	
Briare - - - - -	2	Good.
La Bussière - - - - -	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	
Nogent - - - - -	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	
La Commodité - - - - -	1	
Montargis - - - - -	1	Good.
Puy la Laude - - - - -	1	
Fontenay - - - - -	1	Good.
La Croisiere - - - - -	1	
Nemours - - - - -	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	A large town.
Fontainebleau - - - - -	2	Ditto.
Chailly - - - - -	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	
Ponthierry - - - - -	1	
Essonne - - - - -	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	
Fromenteau - - - - -	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	
Villejuif - - - - -	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	
PARIS - - - - -	1	
St. Denis - - - - -	1	
Ecouen - - - - -	1 $\frac{1}{4}$	
Luzarches - - - - -	1 $\frac{1}{4}$	
Chantilly - - - - -	1 $\frac{1}{4}$	Good.
Lingueville - - - - -	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	

	<i>Stages.</i>	<i>Posts.</i>	<i>Inns.</i>
Clermont	- - - - -	1 $\frac{1}{4}$	
St. Just	- - - - -	2	
Wavigny	- - - - -	1	
Breteuil	- - - - -	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	Good.
Flers	- - - - -	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	
Hebecourt	- - - - -	1	
Amiens	- - - - -	1	Good.
Pecquigny	- - - - -	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	
Flixcourt	- - - - -	1	
Ailly le haut Clocher	- - - - -	1 $\frac{1}{4}$	
Abbeville	- - - - -	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	Good.
Nouvion	- - - - -	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	
Bernay	- - - - -	1	Good.
Nampont	- - - - -	1	
Montreuil	- - - - -	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	Good.
Cormont	- - - - -	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	
Samers	- - - - -	1	
Boulogne	- - - - -	2	Good.
Marquise	- - - - -	1 $\frac{3}{4}$	
CALAIS	- - - - -	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	Good.

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34 $\frac{1}{2}$

DISTANCES.

Turin to Lyon	- - - - -	193 $\frac{1}{4}$	<i>English Miles.</i>
Lyon to Paris	- - - - -	300	
Paris to Calais	- - - - -	176 $\frac{3}{4}$	

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# ITINERARY FROM TURIN TO PARIS, CALAIS, AND LONDON.

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**O**N Thursday May 31st, 1787, I quitted Turin, and preparing for my departure from Italy, directed my course towards Lyon. A very handsome avenue of elm trees led me to the first post, at Rivoli; and soon afterwards the country grew more hilly. At Susa, the fourth post, is a fine triumphal arch, in good preservation: it has been described and engraved by Masazza, as well as by Scipio Maffei, in his *Museum Veronense*. From the latter work I have copied the following inscription, which was sculptured above the frieze, on the northern façade.

IMP . CAESARI . AVGVSTO . DIVI . F . PONTIFICI .  
MAXIMO . TRIBVNIC . POTESTATE . XV . IMP .  
XIII . M . IVLIVS . REGIS . DONNI . F . COTTIVS .  
PRÆFECTVS . CEIVITATIVM . QVAE . SUBSCRIPTÆ .  
SVNT . SEGOVIORVM . SEGV SINORVM . BELACORVM .  
CATVRIGVM . MEDVLLORVM . TEBAVIORVM . ADA-  
NATIVM . SAVINCATIVM . EGDINIORVM . VEAMINI-  
ORVM . VENISAMORVM . IEMERIORM . VESVBIAN-  
ORVM . QVADIATIVM . ET . CIVITATES . QVÆ .  
SVB . EO . PRÆFECTO . FVERVNT .



From the above inscription we learn, that this arch was erected by Cottius, the prefect of King Donnus, and the towns of his prefecture, in honour of the Emperor Augustus, in the fifteenth year of his tribunate, and the thirteenth of his empire, which would be in the year of Rome 745, and eight years before the christian æra. The bas reliefs on each side, represent the ceremonies of a sacrifice. In the centre stands the altar; at each end are the officiating ministers, attended by soldiers, on foot and on horseback. Masazza imagines that the *sueovetaurilia* were here exhibited, in celebration of the victories gained by Augustus, or on account of the alliance concluded between him and the Alpine nations.

From Susa to Novalese the road winds through a narrow valley, till all passage for carriages ceases; and a new mode of travelling must of necessity be adopted. By an application to *Monsieur le Directeur*, I procured mules for the transport of my carriage and luggage over Mont Cenis,\* and proceeded with my servants on horseback. At the Tavernette we changed our mode of conveyance, and descended from the Ramasse to Lanslebourg in a *chaise à porteurs*. In my former journey I was five hours on this passage, but I now completed it in three and a half. The post-horses were good, and as sure footed as mules. As yet the spring had not visited these dreary heights; for the plain on the summit was covered with snow, the lake

\* I paid for my carriage and luggage sixty-five livres, Piemontese; for the *chaise à porteurs*, six livres; and for the post-horses two livres each, besides the *bonne main* to the guides.

frozen, and the cold intense. I found at Lanslebourg a tolerable inn, and civil treatment. My carriage did not not arrive till Friday morning.

The following morning I resumed my journey, dined at St. Michele, where there is a good inn, and slept at La Chambre. In the space between Lanslebourg, Bramant, and Villaroudin, the roads are steep, bordered with a precipice on one side, and overhanging groves of firs on the other, but the goodness and steadiness of the horses remove all apprehension. To St. Andréa the road is less hilly, and from thence to St. Michele descends through a narrow valley or dingle, by the side of the rapid river Arc. St. Jean de la Maurienne is the capital of this part of Savoy, and comprizes many of the neighbouring villages within its jurisdiction. From thence to La Chambre the road traverses a plain, surrounded with lofty mountains.

Saturday June 2. Passed through Aypierre to Aiguebelle, a little village, in a picturesque situation; from thence to Montmelian, on the Isere, and finally to Chambéry, the capital of Savoy. This town is not large, but well peopled with industrious inhabitants. The gauzes manufactured here are well known in the female world. The valley in which Chambéry is situated is extensive and well cultivated, surrounded with mountains, and enlivened with numerous houses and churches. Between Chambéry and St. Jean de Coux, I once more found myself amidst mountains, and observed a pleasing cascade by the road side. A beautiful valley, finely wooded, conducted me to the celebrated pass of *Le Grotte*, which was cut through the

rock by Emanuel the Second in 1670, and which I have mentioned in a former part of my Tour. Emerging from this dark and narrow pass, the rich and verdant plain of Echelles burst upon my sight, in the most agreeable and unexpected manner.

Sunday June 3. Finding myself once more in the neighbourhood of the *Grande Chartreuse*, I could not forego the pleasure of paying it a second visit, and renewing my acquaintance with its hospitable and cloistered inhabitants. I received from them the same kind attentions as on the former occasion. In other respects I had no cause to regret this second excursion, for it opened to me new local beauties, which had before escaped my notice. The valley was contracted, and the road led me through a thick grove of beech and firs. The mountains above sometimes assumed the most rude and horrific shapes, and by their bold projections seemed to threaten the passenger with instant destruction; at others their savage features were softened by the rich woods which clothed them to the very summits. Sometimes also the road skirted the bank of a furious stream, or ran along the verge of a deep precipice, washed by a foaming cataract, which lost itself in the dark recesses of a thick forest,

*Per invias rupes, fera per juga,  
Clivosque præruptos, nemorumque noctem.*

The grand and savage scenery was, however, enlivened and diversified by numerous picturesque bridges, iron forges, &c. scattered along the course of the river, and presenting a constant succession of fine subjects for the

pencil. Such scenery is highly captivating to the contemplative mind ; and none has more beautifully or feelingly described its effect than our English poet Gray, when visiting the religious recesses of the *Grande Chartreuse*.

Monday, at noon, I returned to the iron forges, and varied my route back to Echelles, where I slept. On the following day I proceeded to Lyon. As far as Beauvoisin the road is interesting, being accompanied with rocks, precipices, and torrents ; but on entering the French territory all the beauties of picturesque nature vanished, and were succeeded by those of a more cultivated and domestic kind, more gratifying to a native than to a foreigner.

During my stay at Lyon the excessive heat confined me to my hotel the greater part of the morning. I visited the Chartreuse, which is a handsome building, and deserves the traveller's attention. It possesses a tolerable picture by Luca Giordano, and a figure of St. Bruno, carved in wood. On the opposite hill are some remains of Roman baths and aqueducts. The environs of Lyon, particularly the borders of the Saone, are rendered exceedingly cheerful by the variety of country houses scattered on the declivities of the hills.

The heat of the weather induced me to quit Lyon by night. Having, in my former journey, traversed the district of La Bourgogne, I now chose the route through the Bourbonnois, which I deem preferable. The natural appearance of the two is totally dissimilar ; the first displaying nothing but vineyards, the latter corn and pastures. The Bourbonnois is sufficiently varied with



gentle inequalities, the verdure in high beauty, and the roads superior to those of La Bourgogne.

Friday 29th June. I rested at La Palice; on the following morning proceeded to St. Pierre, where I dined; and from thence to La Charité, a small town on the Loire, where I slept. The river is here very broad, and divided by an island into two branches, which are traversed by two bridges. I dined at Briare, and continuing my route to Fontenay, found the comforts of a neat and good inn. Near this place are the remains of an antique bridge, which my landlord assured me was built by Julius Cæsar, and originally consisted of fifty arches. Only twelve are now left, but there are vestiges of several more. On Monday I passed through Fontainebleau to Paris, having performed my journey of three hundred miles in fifty-seven hours. Considerable manufactories of cutlery, glass, buttons, gloves, &c. are established in many of the towns and villages on this road; and the different articles are pressed on the traveller at each halting place. At Moulins is the greatest steel manufactory in France. Here is also a fine tomb erected to the memory of the Duc de Montmorency. La Charité contains a handsome building, appropriated to the button manufactory.

My residence at Paris was short, and my researches of course were very superficial. The results will, therefore, appear in my journal as mere recollections. I began in imagination to inhale my native air, and felt the *maladie du pays*, a very natural complaint for an Englishman after an absence of nearly two years.

*Manufacture des Glaces.*—The process very simple, and intelligibly described. The glass is cast in large plates in Picardy and Normandy, and only finished and polished for sale at Paris. Its thickness is reduced by means of sand, formed from a species of stone found at Fontainebleau; and the polish is given with the dregs left after the distillation of spirits of wine. The quicksilver is then run over it. Five thousand men are employed by the conductors of this manufactory.

The Bastille. A strong building, flanked with eight towers. I penetrated as far as the first court.—The Gobelins manufactory of tapestry is brought to great perfection. The piece is suspended perpendicularly, and the workmen carry on their operations behind it.—Royal Botanical Garden. The plants well arranged by the celebrated naturalist Buffon.

Notre Dame. A Gothic cathedral, the towers of which command a fine view of Paris.—Church of St. Genevieve, now building, of the Corinthian order, highly ornamented. A double dome in the centre of the cross. No paintings, but only bas reliefs. The idea of the portico seems to have been taken from the Pantheon at Rome.—The Church of Les Carmelites contains a picture by Guido, and the famous Magdalen, which is deemed the master-piece of Le Brun.—The Val de Grace is a large and handsome building.—In the Church of the Benedictines lie the bones of our English King James II. His bust modelled in wax is shewn, as is the night-cap he wore at the time of his decease.—St. Nicholas du Chardonnet contains the tombs of Le Brun the painter, and of his mother. The design of

the latter is impressive; she is represented in the act of rising out of the sarcophagus at the sound of the last trumpet, which is blown by an angel; but the figure of the angel being carved in wood much diminishes the general effect of the monument. In the chapel is a painting by Le Brun.

The Observatory, and caverns under it.—The Halle du Bled, circular, and lighted from above.—The pictures in the palace of the Louvre are chiefly by modern artists.—Some good paintings in the Hotel de Toulouse by Guercino, Guido, Poussin, Pietro di Cortona, and Carlo Maratti.

I visited the celebrated manufactory of Sêve china at St. Cloud. Three hundred workmen are employed. I saw two beautiful vases between five and six feet high.

**VERSAILLES.** Gardens ornamented with numerous statues, vases, &c. copied from the best antique models. The palace contains some fine pictures, among which I was particularly struck with the exquisite portrait of Charles the First, lately engraved by Strange. Here is also a grand saloon, the dome of which is painted by Le Brun.

**MARLY.** Placed in a rural and retired situation. The mills employed to raise water from the river Seine are curious in their construction.

**NEUILLY.** A handsome bridge of five arches. The design seems to have been taken from the beautiful Ponte della Trinità at Florence.

The **LUXEMBOURG PALACE** should be visited by every lover of painting. It contains a series of large pictures, by Rubens, representing the history of Mary

of Medicis, and Henry the Fourth. I was sorry to observe that many of these excellent performances were damaged.

The *Bibliothèque du Roi* is spacious, and rich in literary treasures. It is open twice a week for the benefit of the literati.

On Tuesday July 10, 1787, I quitted Paris, and slept at Chantilly. On Wednesday dined at Breteuil, and slept at Bernay; and on Friday the 13th arrived safe at Dover, after a passage of five hours, and an absence from England of twenty-two months.

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*BATH,*

PRINTED BY RICHARD CRUTTWELL.

A. D. 1815.





Rome Mr Byers coll. Morrison p 70  
collections of pichne H  
Inchona di Cellanese ff 76/7

Genoa Pichne coll. ff 120 ff

Flavina pp 201 ff

Lord Louper 303

Bolope coll. pp 249 ff

Venna du ff 207 ff















